The Saturday Evening
POST
July 11, 1959 — 15¢

The Disgrace of Civil Defense

By SENATOR YOUNG OF OHIO

SUSAN HAYWARD

Hoffa Leaves a Baffling Trail

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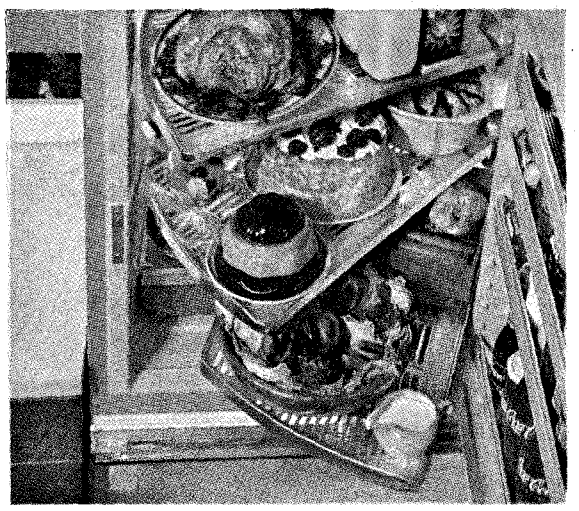
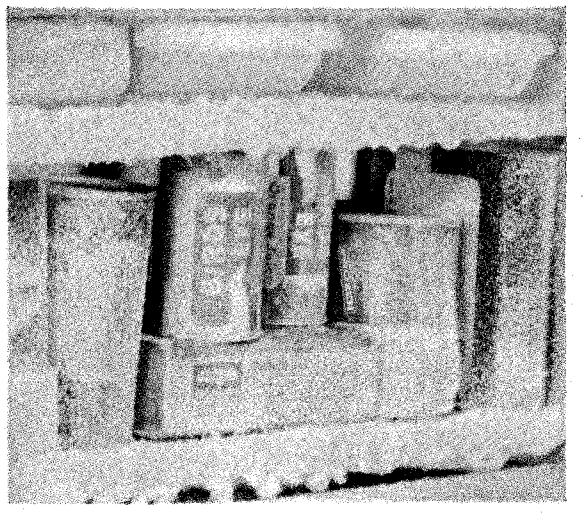


All three shelves swing out of the big refrigerator section for easy pickings! All your food is within easy reach. And shelves are so big and sturdy, they can hold a full shelf load of 25 milk bottles—with perfect ease!

Adjustable—up or down! Just press the button, slide the shelf up—or down to the exact spacing you want. You can rearrange shelf loading so that tall milk bottles are on the bottom shelf where they are handier for you.



Frost never forms like this! G.E.'s new Frost-Guard System keeps frost from forming anywhere at any time! Automatic Defrosting in the FREEZER and in the REFRIGERATOR ends messy defrosting forever.

New Swing-Out Shelves . . . and All-Over Automatic Defrosting

in the new General Electric Frost-Guard Refrigerator-Freezer

Frost-Guard G-E Refrigerator-Freezer with Swing-Out Shelves and All-Over Automatic Defrosting, above, has 15-cubic-foot capacity . . . with a 10-cubic-foot refrigerator and a 4.8-cubic-foot Roll-Out Freezer. Plus no coils on back . . . Swing-Out Vegetable Bin . . . Butter Conditioner and Egg Tray . . . Adjustable Door Shelves . . . and new Freeze-N-Store Ice Service in the freezer section which stores extra ice cubes for a party. Comes in Mix-or-Match colors and white. Right- or left-hand doors.

Now, with new Swing-Out Shelves, every item of food is right out in front of you. All three shelves swing all the way out of the refrigerator and practically *hand* you the food you want. No more fumbling or spilling. No more "forgotten" foods at the back of the shelf.

What's more, you can lift these shelves right out, leaving the complete inside of the refrigerator free and clear for cleaning. And you can wash the shelves right at the sink.

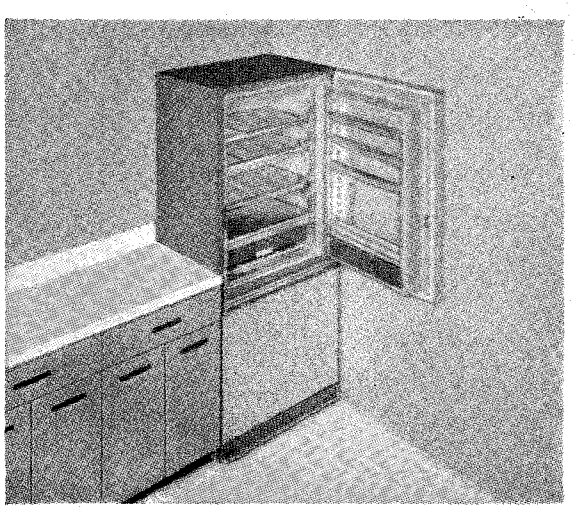
With All-Over Automatic Defrosting, you never have to worry about frost build-up. Frost never collects on frozen foods or on freezer walls with G.E.'s new Frost-Guard System.

Your General Electric dealer can show you these new features—and other features of many other G-E models. Ask about budget terms and trade-in allowances. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Automatic Defrost Freezer glides out at a touch. It's a zero-degree freezer with a 4.8-cubic-foot capacity. Two large storage compartments lift out for cleaning. New Freeze-N-Store Ice Service stores extra cubes.



Straight-Line Design fits flush into corner. No coils on back mean no dirt-collecting waste space. Front lines up evenly with cabinets—does not stick out. And there's no waste space at side for door clearance.

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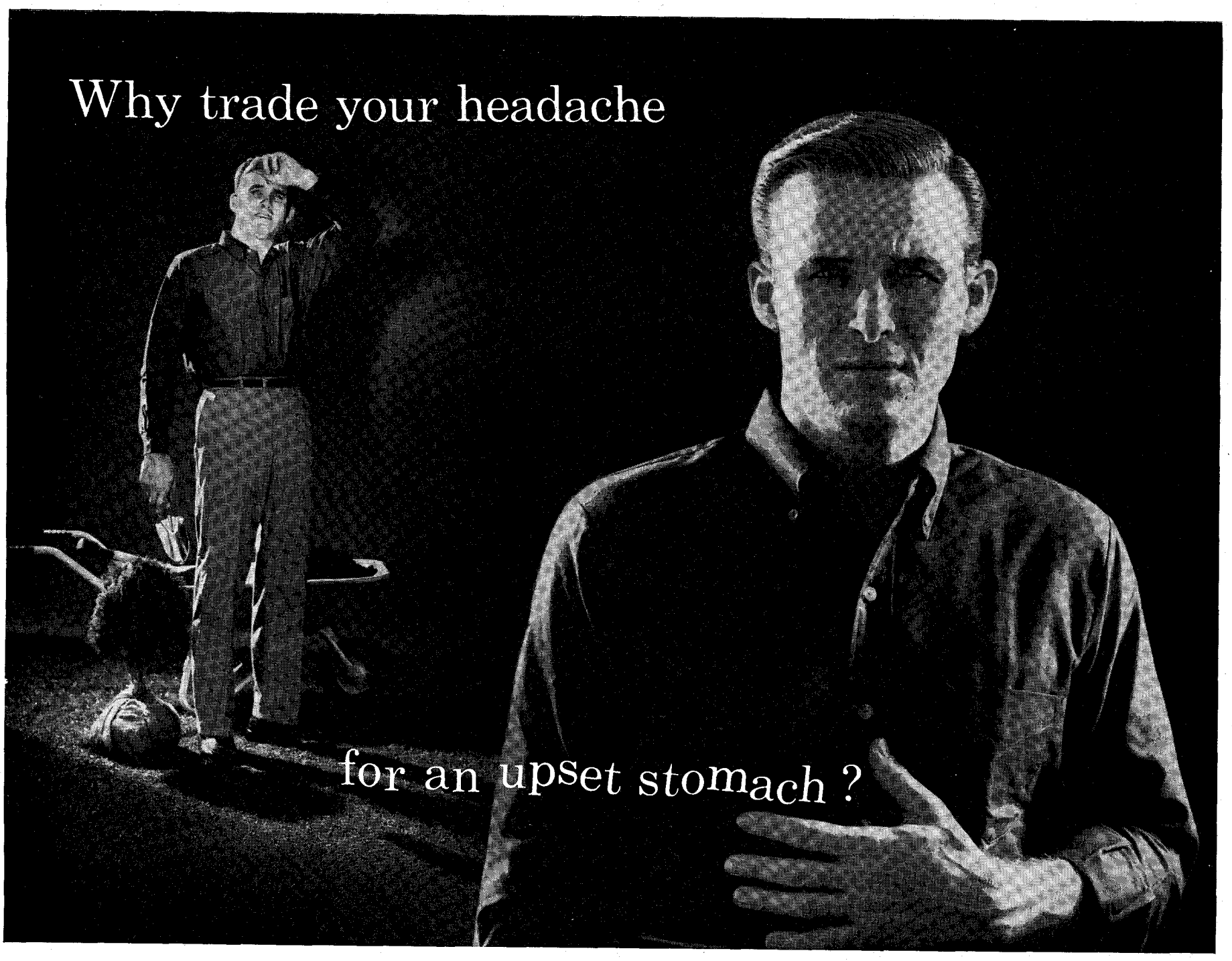


Bufferin® gives twice-as-fast pain relief without upset stomach!

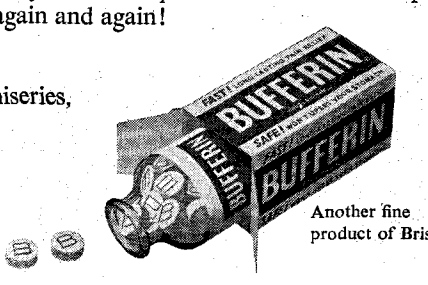
1 **Aspirin can cause stomach upset!** All 3 leading pain remedies contain aspirin, (a) Bufferin, (b) the remedy advertised as a "combination of ingredients" and (c) plain aspirin. But aspirin alone is acid, *acetylsalicylic acid*. It can increase stomach acidity, upset your stomach.

2 **Bufferin protects against stomach upset!** *Only* Bufferin adds to its aspirin Di-Alminate®, an exclusive combination of two special antiacids, that protects you against the *aspirin irritation* so often associated with the other two leading brands of pain relievers.

3 **Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin** for millions, even faster for many others. That's because Bufferin gets its pain reliever into the blood stream, where it must go to relieve pain, with truly *incredible speed*. And clinical tests prove it again and again!

FOR SAFE, FASTER RELIEF of headaches, muscular aches and pains, neuralgia and painful cold miseries, take Bufferin, the modern pain remedy. It contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine.

Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin for millions . . . even faster for many others!



Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

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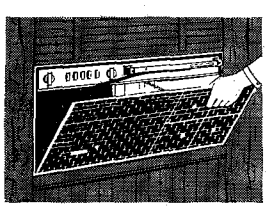
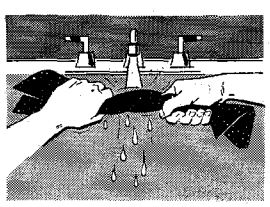
He-Man Cooling

—and no fooling*

New PHILCO NOISELESS



Exclusive Tilt-Down Front. Easy access to permanent washable filter. No struggling with nuts and bolts. New hinged front simply pulls open, pushes shut.



Permanent Washable Filter. Clean and replace the miracle Philco filter in a few seconds. No sprays, oil or mess. No expensive replacements necessary.

So quiet you'll hardly know it's there. The new Philco Noiseless is actually up to three times quieter than comparable air conditioners!

***Cooling Capacity Guaranteed.** Big-cooling Philco Noiseless air conditioners give you up to 15,000 BTU's. Cooling capacities are rated according to official ARI standards and clearly marked on the serial plate of every unit.

Smart new Compact Cabinet mounts flush. Two-speed fan. Automatic thermostat. Push-button controls. Circulates and ventilates.

Note to allergy sufferers: Exclusive hospital-tested Ionitron® Air Charger available for most models. Gives quick relief to most cases of hay fever and air-borne allergies.

See the new Philco Texan models that give up to 16,000 BTU's in a small new cabinet. At your Philco dealer's.

PHILCO

QUALITY FIRST!

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THE COVER

Mr. and Mrs. Snapp of the U.S.A. are on the loose in *la belle* Paris with *beaucoup* gear *photographique*. They are filming the *Place de l'Alma*, presumably unaware that artist Dick Sargent has altered some of its details. As Mrs. S. and Monsieur Artiste strive to capture the same vista, the former probably theorizes that if she can't get a better likeness than the painter has, she should go soak her head in the Seine. Meanwhile, Monsieur is wondering what *pour l'amour de Dieu*, meaning for heaven's sake, ails this *femme goofié*. By adding her figure and dress to his painting, he might achieve a great abstraction. *Voilà, la Tour Eiffel!* Mr. and Mrs. Sargent, visiting Paris in the autumn, waited during many rainy days to go up in the tower; then it closed for the winter and the sun came out.

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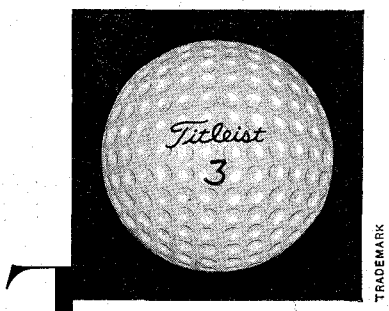

TRADEMARK

Today, our plump pal above, who usually plays a Titleist, experimented with a "just-as-good" ball. To his sorrow, he has discovered that it pays to play Titleist. No more experiments for him.

A number of the top players in the country stopped experimenting long ago. For ten years now, more pros and amateurs have played Titleist in the big time tournaments than any other ball. That's several hundred good reasons why you too should play this great ball.

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GOLF BALLS

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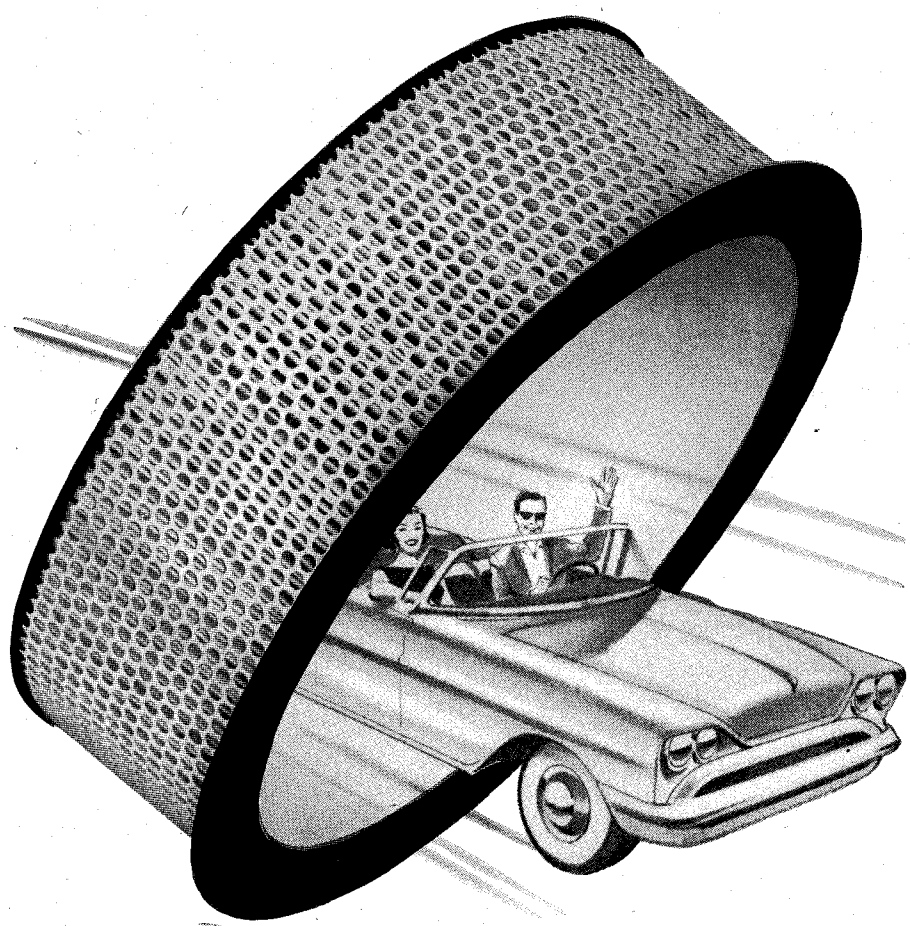
PUT YOUR CAR IN THIS MAGIC CIRCLE OF CLEAN AIR!



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Your modern car uses a new, dry-type air filter to stop dust, dirt and airborne trouble from entering your engine. Just like your oil filter, this big, new air filter needs attention and replacement! Get better gas mileage — keep engine wear down and power up with a WIX Air Filter replacement that allows your engine to breathe clean and easy. In fact, if it's time for a change, get WIX Prescription Filtration all around . . . a new WIX Cartridge for your Oil Filter and a WIX Polymite Cartridge for your Air Filter. You'll go steady with WIX.

Clean companions that provide Prescription Filtration for Cars, Trucks, Buses, Marine and Stationary Engines. WIX Oil Filter and Air Filter Cartridges!

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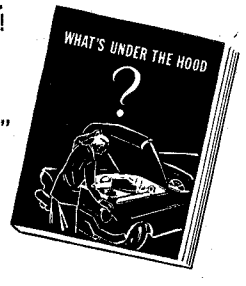
Write For:

"WHAT'S UNDER THE HOOD?"

This 24 page booklet dispels the mystery — tells you what's under the hood of your car and what you need to know about it. Write for it — it's FREE!



WIX CORPORATION • GASTONIA, N.C.

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Letters

The High Cost of Driving

Dear Sirs:

You have done a real public service in so clearly explaining to the public WHY AUTO INSURANCE COSTS SO MUCH [by Arthur W. Baum, June 6].

T. Q. WINKLER
New Orleans, La.

DEAR SIRS:

AN OUTSTANDING JOB. . . . NOTHING WOULD PLEASE INSURANCE COMPANIES MORE THAN BEING ABLE TO REDUCE THE COST OF INSURANCE; NOTHING WILL DO MORE TO BRING DOWN THE COST THAN VIGOROUS TRAFFIC LAW ENFORCEMENT, STRONG SUPPORT IN THE COURTS, IMPROVED DRIVER LICENSING AND EXPANDED DRIVER EDUCATION PROGRAMS.

JUDSON B. BRANCH, PRESIDENT
ALLSTATE INSURANCE COS.
SKOKIE, ILL.

Dear Sirs:

I get twenty-six pay checks a year, and more than one of them goes for auto insurance—just the essential liability and property-damage variety. Arthur W. Baum said that some people spend as much for insurance as for gas. That doesn't fit my case. I spend much more. When the exorbitant insurance bill is paid, there just isn't any money for gasoline. . . .

Something constructive needs to be done. In my own case the answer may be: If I can't afford insurance, I can't afford a car. But . . . why should I let irresponsible and reckless drivers push me off the road?

A. R. MINICK
Queens Village, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that Mr. Baum has not shown the whole story. For example:

He mentions that if all the people injured in vehicle accidents last year were taken to all available hospitals, then the hospitals would be filled twice over. However, he neglects to mention that the vast majority of these cases are mere bruises or scratches. I am sure that the cases requiring hospitalization do not require one fiftieth as many beds.

His diagram of accidents per 1000 drivers is exceedingly misleading. For example, the least driving is done in the over-sixty category. These persons have a very high accident average when you count accidents per 1000 hours driving time. . . . It would seem to me that the opposite would hold true on the under-twenty-five level.

RICHARD KARP
Van Nuys, Calif.

● *Author Baum agrees old-timers probably do drive less. Nobody knows how much anybody drives, but he suspects that teen-agers, whose driving is mainly local, don't roll up as many miles as salesmen and heads of families who take long trips.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Having recently graduated unscathed from that inordinately accident-prone group, the single male drivers under twenty-five, I would like to protest the inference that all, or even most, such drivers are reckless and dangerous.

MARTIN CRAWFORD
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

I think it should be a national law that any person under twenty-five who is stopped for speeding or any type of reckless driving should lose his license immediately, and not be able to get one again until he is twenty-five.

TIM JOHNSTON
Skaneateles, N.Y.

P.S. I am seventeen years old, and not somebody's grandfather, in case you might be wondering.

Our Satisfied Customers

Dear Sirs:

The pictures of the two gentlemen reading The Saturday Evening Post as young men and then later as men in their golden years [Letters, June 6] speaks so well for your fine magazine that words seem superfluous.

MARGARET H. ARNETTE
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I don't have any pictures of myself reading the Post, but I have been reading it since 1910.

The most exciting time I ever had reading it, was reading a copy I had scrounged somewhere during the First World War. I managed my reading in a

dugout under the Arras-Cambrai road during a German bombing attack, and the article that interested me most was one by Irvin S. Cobb called BEING BOMBED AND SEEING IT DONE [June 29, 1918].

REV. FREDERICK W. SMITH
Towson, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I became entranced with SEP about 1918 while riding a . . . train from Durbin to Elkins, W. Va. A high-school freshman, I had a seat companion who was a senior and was reading The Saturday Evening Post. I was vastly impressed and I haven't missed an issue since.

C. P. DORR
Palermo, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

During World War I, our motor schooner, carrying a cargo of "case oil" (gasoline in tins) to the Australian Imperial Forces, was intercepted one night off Sydney Head by a warship which halted us by a shot across our bow.

Fearing that she was an enemy craft, we were considering abandoning ship and blowing up the gasoline when her signal lights blinked out:

H-A-V-E--Y-O-U--A-N-Y--S-A-T-E-V-E--P-O-S-T-S--A-B-O-A-R-D

It turned out that she was a Japanese cruiser (Japan was then our ally) and

(Continued on Page 6)

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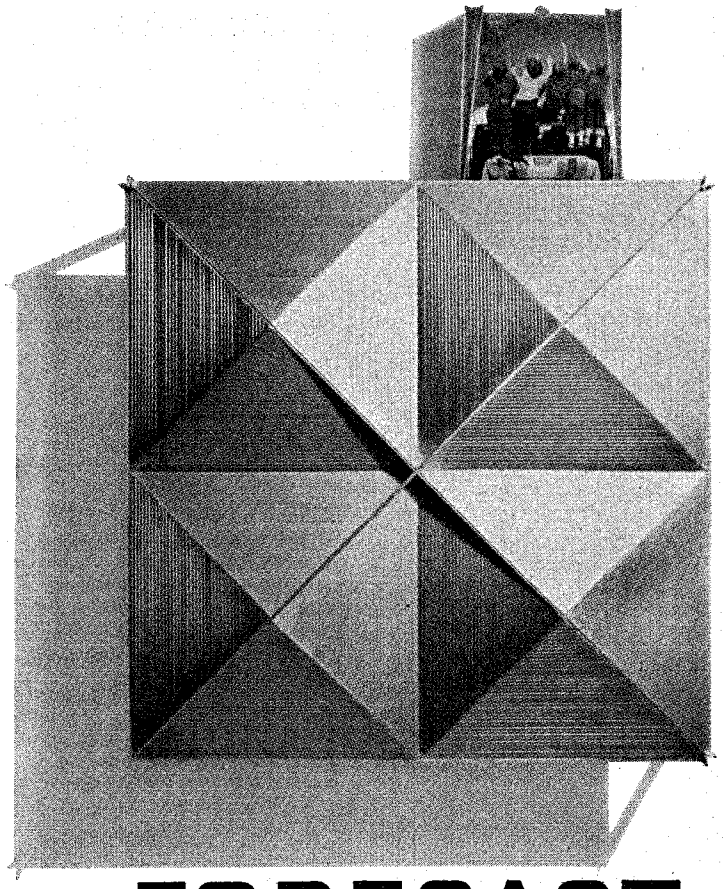

FORECAST:

THERE'S A WORLD OF ALUMINUM IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF TOMORROW... WHERE YOU WILL FIND PROTECTION FROM SUN AND RAIN... AND CANOPY YOUR CAR, PATIO, POOL OR PATCH OF BEACH... UNDER WIDE-SPANNING STRUCTURES OF ALUMINUM AS AIRY AND COLORFUL AS THE SKY... ALUMINUM STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND GALES AND YEARS...ALUMINUM SO EASY TO SUPPORT, YOUR SHELTER SEEMS TO FLOAT ON FINGERS OF LIGHT.

ALCOA ALUMINUM Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh

Modular aluminum shelter designed for the Alcoa collection by Eliot Noyes. Photographed by William Bell.

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14,500 SMITHS
6600 BROWNS
4900 JONESES

are among the 1,625,000 share owners of A. T. & T. They are men and women in all walks of life in 22,000 communities throughout the land

THE POSTMAN RINGS 1,625,000 TIMES with A.T.&T. dividend checks. Women are the largest group of share owners and own the most stock. . . . In addition to direct owners of A.T.&T. securities, millions of other people have an important interest through the holdings of their insurance companies, pension funds, mutual funds, unions, savings banks, etc.

When the postmen of this country set forth with mail for the owners of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company they visit a tremendous number of homes. The quarterly dividend, for instance, is delivered to more than 1,625,000 share owners.

Dividends are important to the Smiths and the Browns and the Joneses and all the other A.T.&T. share owners. They are important to telephone users too.

Without dividends on stock and interest on bonds there would be no investors. And without investors there would be no telephone service as you know it today. The money they entrust to us goes into more and better service for you.

The distribution of the A.T.&T. dividend to so many people in 22,000 communities is in itself a factor in the over-all economy of the country. Yet the total, though considerable, is small compared to other sums that flow out from the business.

Last year, for example, the Bell System paid more than twice as much in taxes as it paid A.T.&T. share owners in dividends. It thus provided nearly a billion and a half dollars for the support of city, state and federal governments.

Wages, of course, are the biggest item. In the Bell System they are billions of dollars more than the entire net income of the business. In 1958 Bell System wages totaled over $3,700,000,000 . . . the nation's largest business payroll.

Thousands of other jobs in other companies were made possible by our large purchases from outside sources.

Last year the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, the Western Electric Company, bought from more than 30,000 firms throughout the country. Nine out of ten were small businesses, each with fewer than 500 employees. This year again we expect to buy over a billion dollars worth of raw materials, parts and services from other companies.

It is natural and logical to expect big figures in a business that serves more than 55,000,000 telephones and handles over 200,000,000 calls a day.

The important thing is to relate the size of the figures to the size of the need and the job. And to realize how the very size of the business contributes to the prosperity of millions of people and the economy of the whole country.

It is an example of free enterprise at work for the good of all.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

that there was a U. S. Navy liaison officer aboard. A small boat was sent over to "confiscate" our well-read copies of the Post.

LT. COL. THOMAS R. WEST, USA (RET)
Westerly, R.I.

Any More Questions?

Dear Sirs:

In Jane Merchant's poem, How Many Leaves, in the Post of June 13, she asks the question "Has anyone counted the leaves on a maple tree?" Yes, someone has. In his book, Monday Follows Tuesday, published in 1951, Ed Sovola reports that he counted the leaves on a Norway maple on North Meridian Street in Indianapolis.

There were, he says, *354,563* leaves.

RICHARD ARMOUR
Scripps College
Claremont, Calif.

Submariner's Story

Dear Sirs:

Concerning Act of Compassion [by F. de Sales Meyers, June 6], there is a Chinese saying that fits exactly the situation:

"A cat's tears over the mouse being devoured—false compassion."

MARSHALL CHAO
Urbana, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Mr. Meyers for his able expression of this incident, occurring during the time I was commanding officer of USS Hammerhead (SS 364).

CAPT. FRANK M. SMITH, USN
Alexandria, Va.

In Memoriam

Dear Sirs:

I wish to thank you from the very bottom of my heart for the story Fifteen Years After, by Zachary Ball, in the May 30 Post.

FRANCIS BALDWIN
Sarasota, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The story faithfully portrays the dignity and beauty of the overseas military cemeteries and memorials, and should bring comfort to the relatives of those who died in their country's service.

MAJ. GEN. THOMAS NORTH, USA
Secretary, American Battle Monuments Commission
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

As many of the American public are unaware even of the existence of our military cemeteries overseas and know nothing of their beauty, a story like this serves a double purpose in bringing them to people's attention.

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.
Oyster Bay, N.Y.

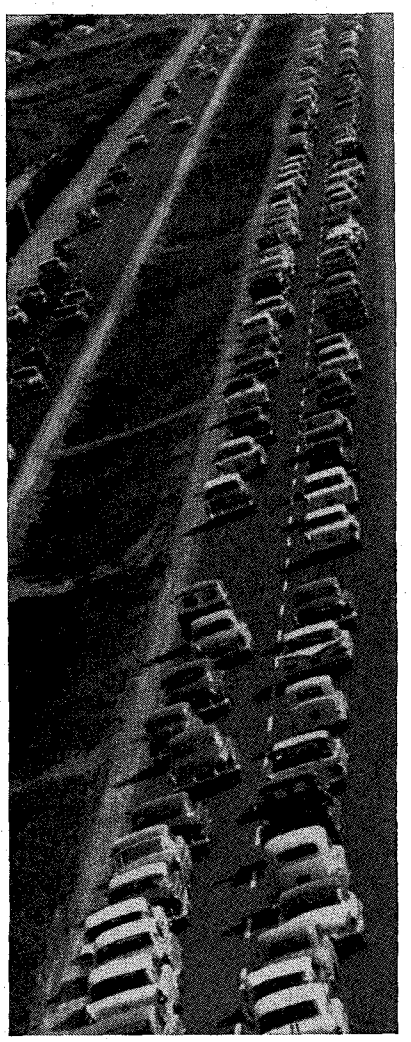
Bumper-to-Bumper Blues

Dear Sirs:

My last letter to the Post was in criticism of an illustration of one of the stories. This is to tell you I take it all back. Never again will I criticize anything appearing in the Post just so long as you have a person such as Thornton Utz. . . .

How could he know that what he portrayed on your May 30 cover [above] was really going to happen right here in Vancouver, B.C.? See news photo [below].

C. P. HOWELL
Vancouver, B.C.



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Reading across pages, then down:

6–Dan Scott, Vancouver Sun. • 14–Pictorial Parade; Penguin. • 15–Ivan Dmitri; Wide World. • 16, 17–Sam Bates. • 18–Two by Eugene Kammerman; United Press International. • 19–Eugene Kammerman. • 20, 21–Walter Skor. • 22, 23–Ray Atkeson. 24–Bruce Bomberger. • 25–Larry Fried. • 26–Two from Wide World; Ollie Atkins. 27–Wide World; State of Michigan; Wide World; Jacques Lowe. • 28, 29–Edwin Georgi. • 30–Frank Ross. • 31–Larry Kritcher. • 32, 33–Gene Lester. • 37–Mac Conner. 84–Harry McGraugh; Gene Lester; anonymous; Larry Keighley.

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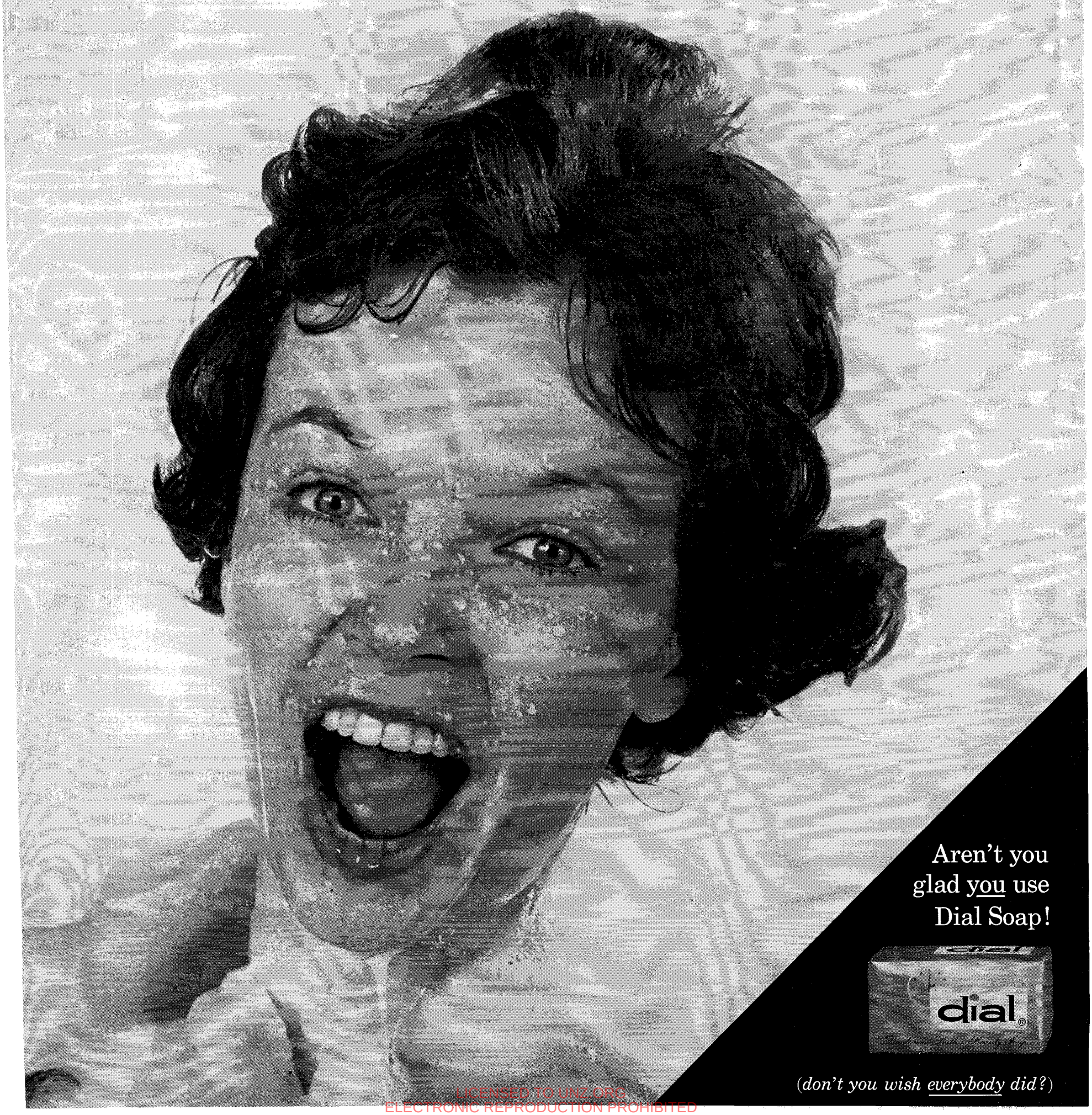

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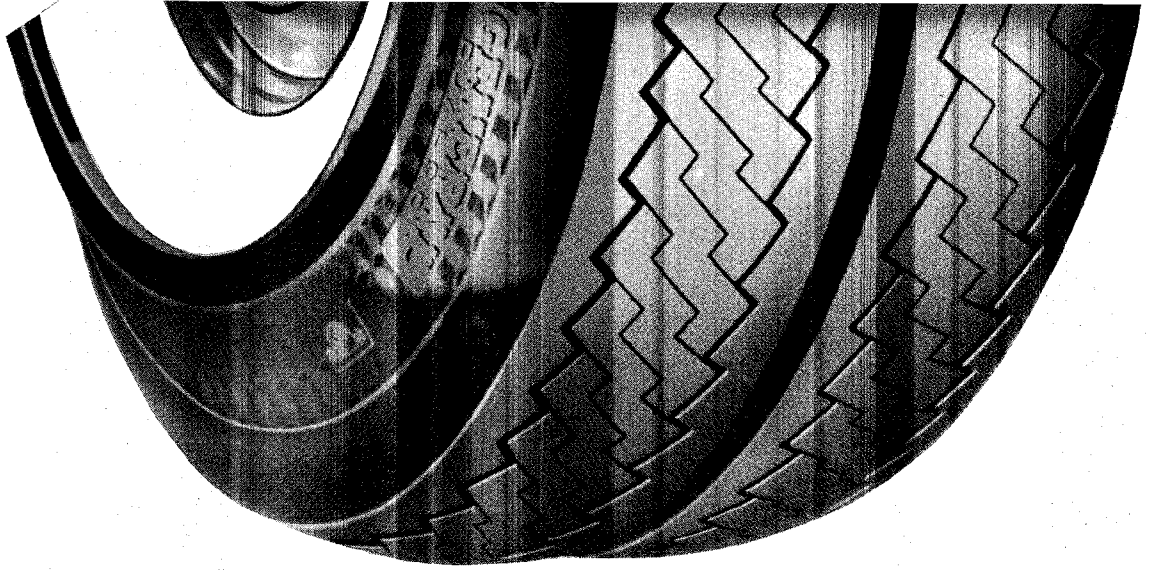

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Editorials

Business Is Competing Harder Than Ever Before

By HAROLD FLEMING

American business is being accused of getting more and more "concentrated," of practicing "monopolistic competition," and even of that recently discovered economic sin, "oligopoly." All of this suggests that a large part of American industry would rather conspire than compete.

Chief complaints come from the Antitrust Division of the United States Department of Justice, which has the duty of enforcing the Sherman Antitrust Act.

The fact of the matter is that American business since World War II has become more competitive than it ever was before and seems likely to get still more competitive in years to come, for plain economic reasons.

One of the plainest of these reasons is the tremendous postwar upsurge of industrial research, which was unheard of when the Sherman Act was passed in 1890. Industrial research results in new products of the most unexpected kind which show up in the most unexpected places. These are a constant threat to businesses that feel they are sheltered enough to ease up on competition.

Again, there is the new interindustry competition like the "battle of the fuels," among the coal industry, the oil industry and the natural-gas people. New research-developed fibers from different industries have set the textile business in a whirl. Various and wholly unrelated industries now offer building-construction materials to the home builder, made of everything from aluminum to sawdust.

Economists have estimated that at least a fifth of American industry's products today are new since World War II. Some companies concentrate almost entirely on postwar products. Take television, for instance, or the new pharmaceutical products.

One of the biggest postwar competitive battles has been for the consumer's nonessential or leisure-time outlays. He can spend his spare money on cameras, or hi-fi, or do-it-yourself kits, or travel, or television, or fishing gear. This free-for-all to win the buyer's dollars, in which there are no possible limits to competition, is bound to get even more strenuous.

In the new competition alert manufacturers have learned that competitive lightning can strike from almost anywhere. Perhaps the classic case was that of the Big Three steam-locomotive manufacturers in the early 1930's. They competed with each other, all right, at least enough to satisfy the law. But along came the late "Boss" Kettering, working in another industry, with his two-cycle diesel engine, and the steam-locomotive business was wiped out. The steamer manufacturers belatedly woke up and moved into other lines of business.

Since the war, more than ever before, it has become bad business and bad management to try to sit on a certain share of a certain market—entirely apart from whether it is illegal under the antitrust law. Nearly everybody is in somebody else's pasture. Oil companies make chemicals, chemical companies make fertilizer, fertilizer companies make plastics, plastics compete with metals, and so on.

Meantime the Antitrust Division continues to talk as though American industry operated in fixed compartments, which a few large companies can divide among themselves without fear of anything but the law.

This is less so than ever before. It is possible that the consumer "ain't seen nothin' yet." This is not to say that we do not still need the Sherman Act or an Antitrust Division. It is only to give credit where credit is due.

Mr. Fleming is a free-lance writer on economic subjects. He is the author of Ten Thousand Commandments: A Story of the Anti-Trust Laws (Prentice-Hall, 1951).

—THE EDITORS

Even a Communist Chinese Soldier Can Weary of Marx

Not long ago Gen. Liu Po-ch'eng, the "One-eyed Tiger" of the Chinese Communist armed forces who at one time commanded the 2nd Field Army and was largely responsible for Communist successes in Korea, was retired as superintendent for training of the People's Liberation Army. His valedictory was on a mournful note.

"Revisionism," he warned, "is rising in the armed forces. The People's Liberation Army may disintegrate in a matter of a few days in the event of a drastic social upheaval. The most vulnerable point of that revisionistic tendency is the conspicuous disharmony between officers and men and between the different branches of the armed services."

That this has come about, he explained, is because of "ideologically immature" recruits who are taken in charge by "young intellectuals heavily imbued with the petty-bourgeois outlook who have usurped the second, middle and lower echelon leadership in the army."

What Liu Po-ch'eng said reflected earlier complaints by Gen. Peng Teh-huai, Minister of Defense, in his report to the eighth congress of the party, and by Tan Cheng, political-department boss. Teng Hsiao-ping, secretary-general of the central committee of the party, just about made it unanimous when he spoke up about the army's being infiltrated "by revisionists and permeated with anti-Marxist sentiments of China's peasant origin."

Then, putting the highbrow touch on it all, Liu Shao-ch'i, the high priest of Red ideology, who shares with Chou En-lai the No. 2 spot behind Mao Tse-tung, told a "trade-union" congress in Peiping that increased attention must be paid to enemies inside as well as outside the country. Coming from the highest cadres of Chinese Communism, these admissions cannot be ignored.

Outside the armed forces, the peasants are fighting, too, in the only way left to them. They are holding back their crops. This has become so effective that the food ministry was forced to admit flourishing black markets. It's a little early to decide, as some of our "liberals" seem to have done, that China will be Red forever.

You Don't Have to Receive Income to Pay a Tax on It!

The Internal Revenue Code has long permitted the deduction of legitimate and reasonable business travel expenses from gross income.

With this as a basis, the Internal Revenue Service considers household moving expenses a deductible expense when an employee is transferred from one location to another by his employer. But if an employee should accept a job with a new employer and if the moving expenses are reimbursed by the employer, this money is called income, and is not deductible. Actually the employee has not profited one penny.

On the other hand, if a person has paid money to an employment agency to find a better job, the amount paid is deductible.

Fed up with the apparent illogic of this situation, two professional men recently sued the Government to recover taxes extracted from them by the Internal Revenue Service because they had been reimbursed for moving expenses in accepting new employment. The United States District Court in New Mexico agreed with the taxpayers. It ruled that the reimbursement was one of the conditions of employment; that it did not constitute compensation; that no gain or profit was realized by the taxpayers; that the reimbursement was not income within the meaning of the law, and that if it was reported as income it was deductible as an ordinary and necessary business expense.

The Internal Revenue Service appealed the case. The Court of Appeals reversed the decision of the trial court. The conclusion of the Court of Appeals decision reads in part, "While it may appear to be equitable that expenses incurred in seeking and obtaining employment, or in traveling to the place of employment, should be treated as though they had been incurred in the performance of one's duty as an employee, it has nevertheless been long recognized that deductions are matters of *legislative grace*, allowable only when there is a clear provision for them, and do not turn upon equitable considerations."

When a taxpayer can be taxed on income which he never received, it is clear that drastic income-tax revision is long overdue.

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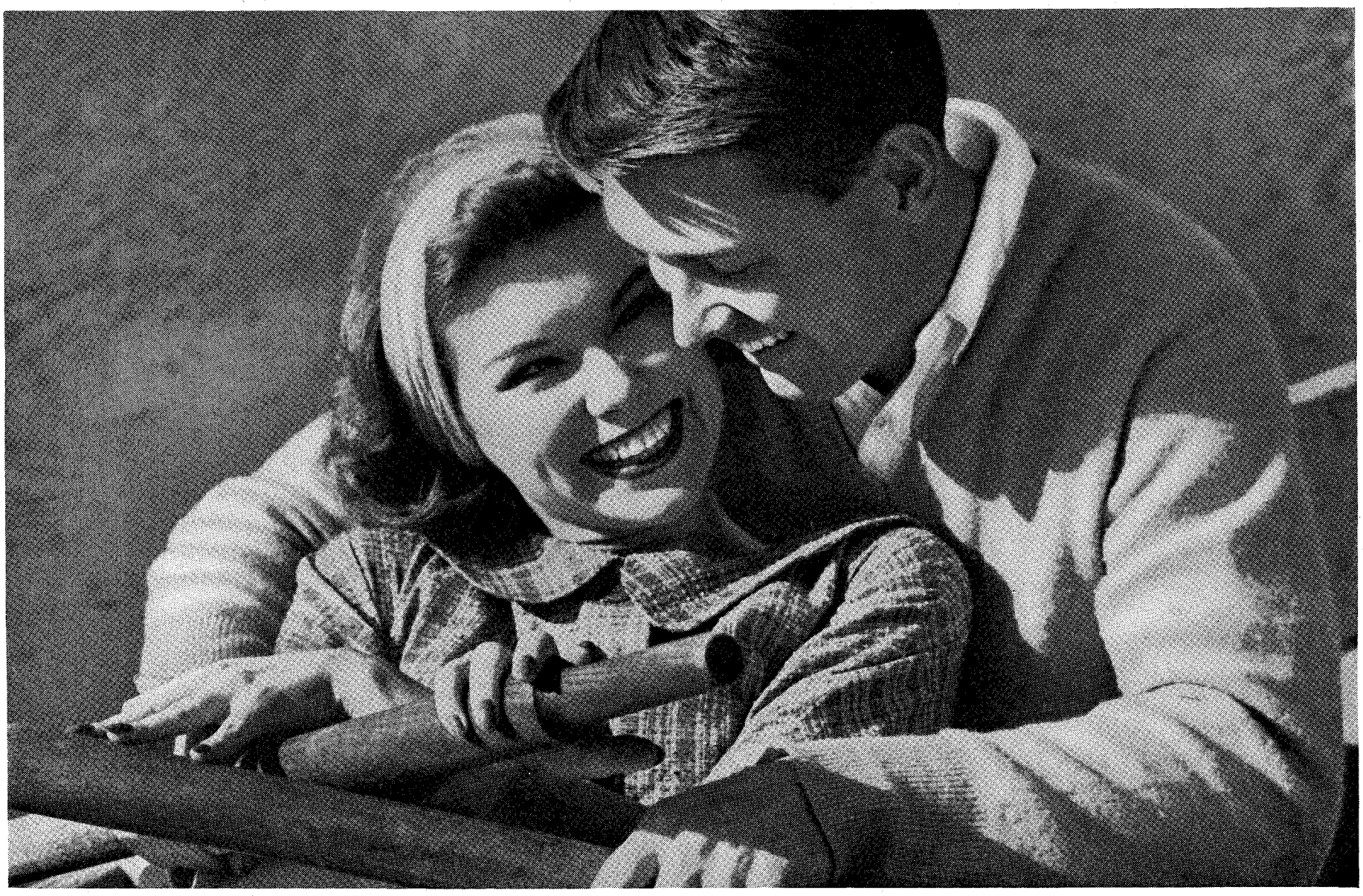

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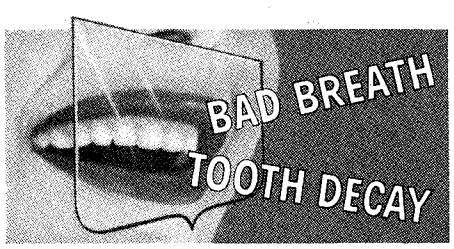

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Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

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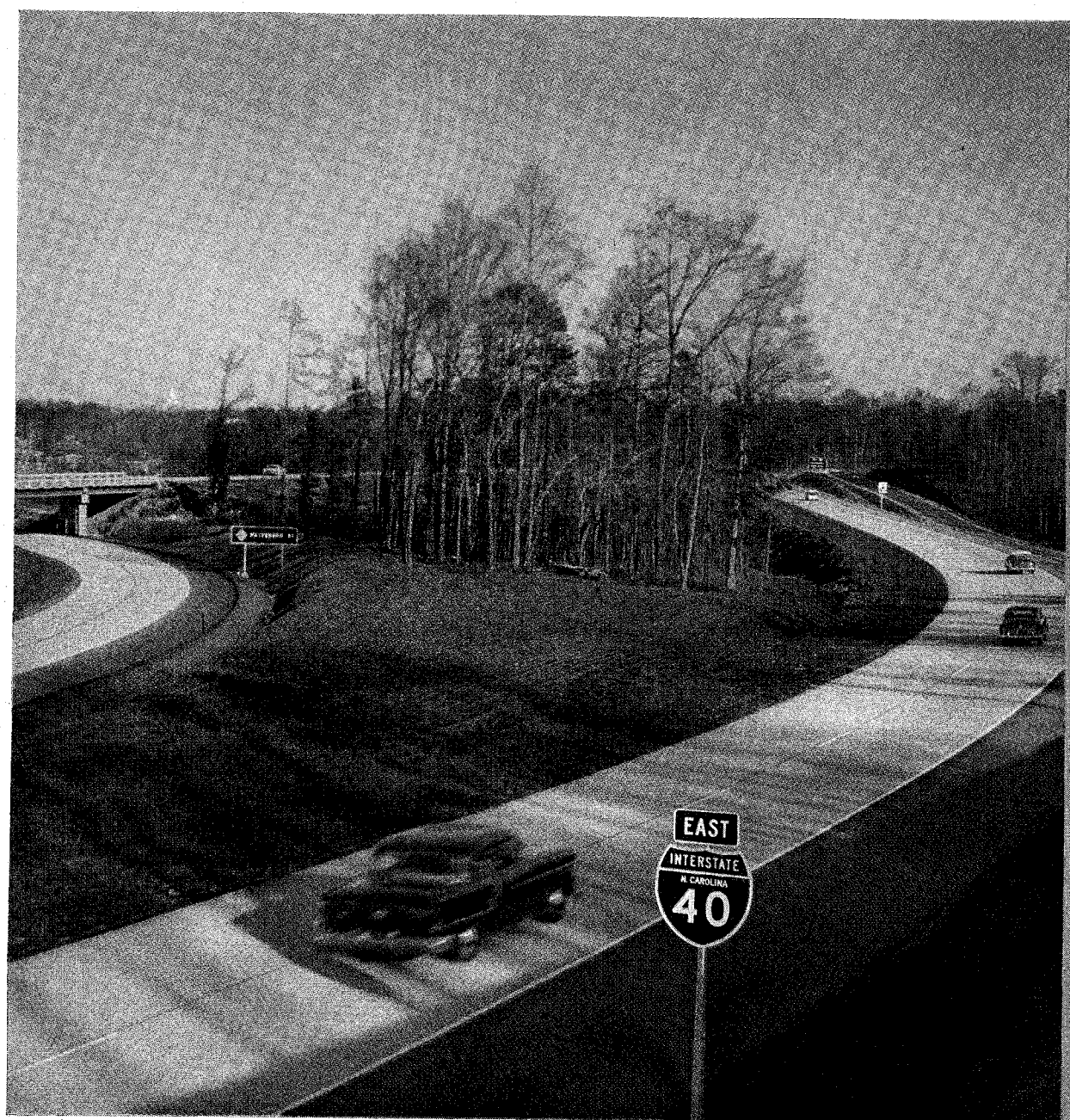
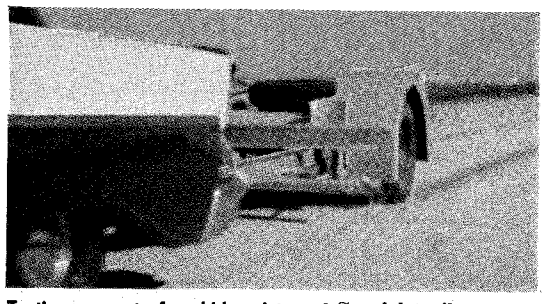


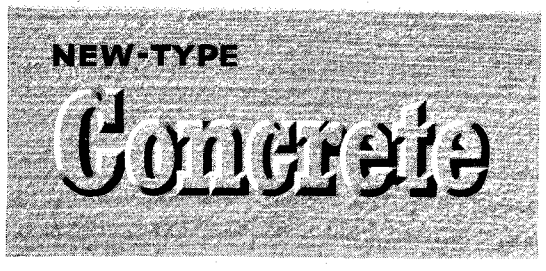
Divided 4-lane highway of new-type concrete near Greensboro, N.C., interchange

"Smoothest-riding surface ever put under four wheels—that's new-type concrete!"

Says PHIL (Scooter) RIZZUTO, sportscaster and former star shortstop for the N.Y. Yankees



Testing concrete for skid resistance! Special trailer pours water under its wheels, then brakes at 50 mph. It measures friction between tires and pavement, enabling engineers to design greater safety into concrete.



"Talk about solid driving comfort—I sure find it on these new-type concrete highways. There's none of that duck waddle motion. This pavement is absolutely *flat*. You really relax . . . and you won't hear any thumps. I can see why the highway people are using so much new-type concrete on our Interstate System."

Drivers everywhere are finding new-type concrete a real "pleasure pavement." Whether it's Interstate 45 in Texas or Interstate 35 in Minnesota . . . the famous Indiana Toll Road or Connecticut's picturesque Turnpike, they travel the same smooth surface.

For these, and other Interstate Highways, new-type concrete is the preferred pavement. Little wonder, too. There are no dips to jar you. No grooves to sway you. New-type concrete is flat—really flat! Specially designed subbases will keep it that way an expected *50 years and more!*

This modern concrete is sound-conditioned, too. No thumps. Laid continuously, it has only tiny, sawed-in cushion spaces you never *hear*, never *feel*.

Surface roughening from freezing and de-icers can't happen, either. A remarkable process called "air entrainment" prevents this by putting billions of tiny protective bubbles into the concrete.

Extra safety also comes with concrete—the grainy surface that resists skids, the light color that aids visibility after dark.

New-type concrete is the kind of pavement a *taxpayer* appreciates. Its first cost is moderate and its maintenance expense will be as much as 60% lower than for asphalt.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

CIVIL DEFENSE: A National Disgrace

In the event of an all-out nuclear attack the mass-evacuation plan on which we are currently spending millions could lead to disaster, says the author. We are neglecting the necessary steps which could cut our death toll from 160,000,000 to only 15,000,000.

By **STEPHEN M. YOUNG**, ***U.S. Senator From Ohio***

as told to Ben Pearse

A short time ago the nation yawned its way through another "Operation Alert," the annual exercise staged by the Federal Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization. Except in New York, where you can get thirty days and a $500 fine for not hiding during an air-raid drill, people throughout the country generally ignored the hypothetical evacuation of cities about to be bombed in a hypothetical nuclear attack.

Why the nationwide apathy? There certainly is nothing boring about the deadly situation we face. Under present circumstances an enemy attack with intercontinental ballistic missiles on our 150 major cities—those above 60,000—probably would kill 160,000,000 people, roughly 90 per cent of the population. In making this estimate, the Rand Corporation, a civilian research agency for the Air Force, also said comfortingly that no such attack is likely now—no enemy is capable of launching a 150-city assault while also attacking our Strategic Air Command bases to wipe out our ability to retaliate.

But the Rand survey went on to estimate that unless we took protective measures a smaller-scale nuclear attack limited to the fifty cities over 250,000 would be fatal to some 90,000,000 people, about half our population. You can count on the fingers of one hand the years it will take the Soviet Union to reach this capability.

Apathy in the face of these grim realities doesn't mean that we don't have good sense or don't care to go on living. I believe that people pay so little attention to civil defense because they have lost confidence in the program OCDM is trying to put across. A brief look at Operation Alert 1959 is all you need to prove it.

For example, in Washington, D.C., the air-raid sirens—whose erratic wailings have kept everybody confused about civil defense for years—were hardly still when the District of Columbia Office of Civil Defense announced that hypothetically it had evacuated 769,000 persons in two hours. Anyone who has seen Washington's snaillike rush-hour traffic knows that is ridiculous. The fact is that rapid evacuation of our cities isn't feasible under

(Continued on Page 70)

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Susan, shown here with James Cagney and blond Kim Novak, clutches the coveted statuette she received for being named the best movie actress of 1958.

Below: She won her Oscar for her portrayal of a condemned murderess in last year's hit, I Want to Live.

Hollywood's Late-Blooming Redhead

By DEAN JENNINGS

Four years ago fiery Susan Hayward tried to take her own life. But now she has finally won an Oscar for her acting. Here is the inside story of her long and frustrating struggle to the top.

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When Miss Susan Hayward of Brooklyn won the Academy Award on her fifth try last April, a certain producer—he must remain anonymous because otherwise she might dent his skull with the Oscar—said, "Thank heavens, now we can all relax. Susie got what she's been chasing for twenty years."

The producer's comment would surprise no one in Hollywood. For in the movie business it is generally conceded that Miss Hayward, a miniature dynamo with the voltage output of a powerhouse, has survived short circuits that would have burned out the average star long ago. Hedda Hopper, who has not been ever-loving with Miss Hayward, puts it another way. "Hollywood abandoned Susan," she said, "but she fought her way to the top." This may be the understatement of the season.

In a profession fraught with occupational hazards that are frequently conquered by some truly formidable men and women, it may not be an exaggeration to suggest that Susan Hayward could be the most formidable of them all.

She is not a beauty in the classical sense, and Director William Wellmann once glumly prophesied, "She'll never get anywhere with that bump on the end of her nose." She never nested in the so-called social set of the cinema, and was disdainful about parties and public appearances. She is allergic to newspapermen, photographers and magazine writers, and at Twentieth Century-Fox she imposed her own censorship on studio handouts and photos in which she was involved.

She has gone through life "with her fists up," as one of her many ex-press agents says, and has a reputation for the stinging quip. Ben Medford, her first agent—he is among the disenchanted because she dropped him when success came—says, "This girl is smart, but cold as a polar bear's foot."

She has been embroiled with the Los Angeles cops three times—on a suicide attempt, later during a free-for-all at her home, and again in a bedroom-and-pajama combat in which she belted a jealous starlet. Her marriage to her first husband, an agonizing sort of soap opera, fell apart in a shower of front-page sparks, including her admission that she had clamped her teeth on his arm and massaged his face with a lighted cigarette.

Nevertheless, Miss Hayward has always been big box office. She has made some sixty pictures and has earned as much as $350,000 a year. She is considered a rich woman, and has captured the coveted Oscar as Best Actress for 1958 for her violent portrayal of Barbara Graham, the executed California murderess, in the Walter Wanger production, I Want to Live.

There is a memorable interview—it may someday qualify as a document worth putting in public-relations textbooks—which demonstrates how the irresistible force can hold off the immovable velvet claw. The needles in this instance were being jabbed by Miss Hedda Hopper, and the dialogue actually went like this:

HEDDA: Well, my dear, if you stood up on a soapbox today, what would you like to shout about?

SUSAN: Why should I tell you? You're supposed to have all the questions.

HEDDA: All right, for a starter: Who or what do you hate most in Hollywood?

SUSAN: I love everybody.

HEDDA: You have lots of fights. Tell me about them.

SUSAN: I deny that. At least, none of them have made a lasting impression on me.

HEDDA: You used to fight with your husband, Jess Barker, didn't you?

SUSAN: Yes, I fought with him. But that's not commercial.

HEDDA: What did you fight about?

SUSAN: We fought about everything. About our gin-rummy scores. Don't all married people fight? Anyway, we don't fight any more. I told you. I love everybody.

HEDDA: Those twins of yours. Are they show-offs and spoiled?

SUSAN: They are the most beautifully behaved little boys in the world. They break things and take things apart and they have tempers. They probably get that from me. Of course, I don't get mad very often, but things creep up on me and I do a slow burn—and when I do —— But you can't print that.

The experts who read this called it a draw.

If the component parts of Miss Susan Hayward are not generally known—she was very strict about approving such details for public consumption—it can be said that she is five feet three and a half inches tall, weighs 112 pounds without the silk nighties she wears on chilly nights, does not use paste-on eyelashes because the long ones she has are her own, and never needs to apply any dye to her red hair.

She is either thirty-nine or forty-one—depending on whether you read her studio biographies or the date given by columnist Sid Skolsky. Her footprints in cement at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, where the stars are immortalized on concrete slabs, are the only ones in which the mortar contains real gold dust.

She has a mole on her right shoulder—though she prefers not to have it mentioned—and her measurements are an impressive 36½ by 25 by 35, which add up to 96½, or a lot of woman. She will not wash all these inches with anything (Continued on Page 79)

Twenty years ago this Post cover photograph won a Hollywood screen test for Susan Hayward, who was then an unknown Brooklyn model. But she flunked the test.

1955: Los Angeles detectives, assisted by Susan's brother, Wally (left), carrying the unconscious actress from her home after she took an overdose of sleeping tablets.

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"They want to make this station look bad," O'Brien said. "There's big money in this for somebody."

Mark of Treachery

The glamorous world of television can be vicious when greedy men play for big stakes. Beginning an unusual new serial by

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Avery Truslow III was neither a snob nor a pedant, though it would not have been surprising if he had turned out to be both. He had been born into a background of wealth, family distinction, eminence political, financial and scholarly. He had been pampered. He had been educated. He had been cultivated. He had been trained from childhood to occupy the place of his father, Avery Truslow II, and of his grandfather, the first of the Avery Truslows. His ancestry did not trace backward to the rag, tag and bobtail passengers on the Mayflower, but to a companion of Lord Calvert who, in spite of his quarterings, had adventured to Maryland. He had attended Groton, Harvard and Oxford.

All of which had not spoiled him, though, in some degree, it had bewildered him. His hobby was that post-Renaissance impromptu drama so entertainingly described to us by Signor Carlo Gozzi in his autobiography. But this tendency toward the precious was ameliorated by a superlative excellence in carrying the ball in Harvard's backfield.

His major defect in the eyes of Avery Truslow II was his contentment. There seemed present in him no spark of ambition, and regrettably—to his lady mother—no sense of his exalted position in society as the heir of the Truslow Dynasty. He was, in short, so accustomed from birth to wealth and social caste and Brahminism that he was all but unconscious of them—as he was unconscious of the air he breathed. Not that he had low tastes, or base habits, or unspeakable companions. He simply was not alive to his responsibilities.

He had not a mere speaking acquaintance, but a real friendship with the cop on the beat. He went perfectly naturally and without con-

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descension to eat spaghetti and pizza with the mother and father of his parents' chauffeur, Tony Pisano. He chatted agreeably with the Chief Justice of the United States and explained to him gravely the intricacies of the Japanese death lock in wrestling, and actually escorted the Dowager Duchess of Upper Tooting to Ling Po's Chinese restaurant on Canal Street and there introduced her to sweet and pungent spare ribs.

These various examples of lack of social fitness disturbed his mother; but the defect that worried his father to the point of hopping up and down was the absurd, but nonetheless stubborn aversion of Avery Truslow III to the marts of trade as exemplified by the New York Stock Exchange and the Peninsula National Bank and Trust Company. In the following order existed his aversions: First, *crêpes suzette.* Second, the bank. Third, the T-formation in football. Fourth, The New York Stock Exchange. He was very sweet about these things, not dogmatic or censorious, but quietly adamant. He would have no part of them.

"But, son," his father expostulated patiently, "what else is there to do?"

"Frankly, sir," Avery replied, "I haven't given much thought to a career."

"The road is wide open for you, as it was for me." The old gentleman was hurt. "You have to do something," he said.

"Why?" asked Avery III.

"Because," his father answered a bit uncertainly, "everybody has to accomplish something in this world."

"Accomplishing something, sir, means making money, does it not?"

"Money," said his father, still patiently, "is the reward of accomplishment."

"But what, sir, would we do with more than we have?"

"Have you no ambition, son? No urge to make a name for yourself?"

"I seem to have a name, already made," Avery III replied.

"But do you want to be a drone, a loafer, a parasite? . . . Satan finds work for idle hands to do. Do you want to be one of those rich young men who have a new wife every year and get sued by chorus girls? Whose capers are to blame for so much social unrest and resentment against the rich?"

"That sort of thing doesn't attract me," the boy said. "I wouldn't be good at it."

"How about the law? How about the State Department?"

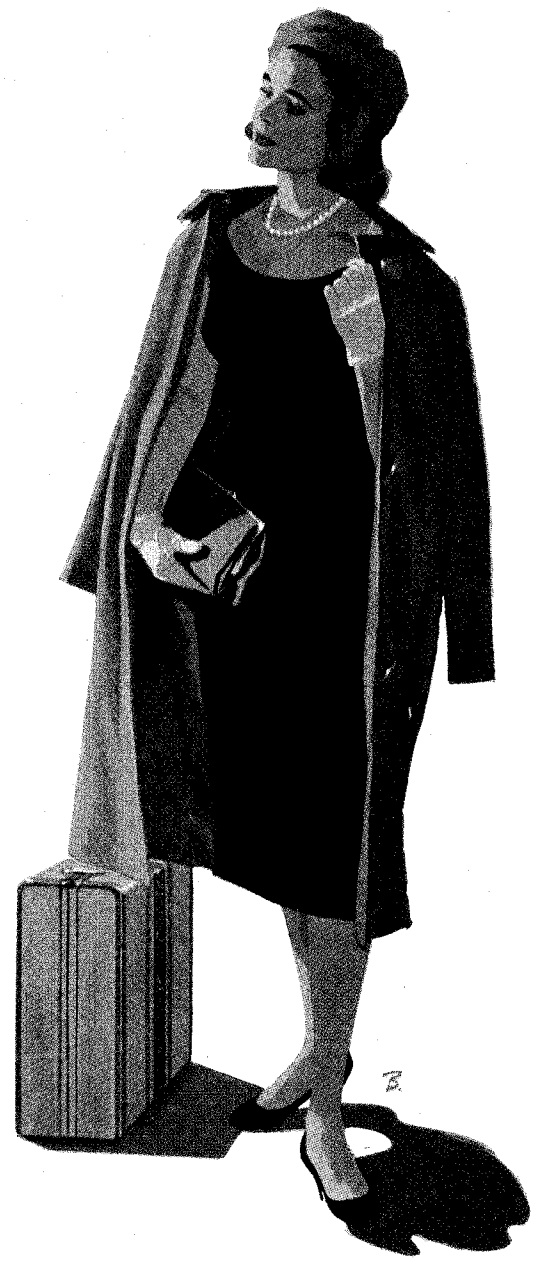
"If I practiced law I'd be taken into some great firm because I'm a Truslow. If I went into the State Department it would be because of family influence." He smiled nicely. "If I ever do anything, I want to do it alone. By myself. Not through family influence."

"The family influence is there, always will be there. You can't get away from it, son. Nor is it a bad thing to have. . . . Son, you like contest. You like battle. There is no contest, no battle, so intricate and so thrilling as business. No rivalry is so keen. If you'd try it, I'm sure you would like it."

Avery III shook his head.

"Son, I get the idea you're holding something back," his father said quietly. "Every living thing must have some objective in life. Something it is urged to do."

"Mister," she said, "how about giving a girl a ride?"



Avery saw the door open and the hitchhiker emerge—now she was beautiful.

Avery had been holding back because he was reluctant to disappoint or to offend his father. But now, being forced into a corner, he saw no recourse except confession. He flushed and was embarrassed.

"I—I would like, sir, to write historical dramas in blank verse," he said.

Here was cropping up, thought Avery II in some dismay, the oddity manifested by his mother and Avery's grandmother—a penchant for writing involved and intricate forms of verse, some of which had even been published in more erudite periodicals. Writing, he knew, was a form of mental aberration which appeared in the most unlikely persons. Regrettable, but not stultifying. If held in check and indulged only as a secret hobby.

"Well, well," said Avery senior heartily. "Well, well, and why not? Why not, indeed? As a pleasant avocation, naturally. I am indeed relieved, my son. As relaxation in your leisure hours. Why not? Why not, indeed?"

He drummed on the leather arm of the deep chair in which he was seated and gave full attention to the problem. He emerged from brown study with a proposal.

"Avery," he said in his most reasonable tone, "all life is a matter of compromises. One might almost say of trial and error. Eh—if at first you don't succeed try, try again."

"Yes, sir," answered his son.

"We are both reasonable men."

"I hope so, sir."

"I am going to propose an experiment, son. You are averse to the banking business, and to the Street. Which, naturally, I regret. But there are many, many forms of business differing widely from pure finance. Interesting, I presume, and possibly attractive. I have in mind a—er—an industry which, *prima facie*, bears scant resemblance to business as it has existed since the days of the Fuggers and the early Rothschilds."

Avery listened, not without suspicion.

"I am asking this as a concession to me, and as an experiment on your part. It may result in nothing. On the other hand, it may open avenues to you that might prove attractive. I'm asking you, son, to give me six months of your life; only six months. At the end of which time you may withdraw and devote your life to classical historic drama or to the writing of rondels or sestets or imitations of the Roman de la Rose."

Avery regarded his father thoughtfully.

"You want me to tackle some sort of business for six months," he said, "in the hope that I will find it so attractive that I'll forget this nonsense of writing and—er—become a man of affairs."

(Continued on Page 38)

Illustrated by Sam Bates

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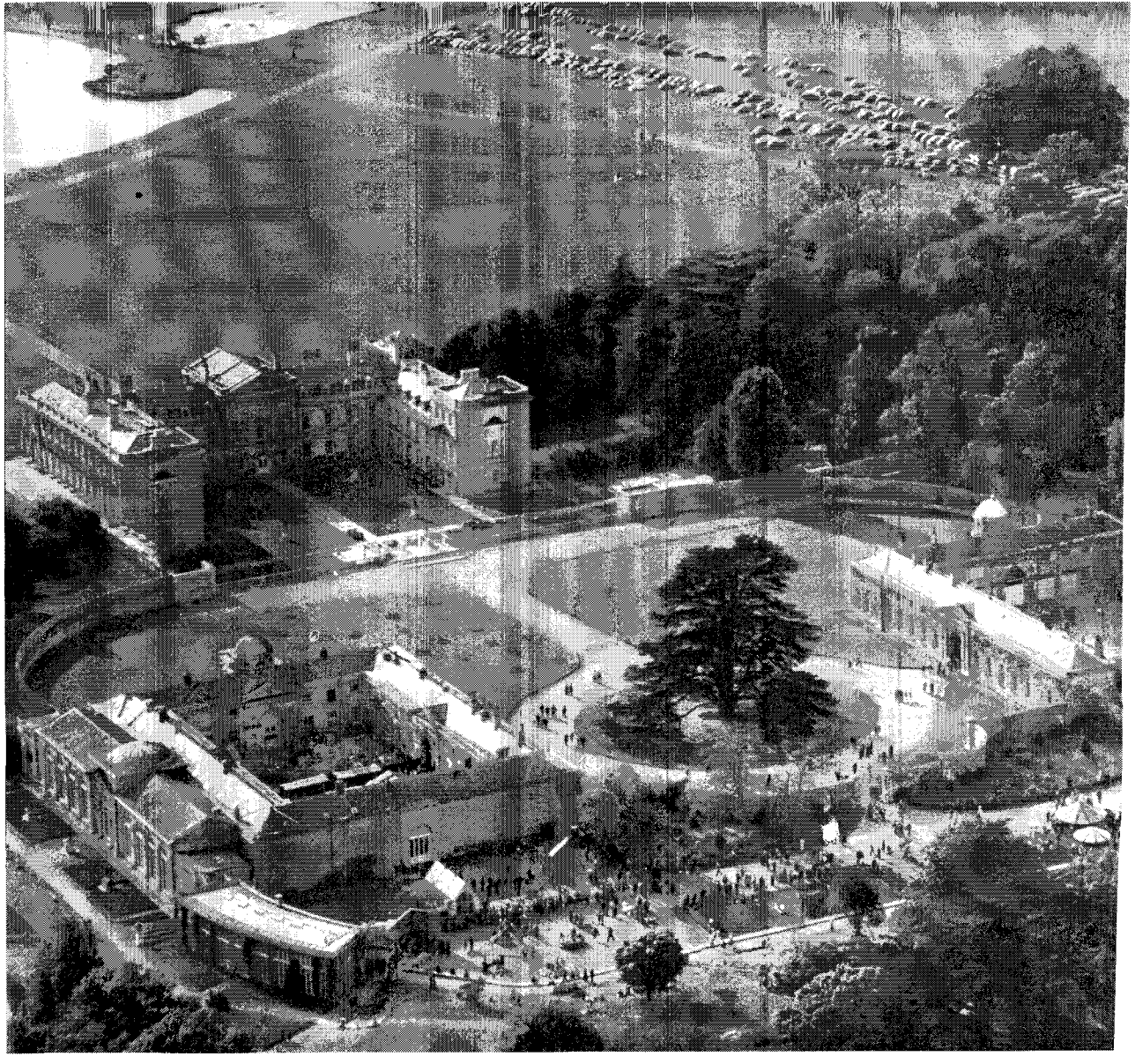
In the state dining room the duke, who often acts as a guide, delivers a spiel about the estate's $4,000,000 worth of furnishings. Most of these paying customers come, however, to see the duke himself.



Right: Sunday at Woburn Abbey. Last year the estate drew 452,000 cash customers at half a crown—thirty-five cents—apiece. The manor was built on land that came into the family in 1555.

His Grace Will Do Anything

To pay off a staggering tax on his ancestral estate, the thirteenth Duke of Bedford often resorts to screwball antics. He doesn't care what his fellow aristocrats think as long as the money rolls in.

By DAVID MacDONALD

"When one is in show business, one must do things to make one notice one," maintains his grace, here with some girls who took part in a beauty contest he judged.

LONDON.

Viewers of the American television program To Tell the Truth may recall the night last fall when three Englishmen appeared on the show, all claiming to be the Duke of Bedford. It was the task of the panelists, after questioning each, to judge which was the genuine article.

The choice wasn't easy. Two of the gentlemen seemed to possess decidedly ducal characteristics—clipped accents, polished manners, well-starched dignity—and both spoke so convincingly of old feudal estates and life at court that the panelists split their votes between them. No one picked the third claimant, a lanky, bespectacled fellow who grinned at the studio audience and tossed off too-breezy replies—"I did have a coronet until another duke borrowed the thing and lost it."

But appearances can be deceptive, as the third man observed later, after the others admitted being ordinary, untitled British businessmen. "Americans don't know quite what to make of me," said the Most Noble John Robert Russell, thirteenth Duke of Bedford. "They all seem to expect me to have heraldic strawberry leaves growing out of my hair."

Americans aren't to be blamed. For even in England, where people have more experience in such matters, Bedford is generally considered to be a most unlikely duke indeed.

Dukes, of course, come in all shapes and sizes. Bedford, at forty-two, stands six feet two. With his high, well-rounded brow, pale complexion and distinctly patrician nose, he certainly looks aristocratic enough. But for the head of one of Britain's first families—certified nobility since 1555—he acts, well, different.

In recent months he has been on radio, spinning "The Duke's Discs." He often turns up on TV as a straight man for cockney comics or a shill for door knockers, paint and other commercial products. He has given many

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public performances with teen-age skiffle bands, usually strumming a washboard. "I am," he has declared, "the rock-'n'-roll version of Pomp and Circumstance."

Last summer at his country estate his grace played host to an international convention of nudists. He holds the distinction of being the only member of the august House of Lords ever to escort a cow to a West End cocktail party. He has also written magazine articles poking fun at his own forebears. Some of his ancestors, he feels, were a bit eccentric.

For his own offbeat behavior, which might suggest heredity, Bedford has a simpler explanation. "When one is in show business," he says, "one must do things to make one notice one." The duke talks that way.

What he has to show—what all his pranks and publicity stunts are calculated to advertise—is his old family homestead. Woburn Abbey, ancestral seat of the noble Bedfords since 1626, is a majestic Palladian stone pile set in a 3000-acre park in gentle green Bedfordshire, forty miles north of London. One of the celebrated stately homes of England, its sixty damask rooms are crammed with $4,000,000 worth of old masters, Mortlake tapestries, silver-gilt tableware, Ming and Sèvres china, plus other objects of great artistic and historic value.

For five years now Bedford has been admitting paying sight-seers to his manor. He isn't alone. Because taxes and the cost of gracious living have risen so high in the welfare state, many others of the landed gentry also have been forced to let tourists troop through their medieval castles and baronial halls in exchange for a few shillings toward the upkeep. Among 300 or so such places on public display are Blenheim Palace, where Sir Winston Churchill was born; Hellfire Caves, where eighteenth-century relatives of Sir John Dashwood held notorious orgies; and Hoghton Tower, where King James I was once so pleased with a loin of beef that he knighted it.

But of all entries in the so-called stately-homes league, by far the most successful is Bedford's Woburn Abbey. To date about 1,500,000 persons have paid half a crown—thirty-five cents—to see it. Nonpaying visitors have included Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. Last year Woburn set a league attendance record of 452,000. While not yet threatening the Tower of London as Britain's No. 1 tourist attraction—1,000,000 admissions in 1958—it still drew twice as many cash customers as its nearest stately-home rival, the Duke of Devonshire's Chatsworth House.

The difference is mainly in the dukes. Whereas most of his competitors merely tolerate tourists, preferring not to advertise their straitened circumstances throughout the kingdom, Bedford really works at pulling in crowds. His methods approximate those of the late Phineas T. Barnum, another pretty fair showman. Woburn Abbey's circus-style billboards promise:

THE MOST TO SEE. THE MOST TO DO.
FOR ALL AGES AND TASTES. REDUCTIONS
FOR PARTIES OVER 100.

Certainly no other stately home offers such a wide variety of attractions. Besides displaying heirlooms handed down from his forefathers—Rembrandt (Continued on Page 62)

"I am the rock-'n'-roll version of Pomp and Circumstance," declares the Most Noble John Robert Russell, shown above wearing his traditional ducal robes.

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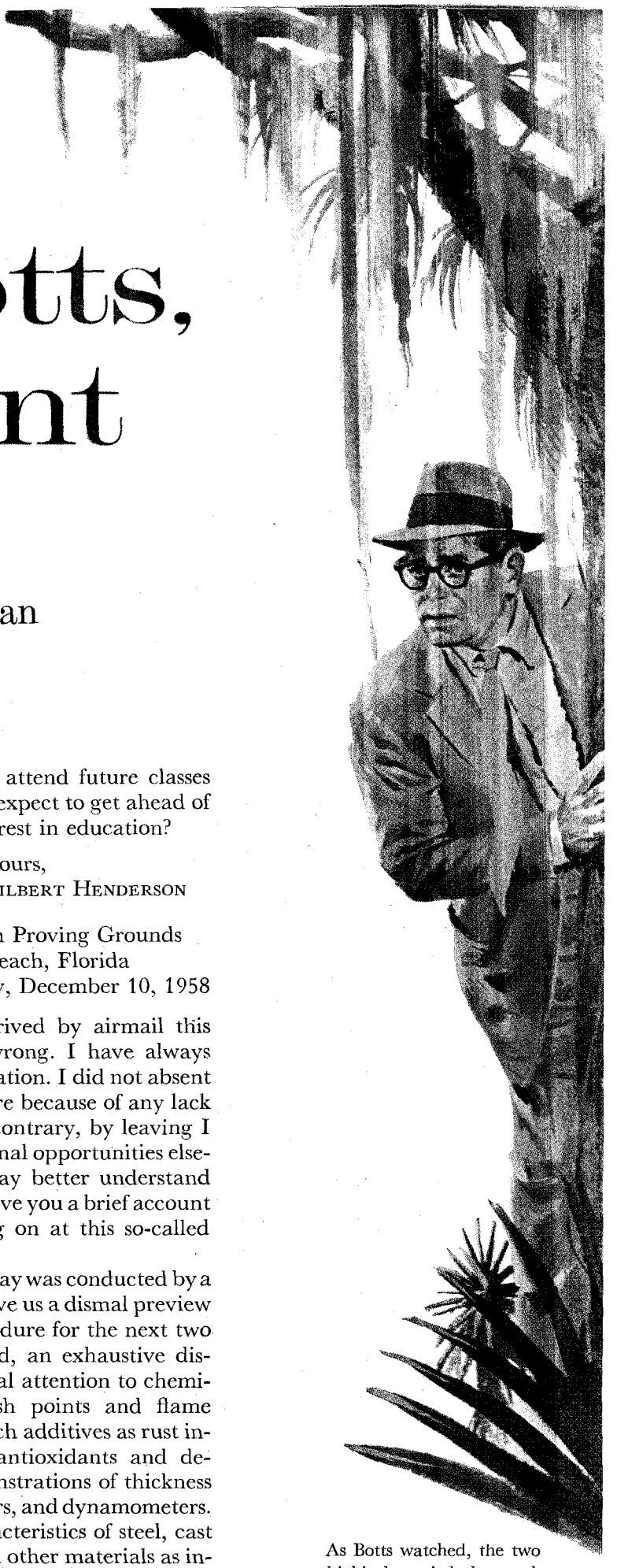
Alexander Botts, Security Agent

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

Singlehandedly the world's greatest salesman had to prevent a military catastrophe.



As Botts watched, the two highjackers tied the truck driver and his helper to a couple of trees.

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

Tuesday, December 9, 1958

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
SALES MANAGER, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
EARTHWORM TRACTOR PROVING GROUNDS
COQUINA BEACH, FLORIDA

Dear Botts: This letter is to demand an explanation for your highly unpatriotic failure to co-operate in the educational program which we have set up in an effort to do our part in overcoming the alarming superiority of the Russians in science and engineering.

About a year ago our board of directors, appalled by the Russian success with the first Sputnik, investigated the situation in our own company. An exhaustive survey by one of the country's leading psychological institutes revealed that many of our top executives, although highly competent as businessmen, were woefully ignorant of the engineering and mechanical features of our products. To remedy this shocking condition we set up our first annual two-week Engineering School for Company Executives at our Earthworm Proving Grounds, Coquina Beach, Florida. A selected group of our vice presidents and department heads, including yourself, were assigned to this school. All of these men attended the school and profited immeasurably thereby—except you. You completely disregarded this assignment—claiming you were occupied with more important matters.

This year I directed you to attend the second annual Engineering School starting yesterday at the same place. Apparently you are not taking this year's school any more seriously than last year's. One of our engineers, who was at the school yesterday and who flew back to Earthworm City last night, reports that you attended the first hour of instruction, but spent most of your time yawning and reading a newspaper. At the end of the first hour you disappeared from the classroom. Later you were seen with another idler sunning yourself on the beach.

You are hereby directed to attend future classes and pay attention. How do you expect to get ahead of the Russians if you take no interest in education?

Yours,
GILBERT HENDERSON

Earthworm Proving Grounds
Coquina Beach, Florida
Wednesday, December 10, 1958

Dear Henderson: Your letter arrived by airmail this afternoon. You have got me wrong. I have always taken an intense interest in education. I did not absent myself from the school down here because of any lack of interest in learning. On the contrary, by leaving I was able to find greater educational opportunities elsewhere. To the end that you may better understand what I am talking about, I will give you a brief account of exactly what has been going on at this so-called Engineering School.

The opening session on Monday was conducted by a long-winded pedagogue who gave us a dismal preview of what we were supposed to endure for the next two weeks. There would be, he said, an exhaustive discussion of lubricants, with special attention to chemical composition, viscosity, flash points and flame points. We would hear about such additives as rust inhibitors, corrosion inhibitors, antioxidants and detergents. There would be demonstrations of thickness gauges, micrometers, sclerometers, and dynamometers. We would learn the basic characteristics of steel, cast iron, malleable iron, bronze and other materials as influenced by various forms of heat treatment and by such components as carbon, nickel, molybdenum, titanium, manganese, chromium and even tin. And there would be much more.

As the man droned on, it came over me that most of the information to be handed out in this school would be stuff I did not need to know and did not want to know. For an engineer it would be hot stuff. For me it would be a waste of time.

At the end of the first hour I turned to an Army major who had been yawning and drowsing in the next seat. "Just what are you doing here?" I asked.

(Continued on Page 60)

Illustrated by Walter Skor

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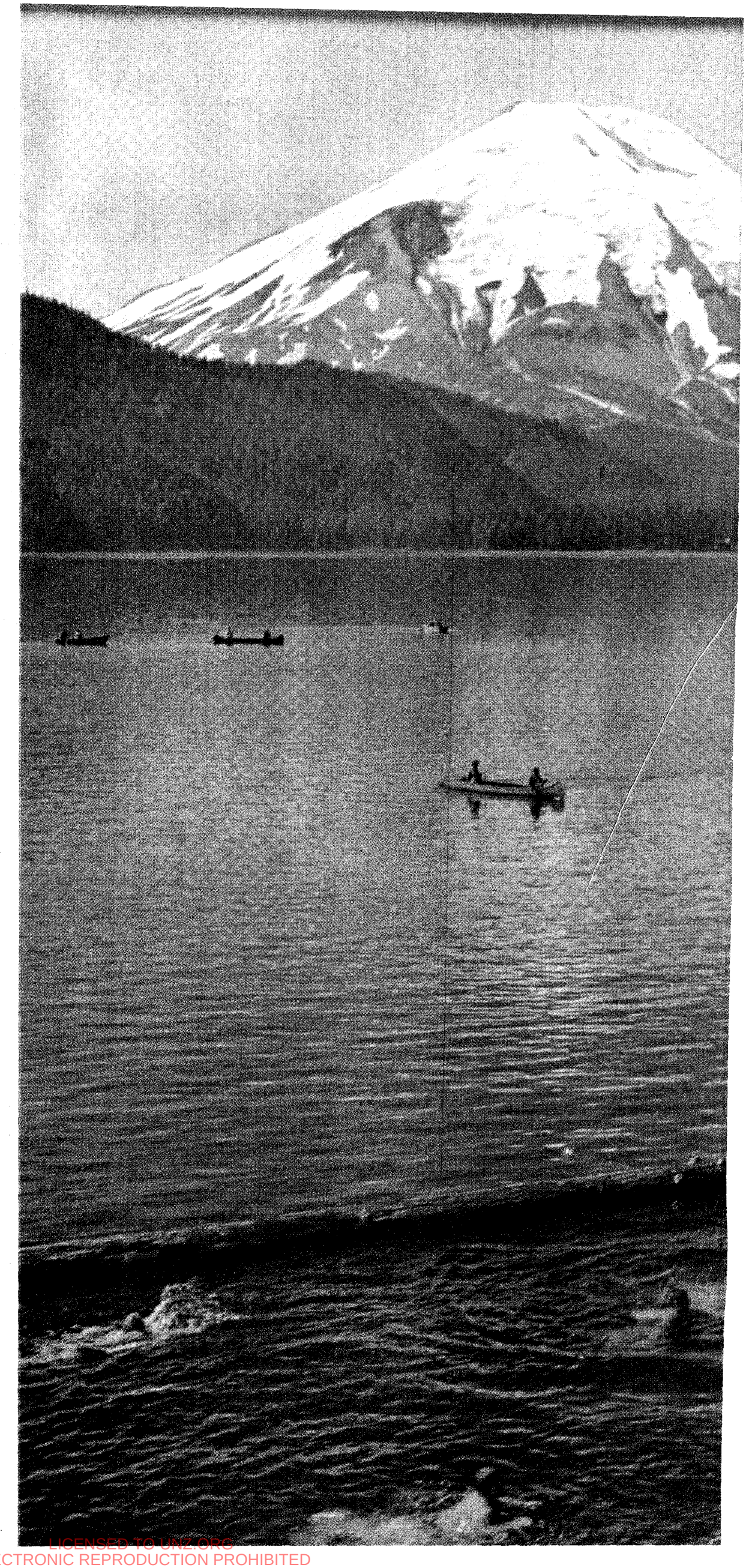
The Face of AMERICA

Cold, Clear and Deep

High in Washington's Cascade Range the glacial snows of winter feed many deep, cool bodies of water that lie imprisoned among the unspoiled fir-clad slopes. Here you see one of these chill mountain pools, named Spirit Lake, which is 1300 feet deep. It lies about forty miles east of Longview, Washington, and fifty-five miles north of Portland, Oregon. Every summer for fifty-two years city boys from Portland have come here to their YMCA camp, where they canoe, swim in sixty-degree water and explore among the dense, virgin timber. The lake-shore camp encompasses eighty-seven remote acres and offers a superb view of Mount St. Helens, an extinct volcano whose perpetual white crown rises 9671 feet above sea level. The almost perfect cone shape of Mount St. Helens causes it sometimes to be called "the American Fujiyama," after the sacred and symmetrical mountain of Japan. ● Photograph by Ray Atkeson



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The Day of the Hanging

By CHARLES A. STEARNS

Who ever heard of a condemned man and his executioner spending the final hours together talking over old times?

Well, sir, John Emmet Owens was a man that gentle-mouthed his womenfolk and mainly tried to get along with them, and you can see how it served him. Right from the minute that he crawled out of the wrong side of bed that hot Saturday morning, he might as lief have spared himself the trouble.

The sun was only this minute shoving its upper limb above the Brazos, but Bid had been up half an hour, and the ambrosial breath of brand-new biscuits, and side meat crisp-fried in flour, and hot chicory coffee was swept in to him and revived him so that he was able to sit up on the edge of the bed.

John Emmet sat there on the side of the bed in his underdrawers for maybe three minutes, making strangled sounds of ill humor and bad taste, and then he reached up and took down a beat-up mandolin from the wall and picked out a popular lament upon it with very little spirit and only one finger—just to show that he was alive. Far up in his sinuses he crooned:

Play the dead march as they bear me along.
First took to drinking and then to card playing,
Shot a man in a fight, and it's Cotton's last day.

Hastily he threw the mandolin on the bed and reached for his pants, for that last line was not part of the song. Years ago at Cotton O'Folliard's wedding, long before that wayward boy was wanted by all the sheriffs in East Texas, he had made up the line himself. And today, over in Plain Dealing, they were hanging Cotton O'Folliard, and he would have to be there.

So he put it out of his mind, hurriedly drew on his high-heeled boots that were hell to plow in, and went out to feed the stock.

As he was coming back from the corral, and ducked under the low, spreading branches of the big live-oak tree that shaded the yard, something reached down from the thick foliage and knocked his hat off.

He reached up and grabbed a small, brown ankle, too long exposed. "Got you," he said.

"And I've got you!" she cried, leaning down like an old coon (Continued on Page 65)

"I expect you hadn't heard that I'm your bought-and-paid-for hangman," John Emmet said.

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"Pipe smokers are congenital litterers," admits author Ford, here spoiling a salad with a stray load of ashes.

By COREY FORD

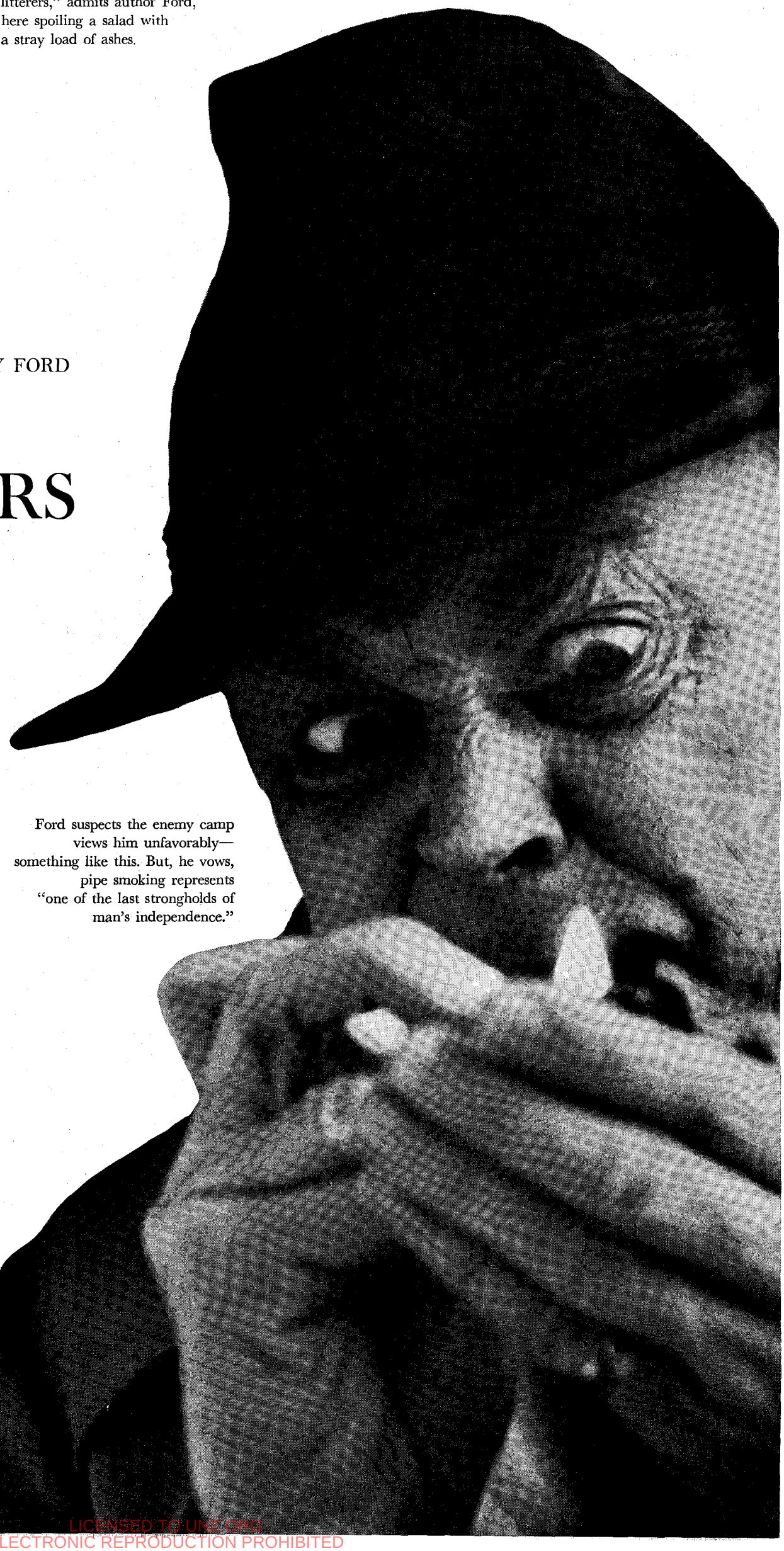
ARE PIPE SMOKERS PEOPLE?

Why does a man with a pipe possess such charm for women? A well-known humorist presents his case for addicts of this messy and sometimes malodorous—but delightful—habit.

Everybody loves a man who smokes a pipe. At least, all the nationwide surveys say so. A recent poll by the Pipe and Tobacco Council of New York reveals that pipe-smoking males are more attractive to 64 per cent of the women in this country. "Pipe smoking adds that tweedy appearance that women adore," a lady in New Jersey gave as her reason; another in Ohio told the interviewer, "A pipe smoker smells like all the things a woman idolizes in a man." And one blessed damsel in California summed it up, "I love 'em one and all."

The trouble is that nobody loves the pipe he smokes. One long gargling drag, and the romance is over. Strike a match, in fact, and the chorus of protest starts: Don't light that nasty old thing in here! Hey, mister, what are ya smoking in there—old galoshes? Put it away. Take it outside. Somebody open the window....

Let me fish out my battered brier at a formal dinner, and the hostess recoils as though I'd produced a live cobra from my pocket. Mothers wince perceptibly if it is in my mouth as I bend over Junior's crib. Passengers in crowded elevators draw back from its curling smoke and fix me with an icy glare. Airplane stewardesses tactfully call my attention to the printed sign: CIGARETTE SMOKING ONLY. Proprietors of posh casinos (Continued on Page 55)



Ford suspects the enemy camp views him unfavorably—something like this. But, he vows, pipe smoking represents "one of the last strongholds of man's independence."

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Teamster vice president Bert Brennan (center), Hoffa's partner in many enterprises. Asked to explain where Hoffa (right) got $60,322 in gambling and miscellaneous earnings, he pleaded the Fifth Amendment. Said Senator Mundt of South Dakota, "I think Mr. Hoffa takes the Fifth Amendment through your lips."

Chicago syndicate leader Paul (The Waiter) Ricca refused to say why the Teamsters bought his Indiana estate for $150,000. The union has never used it.

THE STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA

PART THREE

The Labor Boss Leaves a Baffling Trail

In his Washington office Bob Kennedy (center) examines Teamster financial records with his chief investigative accountant, Carmine Bellino (left).

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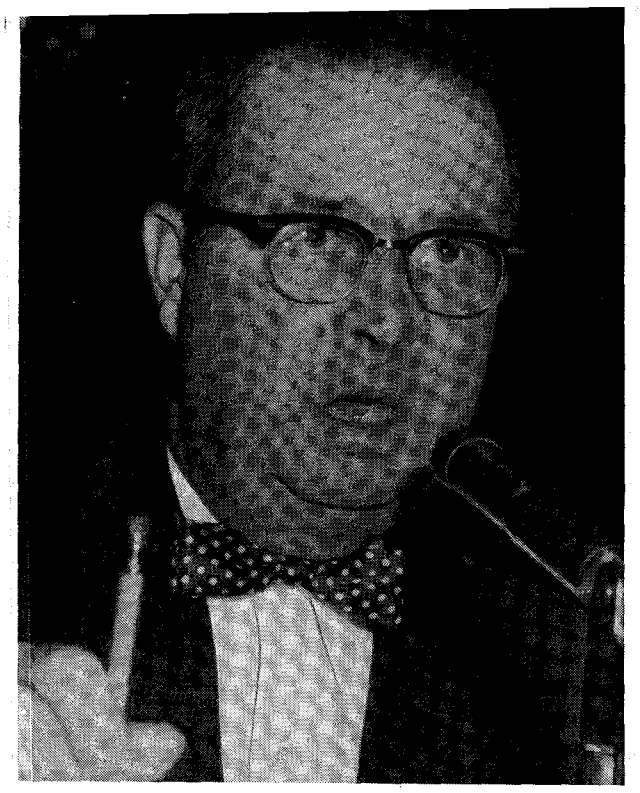


Robert Scott, a former Teamster officer, claimed Hoffa once threatened: "I will break both your arms and legs." Before the hearings Scott was warned not to testify.

Billy Hoffa, Jimmy's brother. This 1945 mug shot was taken when Billy was in prison on a concealed-weapons conviction. He was acquitted of a 1948 armed robbery.

Teamster organizer Frank Kierdorf, an ex-convict, in the hospital. He later died of burns suffered while setting fire to a Flint, Michigan, cleaning plant last year.

"There are so many mysterious things about Hoffa—you never get the final answer," said a committee investigator trying to unravel the Teamster boss's strange financial dealings.

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

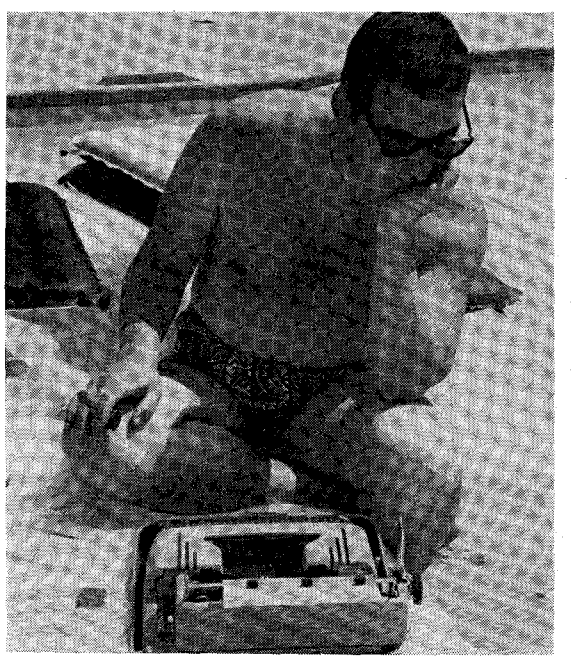
At 8:55 A.M. on August 5, 1957, a rumpled young man in a seersucker suit, carrying a briefcase, stepped off American Airlines Flight 707 at Willow Run airport outside Detroit and took a bus to an obscure hotel and checked in and went to his room. He was alone. He was Pierre Salinger, a black-haired, pudgy man of thirty-two, who smokes cigars ceaselessly, walks fast and often seems short of breath. He formerly had been a magazine writer, but for six months now he had been an investigator for the Senate committee on labor and management rackets. He had been sent out from Washington by Bob Kennedy, chief counsel to the committee, to open an investigation of Jimmy Hoffa, the leader of the Teamsters Union.

Salinger went first to the Federal Building, identified himself, and was given a key to Room 479. It was a single, empty room. He asked for some furniture and a telephone, then about eleven A.M. went to the Detroit office of the Teamsters, a brick building at 2741 Trumbull Avenue. He located Frank Collins, secretary-treasurer of Teamsters Local 299, which is Jimmy Hoffa's own local, and served on him a subpoena, ordering him to produce all books and records of the local from January 1, 1950, "to the present time," 1957. Salinger subpoenaed the records of two other Teamster locals in the same building, 985 and 337. He went to the Federal Government's General Accounting Office, the agency which audits the Government's books, and asked for help. He went back to his new office at four P.M.; a desk, chairs and a telephone had been installed.

At once the phone rang. It was Frank Fitzsimmons, vice president of Local 299 and for years one of Jimmy Hoffa's closest friends. Salinger recalls, "Fitzsimmons said, 'Jimmy wants to see you.' I told him that was fine—when? 'Tomorrow morning,' he said. I asked if ten o'clock would be O.K. and he said yes."

Salinger hung up and called Bob Kennedy in Washington. Kennedy told him to call Carmine Bellino in Chicago. Bellino, the committee's chief investigative accountant, is an experienced, older man—eleven years with the FBI, twelve with many important congressional committees.

Bellino flew to Detroit early next morning and, with Salinger, went to Teamster headquarters. Jimmy Hoffa kept them waiting an hour and a half. When they finally went in, they found the office full of his associates—Detroit union leaders, his lawyer, his accountant, Salinger recalls. "He told us to sit down in two chairs in front of the desk. They were lower than his chair, so you had to look up at him." (Hoffa is a short man.) "It was impressive. You had a feeling of power. His men were all standing around the wall, flanking him. Hoffa walked around and grabbed their subpoenas out of their hands, mad as hell. Then he went into a terrific tirade at us. He said we were trying to put the union out of business, to ruin him, and that Bob Kennedy was trying to become governor of Massachusetts, and he would over his dead body. Once his lawyer started to say something, and Hoffa told him to shut up." Salinger felt sure the room was wired.



On weekends Kennedy's staff frequently get together at his Virginia estate to plan their strategy. Shown working at poolside above is investigator Pierre Salinger.

Bellino, a tough-minded, dark-complexioned man, recalls, "He told us how he wanted the investigation conducted. He would put the books in one room with his accountant and lawyer there, and we could examine them. I said we don't work that way, and if necessary we'd take the records to Washington." Salinger recalls, "Finally he calmed down and said he would make the records available in the conference room in the Teamsters Building."

Hoffa himself remembers it differently. He has said, "They started with a lot of con about what I was going to do and what I wasn't going to do. I got enough of that. They wanted to know all about my life. I told 'em to see my lawyer. They didn't get no answers."

The Senate committee was established in January, 1957. At first Kennedy had been too busy investigating Dave Beck, president of the Teamsters, to spend much time on Jimmy Hoffa, Beck's heir apparent. And after Beck was overthrown in May, Kennedy had felt restrained from going after Hoffa because Hoffa was under indictment on a charge of bribing a committee investigator. But now, early in August, with Hoffa acquitted, Kennedy turned his staff loose on Hoffa. And so the battle between the Teamsters and the committee, between Hoffa and Kennedy, was joined—a struggle that goes on yet. How did the investigators go about their work? What did they find out?

(Continued on Page 80)

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Beauty and the Beatnik

He was one of those Beat Generation types. And he tried to tell her she wasn't "living."

By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

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"All this is gross self-indulgence," she breathed weakly.

The first time I saw him he was making a still life out of himself, a United States Navy hammock, a bottle of beer, a stack of magazines, a ginger cat and what appeared to be a pyramid of assorted sandwiches. He was wearing Army pants, a ski sweater of Tyrolean design, a battered straw hat and a look of absolute beatitude. It was nine o'clock of a Monday morning.

"He's gorgeous," murmured my roommate Milly. She propped herself on the window sill of our apartment and sighed languorously into the pale California sunshine. I fastened a crisp white collar to a sensible black dress and made a small *moue* of disdain.

"It's Monday," I said. "Most people go to work on Monday."

"He's putting sun-tan oil on his face," said Milly. She has a marvelous talent for the irrelevant. She turned a rapt, excited face to me. "You know what I think?" she demanded.

I gathered up my books, my lunch and my overcoat. "Yes, dear," I said wearily, "you think he's unmarried, rich, eligible, kind, clean and trustworthy. You think one of us should make a move in his direction. Well, lots of luck, pet. I'm late for work."

"He just stood up," announced Milly triumphantly, "and he is at least six feet two inches tall. In his stocking feet!"

I cast a cursory, contemptuous glance out of the window. "He's tall, all right," I said, "but I have a strong feeling that he is also unemployed."

"He's got a terribly intense face," murmured Milly. She peered nearsightedly out the window. "I think he's probably one of those beatniks."

"Milly, dear," I said, "I work a fifty-eight-hour week, retire late and rise early. I am, as a matter of fact, somewhat out of the main stream of American life. What," I demanded, "is a beatnik?"

"Don't you keep up with anything?" sighed Milly.

"Listen, lambie," I retorted, "I am employed by the gas company five days a week. From seven to ten I attend night classes at S.C. Saturdays and holidays I work on my doctor's dissertation in the public library. I see my dentist twice a year. How am I supposed to know about beatniks?"

"A beatnik," said Milly, "is a member of the beat generation."

"A rose is a rose is a rose. You'll have to do better than that," I said, "or I'm out the door."

(Continued on Page 46)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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Author Mullen with nine of his farm-system graduates who started for the Braves on opening day this year. From left: Felix Mantilla, Johnny Logan, Bill Bruton, Frank Torre, Wes Covington, Hank Aaron, Mullen, Eddie Mathews, Warren Spahn and Del Crandall.

My Baseball Farmhands

The boss of the Braves' farm clubs describes the stars and the flops he's uncovered in his job of developing would-be big-leaguers for a talent-hungry parent team.

By JOHN MULLEN as told to Furman Bisher

The Milwaukee Braves opened the season this year with a line-up that made beautiful reading for me. The infield was composed of Frank Torre, Felix Mantilla, Johnny Logan and Eddie Mathews. In the outfield were Wes Covington, Bill Bruton and Hank Aaron. Warren Spahn was pitching and Del Crandall catching. Every one of these nine men was a graduate of Braves' farm clubs. Because I am in my eighth year of directing the farm system, this made me feel that I was earning my keep.

I wasn't at the Braves' opener. I was down on the farm looking after crops. I heard a broadcast of the game in Atlanta, where I was waiting for the opening night of our Southern Association affiliate, the Atlanta Crackers.

Once the season begins, my outlook on the "big" club is that of a fan with more than average interest. I follow the Braves avidly, but I concentrate on the telegraph ticker that brings all the farm-team scores into my office at County Stadium in Milwaukee. In a sense I'm like a farmer with his seasons reversed. I spend the fall and winter cultivating and seeding—shifting players and restocking the rosters of our twelve minor-league clubs. The summer is my harvest season, when I can watch some of my winter's labor pay off.

Even when he watches the "big" club, Mullen keeps one eye on the ticker for farm-team scores. Here he is in the press room of the Milwaukee County Stadium.

When the Braves make the World Series we like to gripe in the minor-league office that it really fouls up our work. We can't get down to serious farm business until the blooming thing is over. Actually, of course, that's what we're all shooting for. A pennant for the "big" team indicates efficiency all the way down through the organization.

Success for a major-league team begins with an effective network of talent scouts who can recognize great potential in its rawest state. But that's only the start of it. Baseball scouting involves much more than mere discovery. The prospect must be sold on the advantages of signing with your club. Then comes the task of trying to mold him into a big-leaguer.

With all the science and system we try to employ, baseball farming remains a most unpredictable operation. The Braves sign an average of 130 prospects a year, of whom only four ever become regulars in the major leagues. This may sound very hit-and-miss, but nobody has yet come up with an unfailing method for determining in advance which ones are going to make it.

Sometimes a player from whom you expect the least will give you the biggest surprise. This happened in Milwaukee two years ago when the Braves were in a violent pennant fight. In mid-July center fielder Bill Bruton and second baseman Felix Mantilla collided chasing a pop fly. One of Bruton's knees was so badly damaged that he was lost to the team for the rest of the season. We needed another outfielder in a hurry—preferably one who batted left-handed, like Bruton.

John Quinn, then the Braves' general manager, put out (Continued on Page 56)

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A powerfully built man was studying the clutter of stuff on the bureau.

PROWLER IN THE HOUSE

There was something about the intruder's manner—as if he had come for more than loot.

By HUGH B. CAVE

Half an hour after the big plane from Idlewild descended through layers of Caribbean heat to Manigua's airport, Joe Canavan had his first glimmer of what lay ahead for him. Having steered his starry-eyed wife through the immigration and customs routines, and seen their luggage safely stowed in a cab, he fished a scrap of paper from his pocket and said to the driver, "Take us to Number Twenty-seven Calle Caldera, Mac."

He spoke English because the cabby had used that tongue, but with a slight effort he could just as well have employed Spanish. Some twenty-nine years ago a seagoing Irish-American named Mike Canavan had wed a dark-eyed *señorita* in Malaga and brought her to New York. Joseph Michael Canavan, their offspring, had grown up speaking Bronx with a Spanish accent. It was, his wife sometimes jokingly remarked, his one cultural accomplishment.

The cabby looked at him now as though he'd spoken a dirty word. "Calle Caldera, *señor?*"

"That's what it says here."

The cabby glanced at the scrap of paper and said "O.K.," but was shaking his head as he got behind the wheel.

Canavan's wife didn't seem to notice. She was happy, Canavan knew, because she was in a foreign country where everything was going to improve her mind. He sighed. The Jersey side of G. Washington Bridge was foreign enough for him, and he wished he were back in Manhattan being a dull but contented cop. (Continued on Page 49)

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Secrets of a Lion Tamer

Since the days of silent films Mel Koontz and his big cats have thrilled thousands with their performances. Here's how this master of animal psychology survives ever-present danger.

By JOHN REESE

Photographs by Gene Lester

Trainer Mel Koontz with one of his affectionate protégés, lion cub Jackie the Fifth.

"Pumas," said Mel Koontz, "are the most unpredictable animals on earth, but they can be worked. I've trained some seventy-five of them, and in some ways they're easier to handle than any of the other big cats. Although," he added thoughtfully, "the only animal that ever really came close to killing me was a puma."

The puma—or mountain lion, cougar, panther, painter or catamount, to list his aliases—is, next to the jaguar, the largest cat native to the Western Hemisphere. Being home-grown, it is relatively cheap—$150 for a good, healthy adult puma, compared with up to $1500 for lions, tigers and leopards, which have to be imported from Asia, Africa and the South Pacific islands—Sumatra, Java and Bali.

Yet there never were more than three or four puma acts until Mel Koontz started training them for movie work at Jungleland in Thousand Oaks, California. Mel works from five to thirteen pumas at a time, depending upon how many are "on inventory" at Jungleland. That in turn depends upon the demand for pumas in movies and television films. Jungleland is operated primarily to supply the studios with wild animals, and Mel Koontz is first of all a trainer of carnivorous actors.

He called the puma "unpredictable." Other trainers come right out and say that, when in captivity, the puma is more treacherous, faster and far more incorrigibly wild than any of the

The comatose camel being admired below will appear as an "extra" next fall in M-G-M's Ben Hur.

Chim the Chimp, a veteran of many Tarzan movies, plays host to two young visitors to Jungleland. Located near Los Angeles, this unique farm specializes in training wild animals for movie roles. Mel Koontz has his headquarters here.

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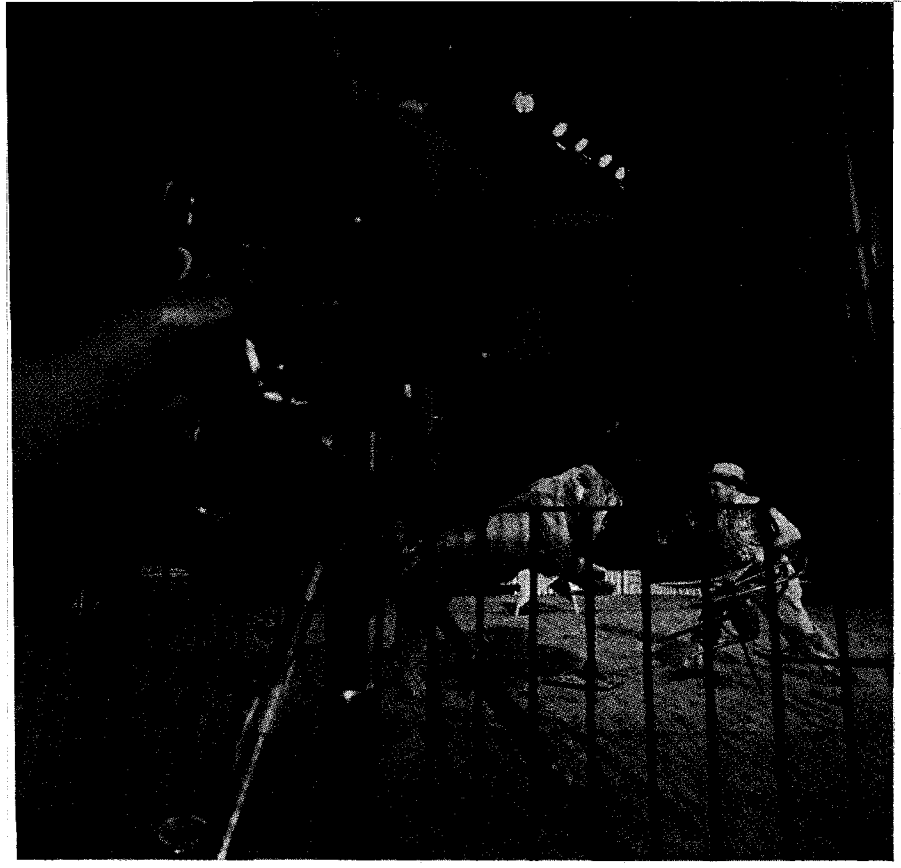
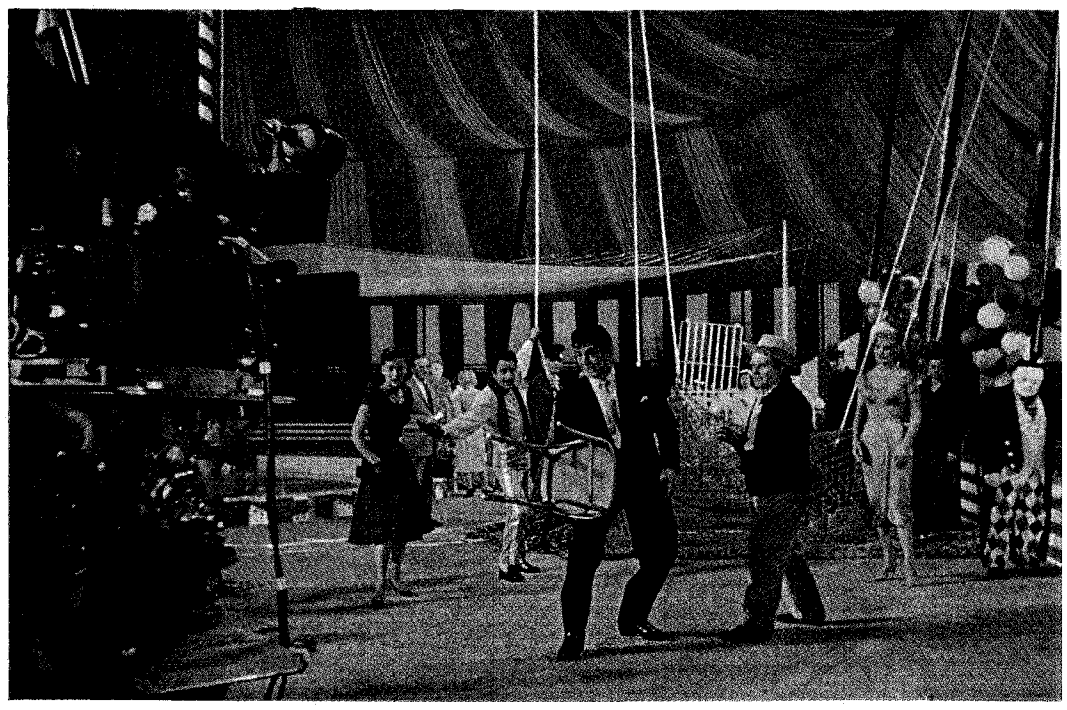




For the filming of Allied Artists' forthcoming Big Circus, Mel Koontz battled a lion (left) in a sequence in which only the animal and the chair will at first appear. Later he taught Victor Mature (right) how to use the chair so that the two sequences can be realistically combined to show the star in action.

larger killer cats. And, watching Koontz put his pets through their paces at Jungleland, their bloodthirsty reputation certainly seems justified.

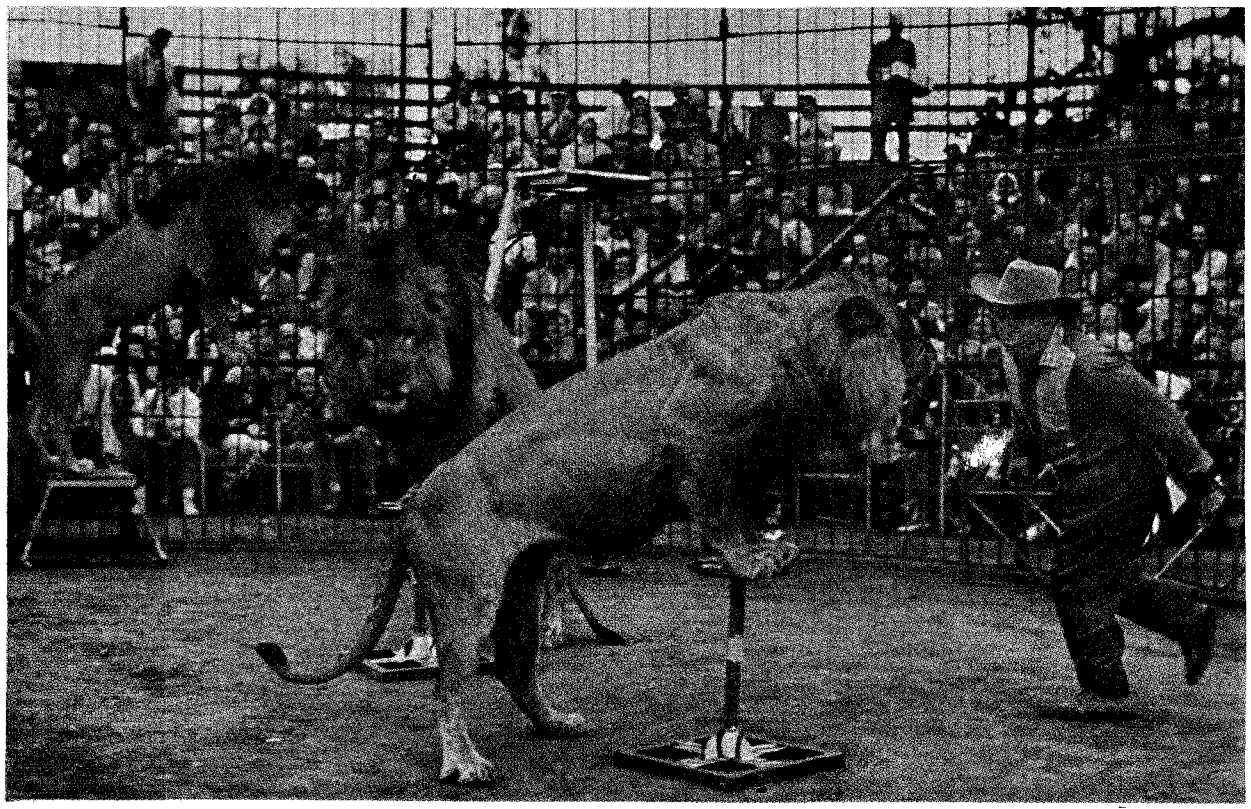
They hate every minute of it. They hiss like angry house cats, only louder, and all the time. Every movement is a pounce, and every time Mel comes close to one, it swipes out at him with claws that move too fast for the human eye to follow. Yet he turns his back on them freely. "How else can you work them?" he said. "The idea is, you've got to know which ones you can trust, and how far, and how long."

Koontz's highly paid specialty is what the studios call "rassling cats." These are animals trained to close in actual physical combat with a human being. Besides handling the cats, Koontz doubles for the stars. It has never been hard to persuade any star that he needs a double to grapple with a lion or tiger or puma.

Until Koontz trained the first rassling cat back in silent-picture days, real, live animals were used only in the scenes leading up to the death struggle. For that a taxidermist's dummy was put in—an animal's skin stretched over a framework of wires and papier-mâché.

Mel's first rassling cat was a lion named Jackie, who earned some $80,000 before dying at the age of twenty-three. "He was named after Jacqueline Logan, the first star with the courage to pose for pictures with a lion," Mel recalls. "Jackie became the most famous animal in the world, and he deserved it. What a performer!"

Since then there has always been a Jackie. As soon as one shows signs of getting stiff and grouchy, Mel begins training a new one. The fourth Jackie, who won a special Academy citation for his realistic role in the late Cecil B. De Mille's Samson and Delilah, is now resting between pictures in his private cage at Jungleland. Mel is already training Jackie, V, a six-month-old, forty-pound cub with the charm of a kitten and the left hook of an up-and-coming welterweight. (Continued on Page 69)



"The male African lion is the most dangerous of all cats," says Koontz. "When you've got a lion act, you know that you hardly ever fight one lion. If one of them comes at you, the others will help him out."

Below: Trainer Mel Koontz shows off Rajah, his star movie leopard, to some of Jungleland's many visitors.

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Post Scripts

Leave My Mind Alone!

I know what happened to the people who used to have amateur cold remedies and twenty-three ways of curing hiccups. They are now all amateur psychiatrists.

If, for example, I am with a group and say, "I feel kind of low today," none of them imagines it is because there was more in the bottle than I thought last night.

They promptly decide I am neurotic, which wouldn't bother me because that's better than being stupid, except that they have cures for me.

"What you need is a hobby. Get your mind off yourself." (I happen to have two excellent hobbies—girl-watching and trivet-collecting.)

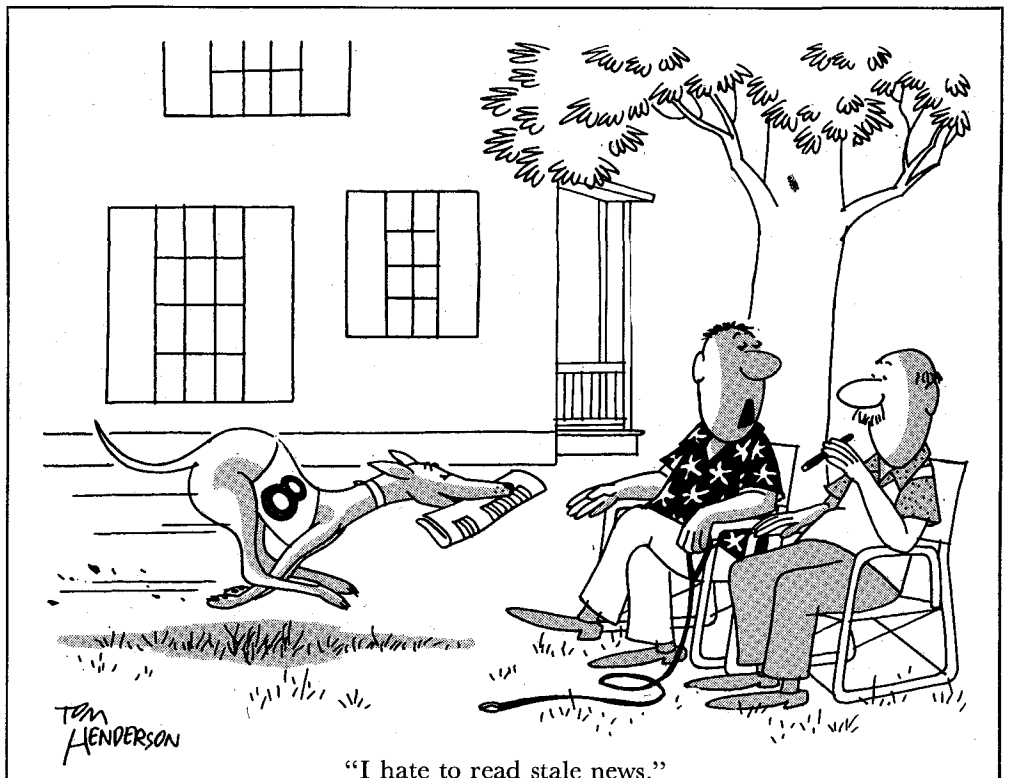
"Go back through your childhood—you'll find a trauma there somewhere." (The only trauma I can recall from my childhood was Elsie Trauma, who lived on Dwight Street and who cried when I told her she was fat.)

"Sit down and confess all your misbehavior to someone. Get it off your chest. You'll feel better." (I did that several years ago, and I felt better for about ten minutes. The one I confessed to was my wife, and I'm still hearing about it.)

I once met a man who really helped me. I said to him, "I feel kind of low today."

He scowled and said, "*You* feel kind of low? You ought to feel the way I feel."

That made me feel a lot better. I hope everybody will take the hint. ROBERT FONTAINE



"I hate to read stale news."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Victor and Vanquished

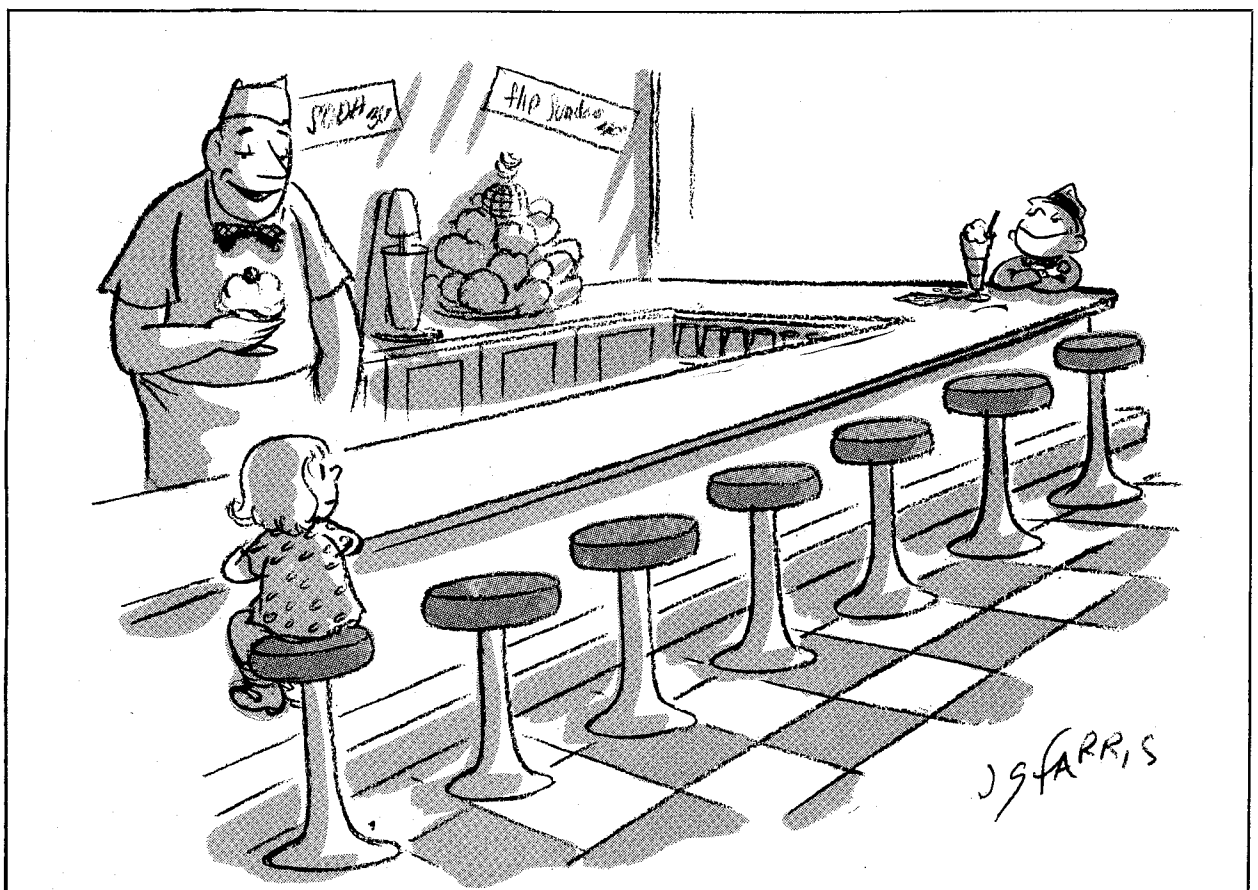
Love is a matter of life or death,
Once the arrow has struck:
My latest girl is a living doll
And I am a dead duck.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Come to Think of It

The amount of sleep I require
Somehow or other has more
Importance the morning after
Than it did the evening before!

THOMAS USK



"It's been taken care of by the gentleman."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Nervous Armadillo

Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display— *News Item.*

I found the armadillo under a thorny bush, near a small lake. Apparently he'd seen me coming and had ducked in to hide.

Bending down, I called, "Come out, Mr. Armadillo! No hiding, now! I'm here for an interview."

"Well, go easy," he said, waddling out.

"My, what a beautiful suit of armor you're wearing," I said brightly. "Any knight of the Round Table would have been proud to own it."

"It's a nice fit," he agreed gloomily. "But I get a feeling that life is closing in."

"Closing in?"

"Claustrophobia," he explained. "Someday my joints will rust up, and I'll snap shut like a clam. It's a constant worry."

"But that could never happen," I said. "Mother Nature ——"

"Please don't bring that woman's name up!" he said sharply. "Mother Nature isn't as reliable as some people think."

He seemed sensitive on this point, so I said, "I understand that you sometimes share the same burrow with a reptile or animal."

"That's true," he said. "In fact, I have a cooperative apartment with a snake."

"Doesn't that make you nervous?"

"Ordinarily it would. But he has the night shift."

"I see," I said, writing. "Now, is it true that despite your heavy armor you can swim?"

"That's the theory," he said. "According to the experts, I can blow up my lungs like balloons and they will help me float. But, frankly, I never tried it. I mean—suppose my lungs don't work right? Suppose they spring a slow leak? There I am in the middle of a lake with the buoyancy of a bowling ball ——"

Just then a dog, trotting by, caught sight of the armadillo. He let out a bark and came charging around the thorny bush. Without thinking, the armadillo dived into the lake. I held my breath. But suddenly his head popped to the surface, and he began swimming.

"There, you see!" I called. "Your equipment works. You just have to have more faith."

"You're right," he said, puffing. "Now, if I can just reach the other shore before I rust up ——"

JACK BROWNELL

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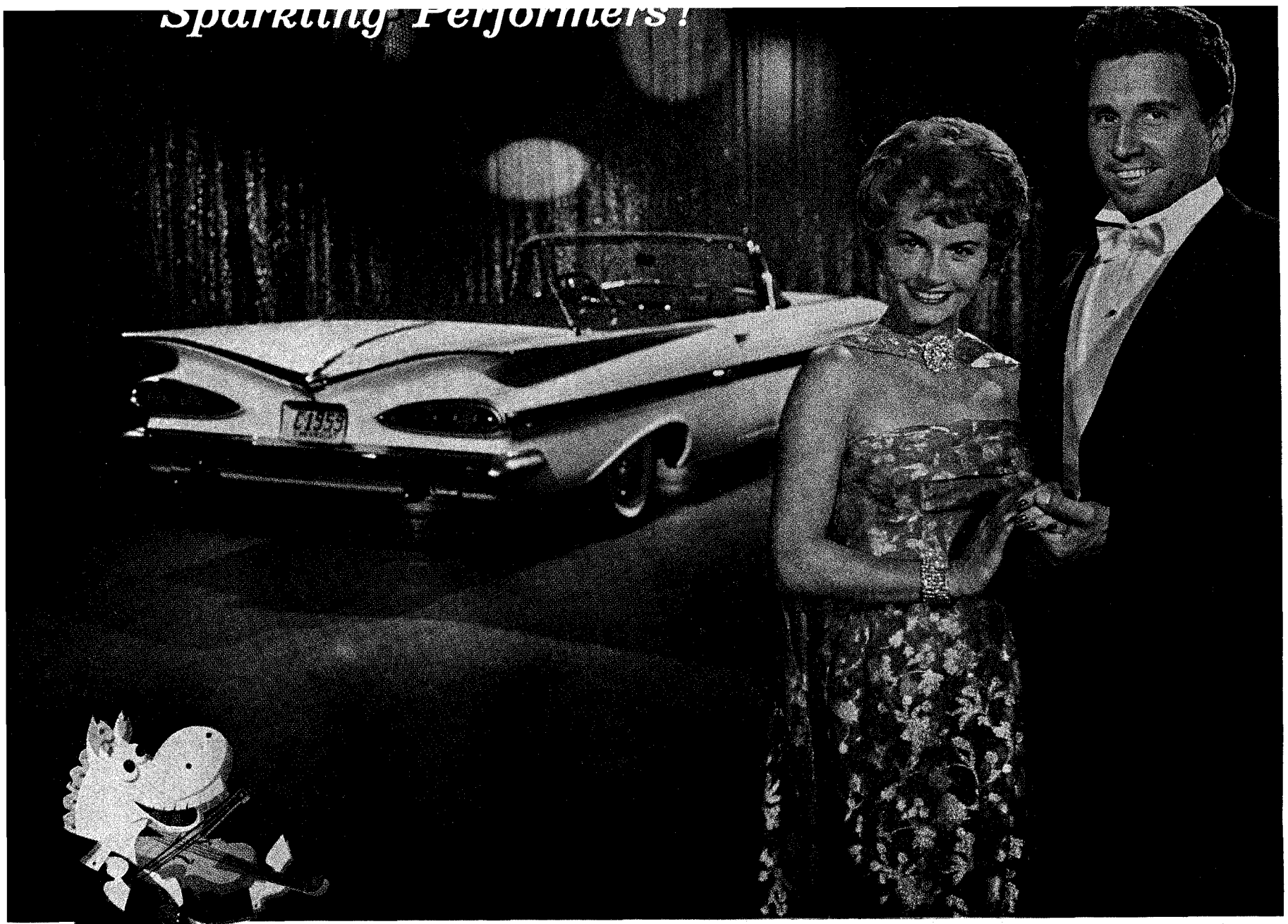
Sparkling Performers!



"Sparky," friendly AC horsepower symbol, tells how a new set of ACs gives sparkling performance to your car. See him on the Walt Disney Studios' "Zorro" show, every week on ABC-TV.

Janet Blair and John Raitt, Broadway and TV singing stars, turn in sparkling performances on the "Chevy Show." See them and the AC-sparked Chevrolet, live and in full color.

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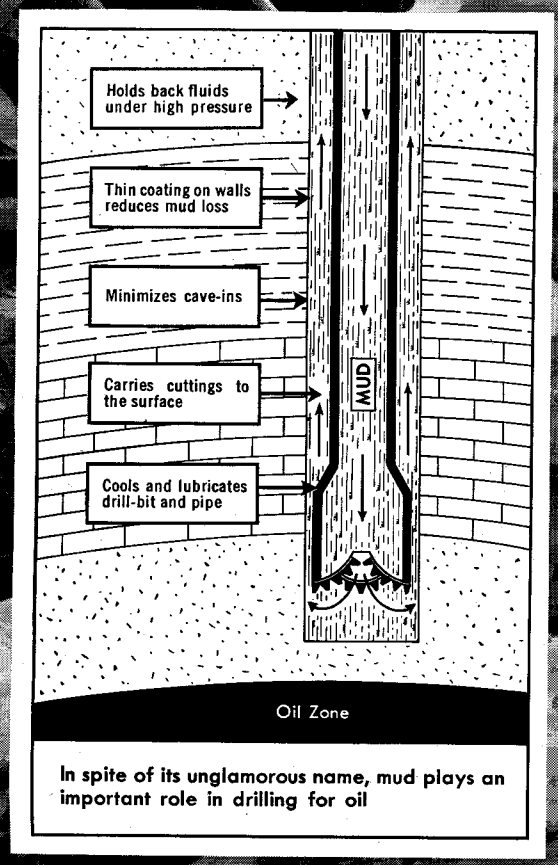
Holds back fluids under high pressure
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Minimizes cave-ins
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Oil Zone

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Why PURE paid over $1,000,000 for "mud" last year

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You're looking at a mud engineer at a Pure Oil drilling site; and he's one of the most important people there.

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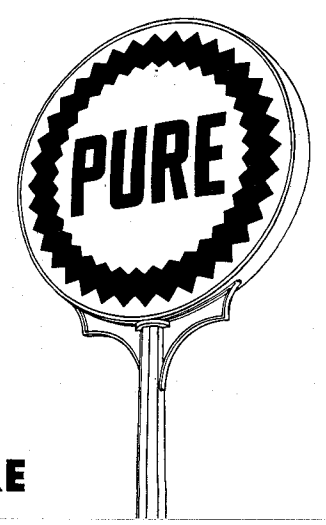
THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

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DEATH WALK

The glacier looked safe enough. But under its surface lay a fearful trap.

By ARTHUR MAYSE

"How long will it take us?" Linn asked. "When will we be out?"

Mike Clendon had no honest answer. Many painful miles, full of the unknown, lay ahead.

The day before, Linn and her father, Morg Halsted, had survived the crash of their light plane in the mountains of British Columbia. Mike, a young prospector, saw the accident and pulled them from the wreck. Morg's foot was badly injured. Without prompt medical attention he would die. And so, over Linn's protests, Mike hoisted the crippled man onto his back and started the long journey to civilization.

Now, as they descended the Maxada Glacier, Halsted gave Mike a brief respite from his terrible burden by bravely attempting to travel on crutches.

III

The Maxada Men's Club was in session, the camp on the bench half an hour behind them, sun not yet risen but the sky over the eastern peaks flushed with rose. Under Mike Clendon's boot nails the granular gray ice whispered and squeaked. Morgan Halsted's pole crutches made a pecking sound. He had fallen once at the start, but was doing very well for a man with a temperature, swinging along painfully but steadily. The Maxada Club was discussing Linn Halsted's costume.

"You shouldn't laugh at her, Morg; it's unfatherly. She's a smart girl—very handy with a needle. She's made much out of little."

"You're right, she has," Halsted agreed, and they giggled like schoolboys.

"Lay off her, Morg. Now I'm used to it, I find it an attractive effect. She balloons along like a little Dutch boy looking for a dike to plug."

The ice, so far, was very good—level almost as a barn floor, the crevasses few and easily spotted. East up the glacier, the frozen cataract of the main ice fall had muttered into silence as the night cold relaxed its grip. Somewhere below them, perhaps around the next sweeping bend in their frigid river, was a second ice fall. Ves Jones, Mike's dead partner, had seen it from the ridges on a lone scouting trip in the autumn of 'fifty-six. Like most woodsmen, Ves had been wary of the high ice, preferring to bushwhack hours out of his way to avoid a glacier traverse. Oddly, the bears didn't fear the ice. They would use a glacier as an avenue when traveling, and were clever at circumventing its pitfalls. Sometimes, of course, they misjudged. The Maxada, winding in its mile-wide trough, probably held a good few furry friends entombed.

Halsted set his mouth to a wolf whistle. It was a poor attempt, for his lips were cracked and dry. His daughter, thirty feet in the lead, turned her head. She gave the men a level look, said, "Shut up, both of you," and switched her eyes front.

She had done rather well, the girl thought, although the seat effect was unfortunate. Still, if her appearance provided diversion, they were welcome to their heavy humor. Like Mike's great lies about Vesuvius Jones, it might help her father in this inchworm plodding to the sea. She smiled, tramping sturdily, the car coat slung over her shoulders. The agony of morning stiffness had worn off. Mike had taped her blistered heels; her feet in the patched but thick-soled moccasins felt almost comfortable.

(Continued on Page 73)

Suddenly the snow gave way beneath her.

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Mark of Treachery (Continued from Page 17)

"Frankly, that is my hope."

"Right," answered Avery III boyishly. "Six months! When do I start, sir, and at what?"

Now it was his father's turn to be embarrassed, for the industry in which he proposed to induct his son was far from orthodox. Avery II, himself, would not in his most skittish moments have touched it with a ten-foot pole.

"I am speaking, son, of television."

"Television!" young Avery said with astonishment.

"I assure you that, through no consent of my own, the bank, or at least one of its correspondents, has become involved through ill-advised loans. To the point where it, in effect, is the owner of what I believe is called a television station."

"But I know nothing of it—nothing."

"A lack of knowledge which," Avery II said ironically, "you seem to share with those engaged in it. . . . Now, we have insisted upon the removal of the man who has occupied the position of president and general manager. For what seemed to us incompetence, if not worse."

"And you want me to take his place? But isn't that absurd, father?"

"Undoubtedly," Avery II admitted. "But desperate situations demand desperate remedies."

"Do you, sir, suspect some sort of chicanery?"

"Frankly—yes."

In spite of himself Avery III was interested. His father's proposition seemed not so much an invitation to engage in commerce as to enlist in some queer sort of contest. To solve a puzzle.

"Let's be definite, sir," he said. "If at the end of six months I'm a flop—have come a cropper—then I can declare myself out and, as you say, go to the devil in my own way by writing historic dramas or rondels or even sonnets?"

"That is the deal," said Mr. Truslow.

"Where do I go?"

"The little city of Van Buren. You know it?"

"Only its location."

"The television project is known as HARP-TV. It also purveys radio. The situation is as follows: It has succeeded in running into debt to banks and otherwise for nearly seven hundred thousand dollars. It continues to lose money at the rate of forty thousand dollars a month. There are two rival stations in the area. It seems to be affiliated with the best of the national broadcasting companies—called the United States Network. A major part of the existing debt results from building a plant and equipping it with necessary apparatus."

"Why does it lose money, sir?"

"How should I know?" his father asked testily. "For the usual reason, no doubt. Because it doesn't take in as much as it spends."

"When do you wish me to go?"

"As soon as you can make ready."

"Nothing to keep me, sir. I'll drive. It's about six hundred miles, isn't it?"

"About."

"What sort of reception may I expect?"

"Not too friendly, I fear."

"With whom do I get in touch?"

"The Van Buren State Bank."

"Any further information or instructions?" Avery III was unexpectedly—to himself—terse and businesslike. It disturbed him. Could it be hereditary?

"That's all," said his father crisply.

"I'll leave early in the morning."

"Good luck, son."

"From my point of view," Avery III said with a wry grin, "good luck would be to fall flat on my face."

"We'll miss you, Avery," his father said with a rare display of emotion.

"When the Athenians banished a citizen they called it ostracizing. The name being taken from the little tile or potsherd called *ostrakon* used in the balloting. Sometimes a sea shell, I'm told. The American Indians used pieces of sea shells for money, I believe, called wampum."

"Leading up to what?"

"How much wampum do I get to carry on this operation?"

"From me or our bank, not a penny. If you need money you'll have to raise it yourself."

"Too, too generous," young Avery said. "On my own, eh? No backing from you. Sink or swim. . . . One thing I'd like to ask, sir."

"And that is?"

"That, if possible, I not be known as your son and heir."

"Completely on your own, eh?"

"Completely."

"I like that, son," said Avery II. He was mildly elated. Already, he felt, the leaven was commencing to work.

It was five o'clock in the morning when Avery Truslow III drove his sports car out of the garage of his father's Long Island estate. He had not reached the gate when he stopped, backed and replaced his very expensive automobile in its stall. He unloaded his baggage and put it in the back of a small car used by the family to do errands. As he swapped cars he mentally detached the III from his name and became plain Avery Truslow. It seemed expedient that his arrival in Van Buren should be as inconspicuous as possible.

As he turned into the road leading to the parkway, two state troopers on motorcycles screamed past him going in the direction from which he had come. He slackened speed as he entered the village and was stopped by a red light. Standing on the curb was a girl with a piece of baggage and a briefcase. She peered at him and then surprise passed over her face and she stepped out beside his car.

"Mister," she said in a shrill, not pleasant voice, "I missed my bus. How about giving a gal a ride?"

She was small and what in England would be described as the slavey type. Her hair was reddish and drawn sharply back in a pony tail. Her dress was a poor imitation of a stylish model and her shoes would be worn only by one whose taste was on the garish side.

"Going where?" asked Avery.

"New York," she said.

"Get in," he told her, and at that moment the light changed and he drove on. She had tossed her suitcase into the back seat but held the briefcase on what seemed to Avery to be thin knees.

"I've seen you around," she ventured.

"Possibly. I live out this way."

She scrutinized him and then nodded. "I know who you are. You're one of them snooty Truslows."

"Right," he said with an inward smile.

"But you don't seem so snooty."

"I'm the worst of the lot."

She digested that in silence. Presently she asked another question. "Goin' past New York?"

"Yes," he told her.

"Through the tunnel?"

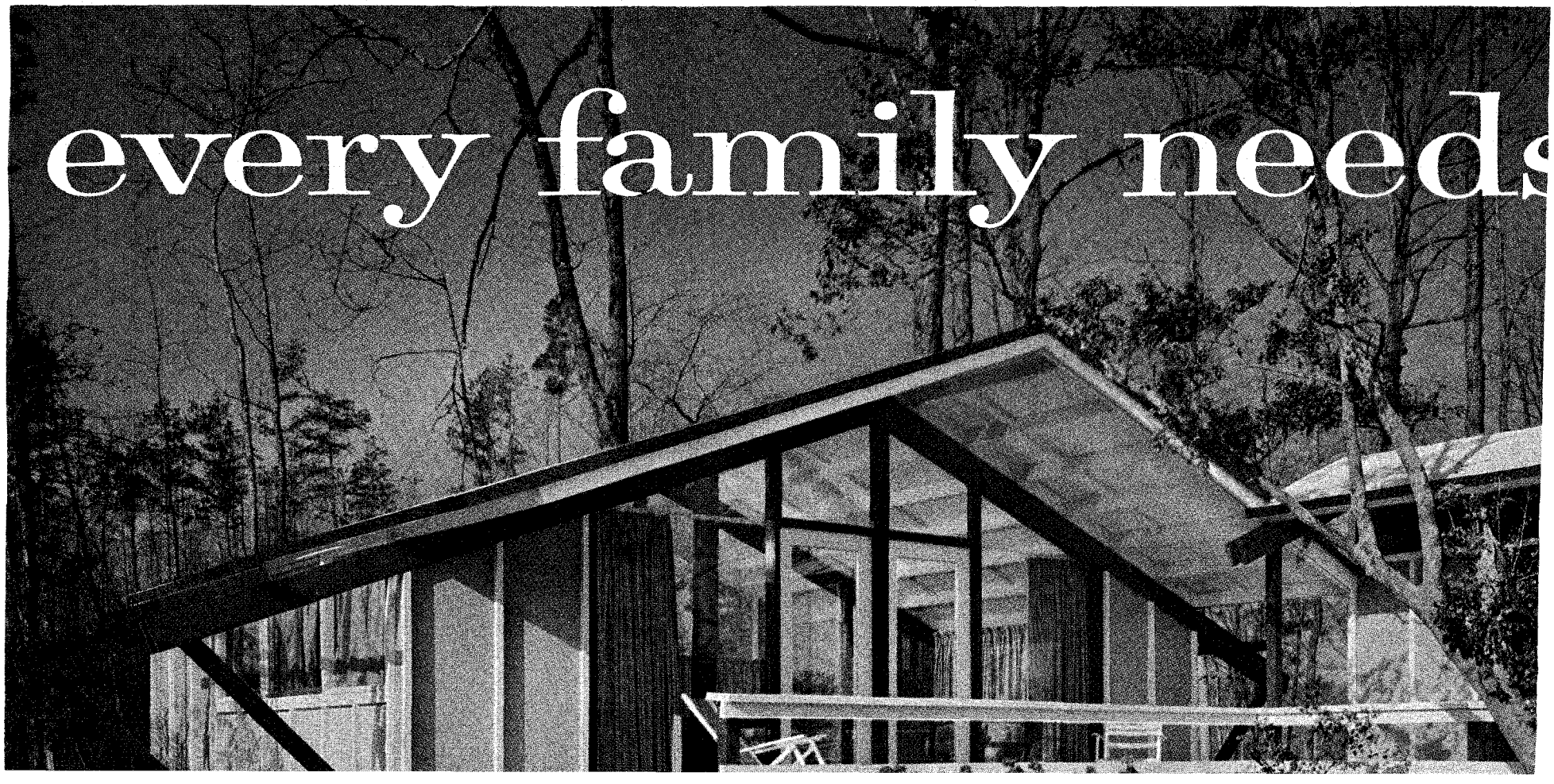
"Yes."

"My lucky day," she said.

It might be that she was going to turn out to be a nuisance. "How far are you going?" he asked.

"As far as I can git," she told him.

Well, there it was. It appeared that he was stuck with her. He drove on at speed,



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and she rode in silence. At least she didn't chatter the sort of servant girl's chatter he had apprehended. It was now broad daylight and traffic thickened. He crossed Queensboro Bridge and turned south and then, after a time, west to the tunnel which carried them under the Hudson to New Jersey. The girl had not spoken for half an hour. Now as they emerged from the tunnel she turned toward him and asked, "When do we eat?"

"First decent place we see," he told her.

"You don't have to pay," she said. "I got money."

He kept his eye out for a restaurant, but it was she who pointed out a glittering lunchwagon with three or four trucks and vans parked beside it.

"That'll be O.K.," she said. "Wherever truckers stop is good grub."

They went in and occupied stools at the counter. She ordered orange juice, griddle cakes, bacon and coffee. Avery ordered the same. He found himself watching her out of the corner of his eye. For the first time he noticed her hands and experienced a minor shock. He would have expected to see stubby fingers and ill-kept nails. But the fingers were long and tapering. The nails were almond-shaped and delicately tinted. It was incongruous. And the daintiness with which she ate was incongruous, too. Table manners in a roadside diner! And manners that would have graced his mother's dining room!

Avery waited for her to finish and then paid for their breakfasts.

"I got money," she protested.

"So," he rejoined, "have the snooty Truslows."

"No reason I should sponge on you," she said. "My ridin' in your car don't cost you anything. But meals ——"

They drove on, Avery still thinking about her carefully kept hands, until they reached that magnificent road that stretches the length of Pennsylvania. There he let the car out and they flew through the country. At noon they dined and again he was fascinated by her hands and her dainty way of eating. It wasn't a thing one asked about, but he wondered how she, obviously such a common little thing who abused parts of speech, could have acquired such perfect table decorum.

"We've been riding a few hundred miles together," he said. "Isn't it time I knew your name?"

"Sewell," she said. "Leese Sewell."

"Are you a secretary?" he asked, glancing at the briefcase.

"I ain't that educated," she said promptly and without embarrassment. "I'm a welder."

"With those hands!" he exclaimed.

"All right. I'm a chambermaid. Or maybe a pastry cook. Or maybe it ain't any of your business."

"Right," he said. "I apologize for my curiosity."

"Think nothing of it," she said grandly. "A lady's got a right to her privacy."

They sped onward. Avery, half unconsciously, commenced to hum, and then to sing *sotto voce*. Harvard songs. Presently she joined in with a rich contralto which blended perfectly with Avery's baritone. As an experiment he sang some lesser-known college airs, but she knew the words to each of them. He tried an experiment. He sang a verse in Latin. She glanced at him sharply. "Smarty pants," she jeered.

"Are you really a singer?" he asked. "Yours is a trained voice."

"My pa was a piano tuner," she said. "He learned me."

On and on they drove until, late in the evening, they arrived in the environs of Van Buren.

"What we comin' to?" she asked.

"Van Buren," he told her.

"How about we stop at the next gas station that looks like it had a clean rest room?" she asked.

"Right."

On the right presently came into view a gas station adjoining a motor court. Avery drew in beside the pumps. Miss Sewell alighted with her suitcase.

"This'll be it, Mr. Truslow. End of the line for me. I'm obliged to you for the ride and for bein' a perfect gentleman. You never even made a pass."

"You mean you are leaving me here, at this time of night?"

"I got," she said tersely, "where I wanted to git."

She dropped her suitcase and extended a beautiful hand. "Mebby I see you again sometime. Mebby the Truslows is snooty, but you ain't."

With that she lugged her suitcase to the rest room. An attendant came out and Avery told him to fill the tank. The boy did so and then came around to the door. "You got a flat, mister," he said.

"Do you fix flats?" Avery asked.

"Surest thing you know."

Avery got out to stretch his legs while the attendant started changing to the spare. Avery walked about in the cool night air. Perhaps ten minutes elapsed. From where Avery stood he could see the door of the rest room. It opened and a young lady emerged. It was not Miss Sewell. It was a modish person in a gown that could have been purchased only in a high-class shop. On the red hair, not now worn in a hideous pony tail, was a chic little hat. Tiny feet wore shoes that Avery guessed were custom-made. The gown fitted perfectly—so perfectly that it showed a slender, gracious, startlingly perfect figure. This apparition, carrying the suitcase, walked behind the gas station, across to the motor court and entered the office. Avery stood rooted to the spot until the lady emerged accompanied by the clerk and was shown to one of the little detached houses. She entered it, and disappeared from view.

"And," gasped Avery Truslow III, "I thought her knees were knobby."

He walked back to his car, which now stood on its four wheels, and got behind the wheel. He sat there in brown study.

"Anything wrong, mister?" asked the boy solicitously.

"Nothing. Nothing. I'm just savoring a new sensation."

"What kind of a sensation?"

"How it feels to be made a fool of," Avery said. "I just pulled somebody's chestnuts out of the fire. And I wonder if I've burned my fingers."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Awful Thought

By John Peck

The odor of corruption killed
The quiz that kept the masses thrilled,
So now we love those heroes best
That ride the antiseptic West:—

Where Good Men triumph every day
Where Bad Men never get away,
The girl unscathed mid shot and shell—
Lord! Are the Westerns fixed as well?

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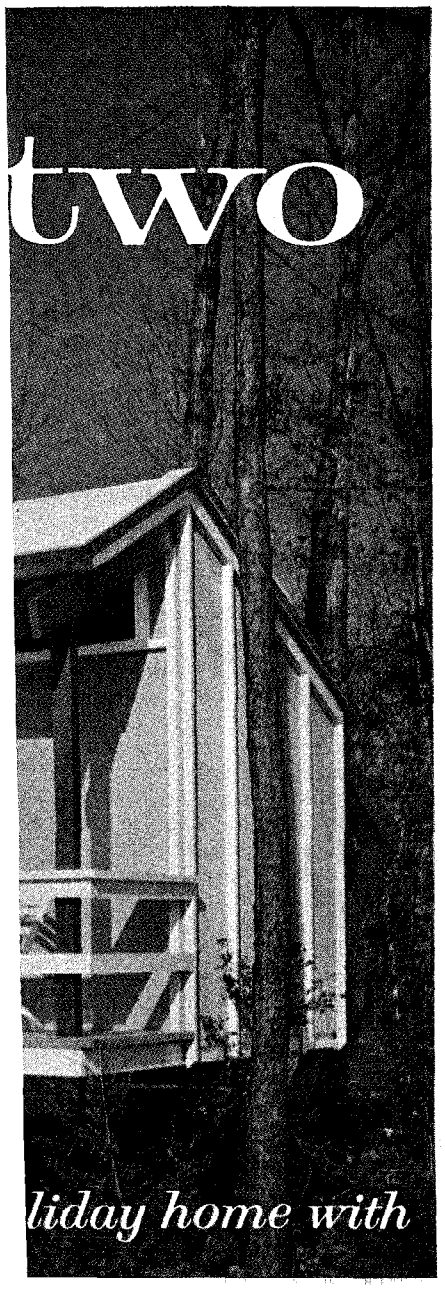
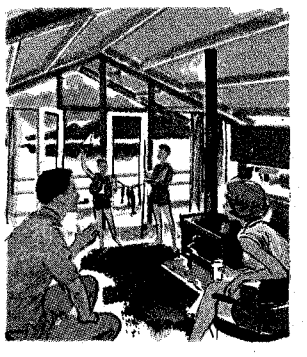


homes!

...one for the work-week
the other for pure pleasure



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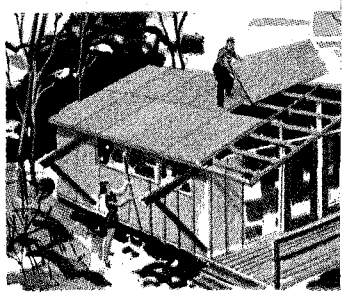

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He started his motor and drove to the heart of the city of Van Buren. Reservations had been made for him at the city's best hotel. He put up his car and went to bed, but tired as he was from an unusually long day of driving, he could not immediately go to sleep.

"*Sartor resartus*," he said to himself. "Clothes make the man, but oh, my gosh, what they do to a woman!"

Avery Truslow III, who now had become merely Avery Truslow, awakened when his telephone rang to tell him it was eight o'clock. He bathed, shaved, dressed and went down to breakfast. He read the morning paper but failed to note an abbreviated item on an inside page which said that the body of one Hubert Aldrich had been found in his Long Island home and that foul play was suspected.

At half after nine he walked to the bank, where he asked for its president, Abner Coons, and was shown into the office of that functionary, who arose and greeted him in a manner that was the due of the heir of the Truslows.

"Delighted, Mr. Truslow, and I hope your father is well."

"In excellent health, and sends friendly greetings to you. But let us forget father. It will be best if I'm not known as his son, I think."

"As you wish, Mr. Truslow."

"Have you some time to spare?"

"For Avery Truslow III I have all the morning."

"I left the III in mothballs," Avery said. "Can you tell me what I'm up against? What's the matter with HARP-TV? Why is it losing forty thousand a month? Who is going to resent my coming? Whom can I depend on to work with me? All the bad news there is, if you please."

"The station," said Mr. Coons, "is losing money because it cannot sell enough time at adequate prices to meet the outlay and show a profit."

"Why?"

"It is the newest station in Van Buren. There is tough competition. HARP-TV had to start from the ground and build. To erect and equip a television station costs about a million. One point is that this station started with inadequate capital. It has had to borrow and borrow and go into debt dangerously. Also, I fear there has been mismanagement."

"Any skulduggery, sir?"

"That, young man, you will have to determine for yourself."

"The old president and general manager has been discharged?"

"A week ago."

"How about the two competitors?"

"You'll have a fight on your hands, Mr. Truslow."

"A fair fight?"

Again Mr. Coons was noncommittal. "That you'll have to find out for yourself."

"How, Mr. Coons, can you keep on losing forty thousand dollars a month if you haven't got it to lose?"

"By going into debt," said the banker tartly. "And there's a limit to that. Which is being approached rapidly. . . . But with your father's backing ——"

"Let's settle that point once and for all, Mr. Coons. There will be no backing from my father. Nor a cent advanced. I am on my own."

"In that case," Coons said dourly, "you've a pretty hefty row to hoe."

Avery studied the wall of the office until the silence became awkward.

"Mr. Coons," he said at last, "I never have been inside a television station. All I know of the business—or the art, or whatever it is—is what I see on the screen in my own home."

"Maybe," Coons said, "that won't be such a disadvantage. You come with unbiased mind, unhampered by stereotyped ideas." His thin lips twitched in what passed with him for a smile. "Total ignorance of the television business does not put you at a disadvantage with those who have been in it from its inception. Neither do they know a blasted thing about it."

"Very well, sir. Will you take me to the station and introduce me?"

"Of course. You are expected."

The building housing HARP-TV was new. It was two stories in height and gave off an impression of solidity and richness. The word substantial comes to mind. All three words Avery was soon to discover were, save in the material sense of brick and mortar, strictly contrary to fact. On either side of the inviting front door were recesses in the façade containing, behind glass, displays advertising the programs and actors the station had to offer to the public.

Avery and his guide entered the reception room. At the right was a grilled window behind which sat a personable receptionist. Her smile of greeting was uncertain. It was the first sign of uneasiness noticed by Avery. Coons nodded to her, pushed open a gate and conducted Avery into a large, expensively furnished office. There was a huge mahogany desk upon whose shining top was nothing but a blotter. The chair behind it was luxurious. There were two television sets with large screens; a low, round coffee table; upholstered chairs and a divan.

"Your office," Mr. Coons said.

"I do myself very well," Avery commented.

"Your predecessor believed in impressing the public," Coons said dryly. He lifted his voice and called, "Miss Silver."

A tall, lissome, blond young lady entered through a door at the left and stood waiting stiffly. Avery sensed hostility.

"Miss Silver, this is Mr. Truslow," Coons said. "Miss Silver is your personal secretary."

Avery extended a friendly hand, which Miss Silver accepted coldly.

"Will you be so good," asked Coons, "as to ask Mr. O'Brien to come here?"

She turned and went back to her room. Coons lifted his brows significantly.

"Cordial welcome," Avery commented.

He walked around the desk and sat in the comfortable chair. In a moment a very tall, angular, lantern-jawed young man came in. He was one of the homeliest men Avery had ever seen. His ears were big and his mouth was big and his nose had been broken. He stood for a moment studying Avery and then he grinned. The grin altered his whole face. By some magic it ceased to be homely and became charming. Avery got to his feet and grinned in return.

"Mr. Truslow," Coons said, "this is Mr. O'Brien, assistant general manager and program director."

O'Brien's hand clasp was firm. "We all have to double in brass," he said. "Welcome to HARP-TV, Mr. Truslow."

Avery motioned to the chair nearest the desk and O'Brien slowly unjointed himself and sat down. Coons stared first at one young man and then at the other. "Show Mr. Truslow everything and tell him everything."

Again O'Brien grinned. "Reserving the right to duck behind the Fifth Amendment," he said.

Coons was not a man who appreciated humor. "I'll always be available at the bank," he said, and withdrew.

The young men studied each other in silence. Avery liked what he saw.

"What have I gotten myself into?" he asked.

"A mess," O'Brien answered.

"I'm resented?"

"Naturally. Tom Skeen built this organization—such as it is. It is his staff. He hired almost everybody. They're sulking because he was fired."

"Not auspicious." Avery leaned elbows on his desk and regarded O'Brien fixedly. "Shall you and I play this hand with the cards face up?"

"Right."

"When Skeen was let out you hoped to get this job?"

"No," O'Brien said. "I'm not ready." He slid down until he was practically sitting on his shoulders. "I'm television struck, Truslow. I came in at the start. Page boy in the New York offices. I'm nuts about it. I'd rather be a janitor in a television station than president of a bank."

"Leading up to what?" Avery asked.

"I'm out to get experience. That's why I took this job here."

"So you don't resent me?"

"I'm reserving judgment, Truslow. Hopefully."

"I like that," Avery said. "Now, on my side, I know nothing, definitely nothing, about this business. I've everything to learn."

"We all are feeling our way. Trial and error. The main point to me is, are you a straight shooter? I can teach you the technicalities in a week. It's the imponderables that will make or break."

O'Brien crossed his knees and awkwardly twisted one leg around the other. "Tom Skeen was no fool," he said. "Physically, he's done a good job with this station. He's spent money like a sailor, but most of it was solid building for the future. He's produced a plant and gotten together a better than average crew. Where he failed was the imponderables—and character. Anyhow, he brought this outfit close to bankruptcy. We're losing money hand over fist."

"Why?"

"Because we don't attract enough viewers. To attract the good sponsors."

"But we have the best network."

"The network is no good if we can't sell it. And we can't sell it with our lousy rating. And we've a lousy rating because we can't get sponsors for the best programs. It's a vicious circle."

Avery wriggled his shoulders. He was suffering from a feeling of helplessness.

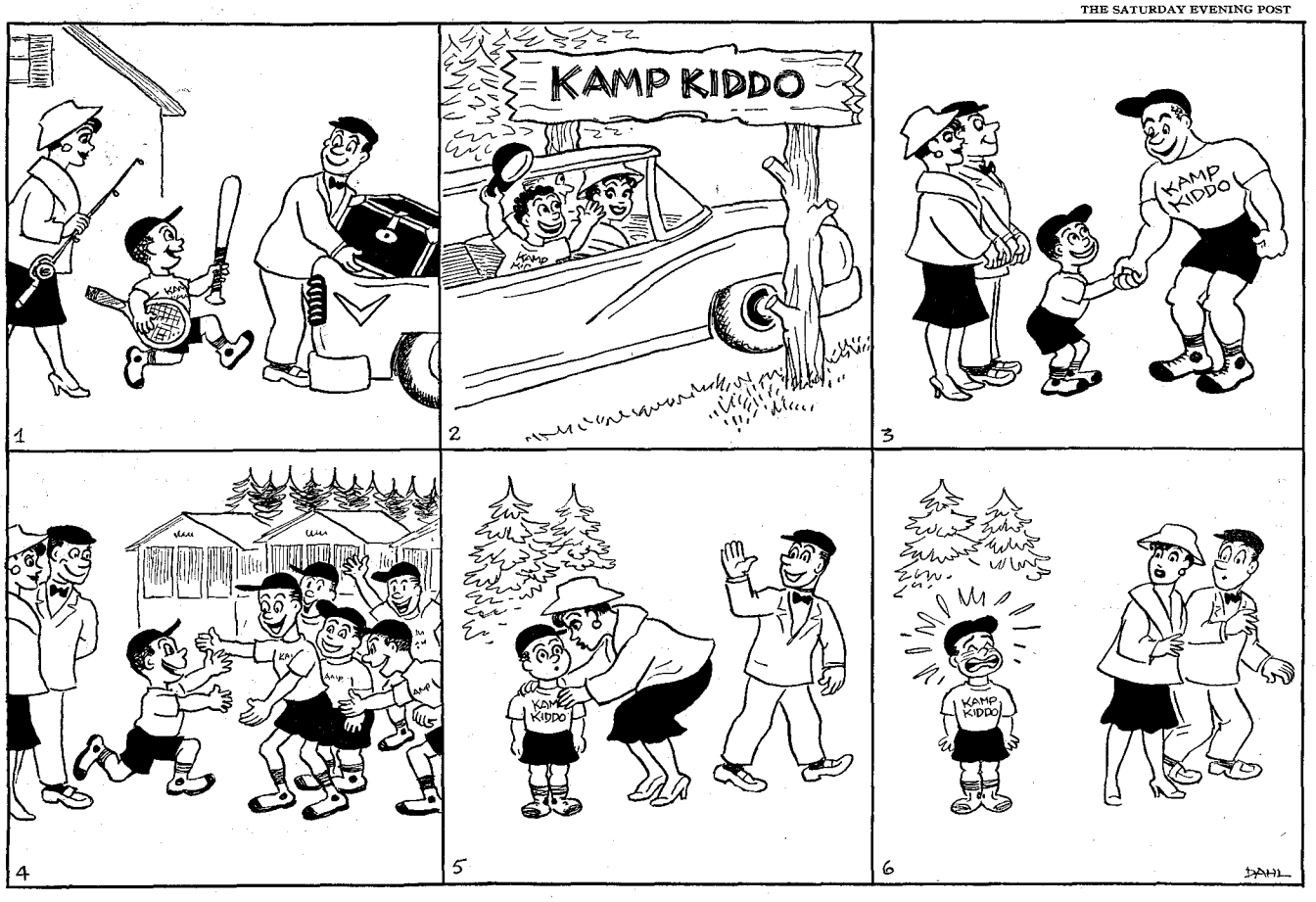
"Let's leave your imponderables for another time and take me on a tour of the station. I'd better learn to walk before I try to run. I'd like to see what we've got here and learn what we do with it. How, for instance, we get a program from here to the screen in somebody's parlor."

"Right," O'Brien said.

He led the way through the premises. A corridor ran down the middle of the building from the reception room to the engineering shop. (*Continued on Page 44*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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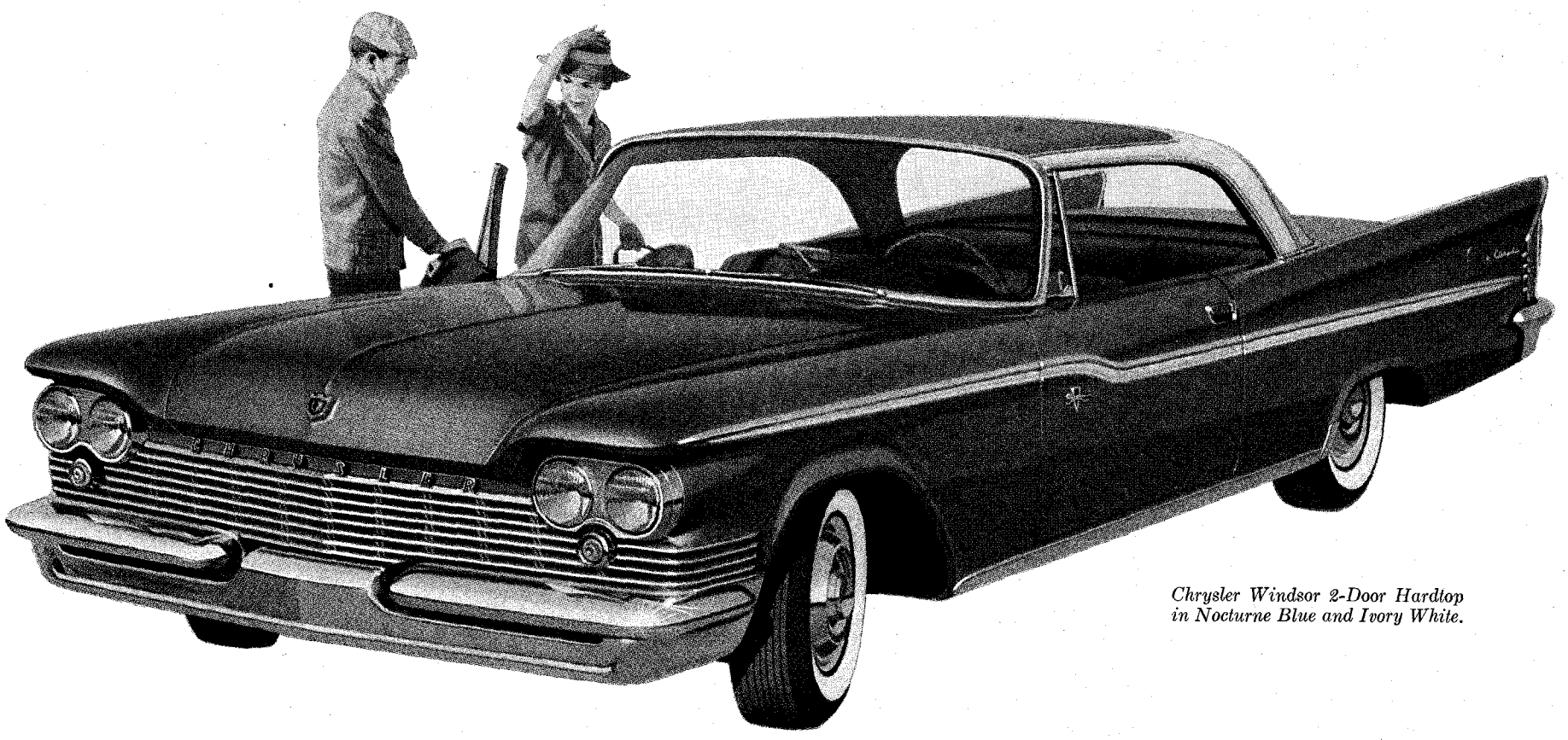

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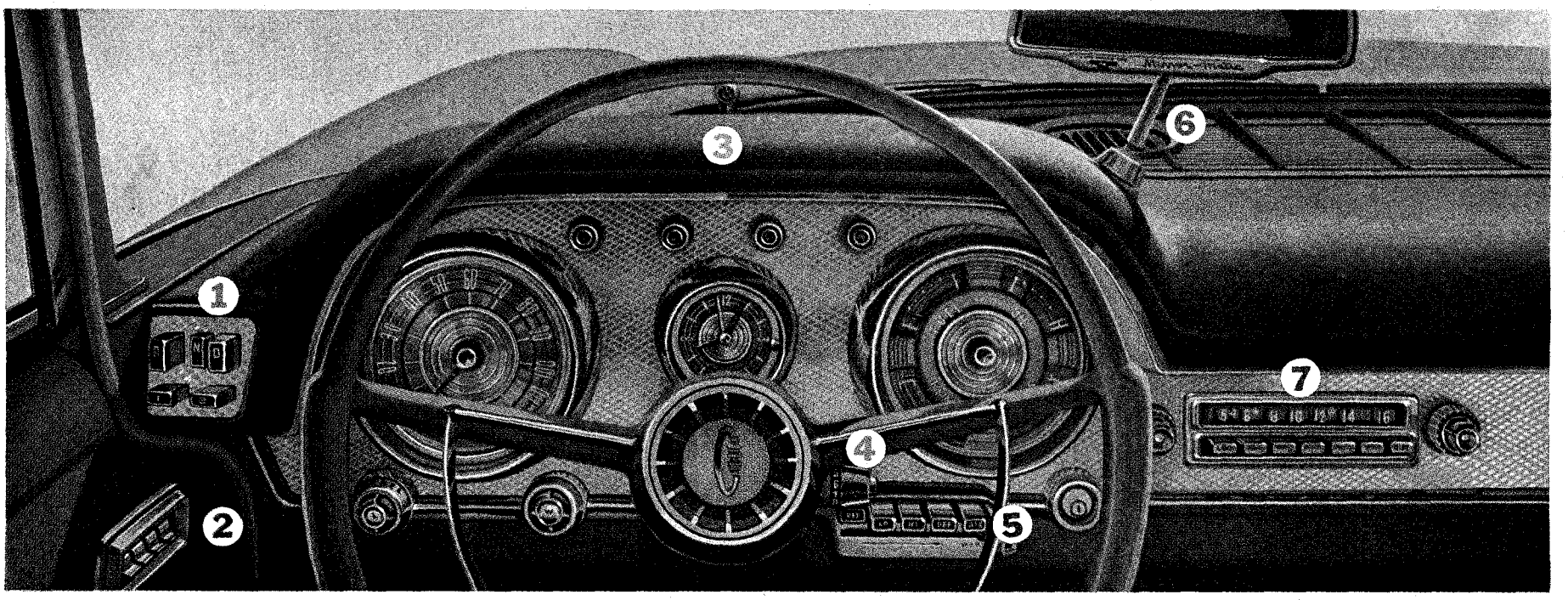

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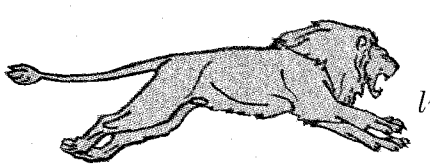

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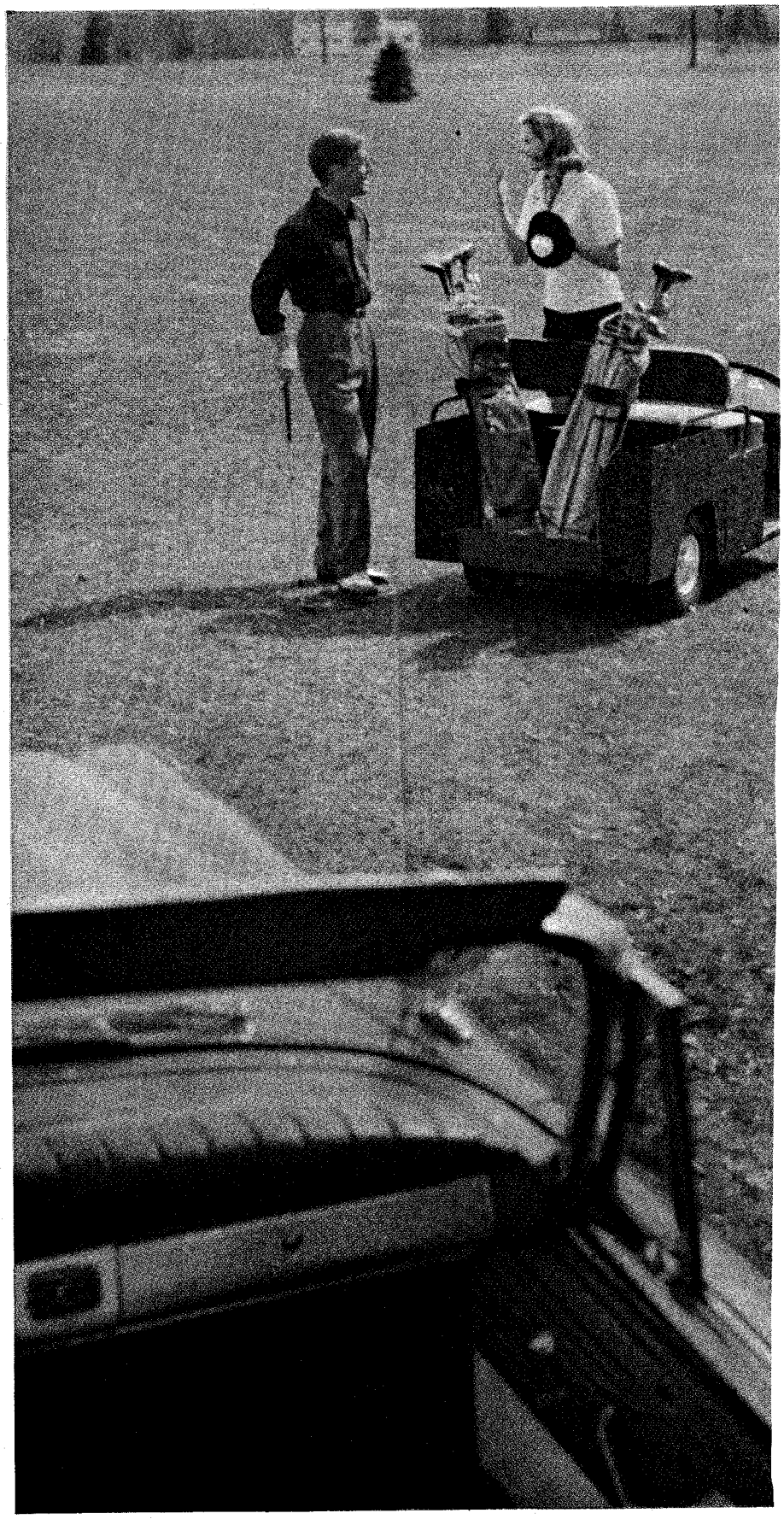

Shopping in style is a cinch for mother in her own, personal station wagon. Today's wagons are lithe-lined, capacious, built for comfort with modern steels. Another work-saving steel item worth noting—those handy canned foods you just heat and eat.

Fairways shorten as you breeze from green to green on your steel caddy cart. It's light on its wheels for easy handling, yet solidly built to take rugged outdoor use. Same goes for the snappy, new convertible that gets you to the course!

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A triumphant arch of USS stainless steel greets travelers at this modern air terminal. Like the trim on your car, or on that handsome luggage, it will never fade or chip, never lose its sunbright beauty. Stainless steel never grows old, never shows its age.

USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**

The STEELMARK on this tag tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

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(*Continued from Page 40*) On the right was the secretary's office and a pair of control rooms. Next, a small studio for the sending out of either films or live productions. Next, a room occupied by two girls who constituted the traffic department, which was not traffic in the commonly accepted sense of the word, but the orderly arrangement of the programs throughout the day and night. Then came the engineering shop and the control room, which is the heart of the operation. It was a very complex and puzzling place. The right wall of it was a huge plate-glass window affording a view of Studio A, in which, at the moment, a newscaster was talking impressively. Boxed off at the right was an announcer's booth. The entire face of the control room was occupied by small television screens—monitors—that flicked on and off bewilderingly.

Two young men operated electronic gadgets, one regulating sound, the other regulating the clearness of the picture. High on the left wall was another monitor, which indicated what was going out over the air from the transmitter high on the mountain to the south. Sound and picture were sent from the studio to this transmitter thousands of feet above the plain—and were broadcast thence to the area served by HARP-TV.

O'Brien explained and expounded, and Avery had a sinking feeling that it would take months to understand the mere mechanical side of the business. O'Brien avoided as much as possible the special argot of television, to put things to his companion in plain English.

On a monitor flashed a picture of running horses while the voice of the announcer described the action.

"That," O'Brien said, "is a prom."

"The only prom I know is a college dance," Avery said.

"Prom is short for promotional," O'Brien explained. "It's advertising ourselves. Bragging about a program to come."

The galloping horses came again. "That program will originate on the Coast. Sound comes to us over telephone wires. The picture comes by microwave." He glanced at Avery to enjoy his astonishment. "Microwaves are fairly rapid. Travel seven times around the world in a second."

A voice from the desk on a platform at the rear of the room was talking constantly. This was the director, who wore ear phones and talked to ear phones worn by the sight-and-sound engineers.

They passed on to the projection room and film storage, and then through a sort of attic or catchall. Thence toward the front of the building and Studio A. The newscaster had finished his stint and the studio was idle. From its ceiling hung lights in metal bowls called scoops. Two cameras were pushed against the wall. Cables crawled about the floor. Bits of scenery—flats—were stacked out of the way.

"We originate no programs here," said O'Brien, "except news and public-service things. We cover local happenings. As a public service we covered the local football game between the state universities. Forcing us to cut out a number of programs for which we were paid. True, we got a sponsor, but the thing resulted in a money loss. But it built good will. Which, I may say, we stand in need of. If an important speaker comes to town we will cover him, in part at least. A big news event, like for instance a fire disaster, we will send out over the air. Film. There was a time when we originated live kid shows and amateur capers, but no more. We give the folks network."

They glanced into the accounting office and the audition room, where prospective sponsors could be lured to view privately television shows offered for sale; or where they could be exhibited to HARP-TV itself to see if the station wanted to add them to its repertoire.

Upstairs were the offices of sales executives, the general manager and a room occupied by girls operating typewriters and keeping books, and by minor executives. Then there was the film room, where there was a huge developing machine. This was for use in the speedy development of news films taken on the ground and rushed to the studio.

The whole rear of the second floor was given up to, first, a small corner, not screened, where worked an artist making display cards for commercials or illustrations for promotions. While they stopped to watch him he was operating a gadget which produced handsome lettering in a variety of type faces far more quickly than it could be done by hand.

Thus, cursorily, they traversed the building, giving Avery a kaleidoscopic view of what went on under that roof. O'Brien introduced Avery to dozens of men and women and he was surprised to see how many of them were young, in their twenties or early thirties. He found no cordiality. Where there was not open hostility there was reserve. A few seemed willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, but by far the greater part looked at him with unfriendly eyes. Of the hundred employees O'Brien was the only one to offer friendship—and even he had reservations.

"Well?" O'Brien asked, as they returned to the control room.

"Not well at all," Avery said. His eyes were hard and narrowed. "A duller lad than I," he said, "would see that I'm the victim of propaganda. This almost unanimous animosity to myself has been organized."

"I wondered if you would notice."

"By my predecessor?"

"It's possible Tom Skeen is the nigger in the woodpile."

"A modified sit-down strike," Avery reasoned.

"Certainly a dragging of feet."

"To make me look bad," Avery said. "But why? No matter how flat I fall on my face, Skeen won't get his job back."

O'Brien stared at the floor and his homely face twisted in a grimace before he replied. "Maybe you're only a means to an end," he said.

"Amplify that," Avery said sharply.

"The idea may be," O'Brien said, "to make the station look bad. You've got a couple of competitors. Also, if this project goes bankrupt it'll go on the market cheap." He paused again. "Mr. Truslow," he said, "at the moment, with things going as they are, HARP-TV isn't worth the powder to blow it to Jericho. But potentially, with proper management and imagination and a touch of luck, it is worth millions. Two or three of them. There's big money in this for somebody."

"And you," Avery said glumly, "are the only person in this organization I can trust!"

"And you can't be too certain of me. . . . It's time to eat. I'll blow you to lunch at the Van Buren Club."

They walked down the street to a ten-story office building and rode upward to the top floor. They strolled into the big, busy dining room. They were shown to a table under a window. Avery looked out upon the panorama of the city and wondered at its size. Surely there were plenty of viewers here if only he could get them to look at HARP-TV's programs.

"Hi, O'Brien," said a voice. Avery turned and looked up into one of the handsomest faces he ever had seen. It topped off a splendid body, six feet of athletic figure.

"Hi, Skeen," said O'Brien.

"Is this teacher's pet?" Skeen asked, tilting his head toward Avery.

"This, Skeen, is Mr. Truslow."

The two young men looked into each other's eyes and Avery knew there never could be anything but enmity between them. It was almost a flash of second sight, but in that instant he knew that this was the inception of a duel, not merely of a rivalry.

"Well, Truslow," Skeen said, "I hope you have a brief and unpleasant stay in our midst."

"That," Avery said mildly, "sounds like a declaration of war."

"It wasn't," said Skeen, "the extending of the right hand of fellowship."

"Right," Avery said. "So we know how we stand." He smiled thinly. "Don't forget to duck, and protect yourself in the clinches."

Skeen turned abruptly and strolled away. Avery was conscious that faces all over the dining room were turned toward their table and a score of eyes had observed the incident.

"He packs a punch," O'Brien observed.

They returned to the station and until late in the afternoon Avery was busy with the bookkeeping and auditor's staff informing himself exactly of the financial plight of HARP-TV. It was not a heartening picture. He walked alone back to his hotel, undressed and showered and went down to dinner. After the meal, with a lonely evening on his hands, he resolved to drive about the city, acquainting himself with his new home and its geography. He drove out of the garage and into the traffic. At the first red light he halted and at the sound of an insistent horn looked behind him. It was merely a home-goer tooting impatiently. But he saw more than the traffic in the street. On the back seat of his car was a worn leather briefcase. It was the case that had been carried by the unappetizing, red-haired servant girl who had been his passenger for many hundreds of miles, and who, unaware that he was still present, had emerged from the rest room of the gas station metamorphosed into one of the loveliest and most desirable girls he ever had seen.

He drove on. Now he had an objective. It was the motor court into one of whose cabins she had carried her suitcase. He found it, stopped before the office and inquired for Miss Sewell.

"Sorry, mister. No such person registered here."

"But," persisted Avery, "she went into the third cabin on the left."

"Oh, her. She pulled out early this morning. Name wasn't Sewell."

"Leave any forwarding address?"

"Not likely."

Avery drove back to his hotel, and after garaging the car, carried Miss Sewell's briefcase up to his room. The case was not locked. He opened it and saw within three packets, each tied in an official way with red tape, and each plentifully made more secure with sealing wax. And tied to one of the packets was a shipping tag on which was scrawly, characterful handwriting.

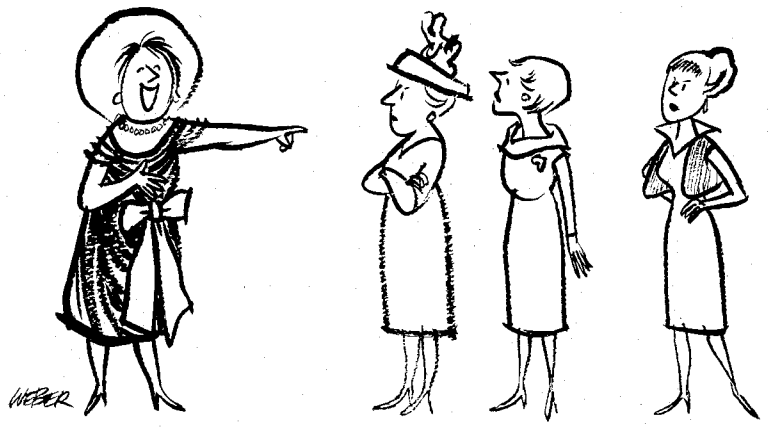
"Dear Mr. Truslow," it said. "Thanks for the buggy ride. Keep on being a nice boy and maybe Santa Claus will put something choice in your stocking. Please keep this briefcase and its contents in a safe place until I call for it. *Cave* a huge man with wee doggies. I like the way your ears fit your head." This eccentric missive was signed with an indecipherable squiggle.

Avery weighed the packets in his hand. They were quite heavy as if filled with closely packed documents. But there was nothing to identify them. He replaced them in the briefcase and stowed it on the highest shelf in his closet.

"This," he said to himself testily, "added to everything else that's happened today, is too much of a good thing."

Fortunately for his peace of mind he did not know how much too much of a good thing it would turn out to be.

TO BE CONTINUED



The Perfect Squelch

Marie was a human version of the trumpeter swan. Large, stately and vociferous, she could be heard above any conversation at every gathering. Her comment was usually personal and sometimes embarrassingly intimate. Although a frumpy dresser herself, she often criticized the clothes and bearing of other women. After considerable indulgence in such talk at a social gathering, Marie announced proudly to her victims, "Do you know that my husband gave me a hundred-dollar check for my birthday three weeks ago, marked 'Only for dresses for my darling'?"

In the silence that followed, her chief victim said gently, "I see that you haven't spent it yet."

Lulu Ragsdale

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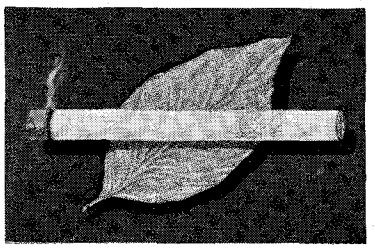

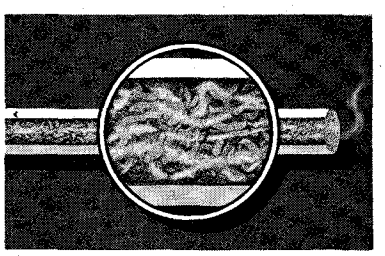

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"WHEREVER PA... PEOP... R ... C"

You can light either end!

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PALL MALL

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

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Beauty and the Beatnik

(Continued from Page 29)

"The beat generation," said Milly with some asperity, "is sick and tired of everything. Except basics."

I regarded her blankly.

"Basics," she reiterated. "You know. Food, sex, jazz—stuff like that."

"Oh," I said, "you mean bums."

"Not bums. They just spend most of their time thinking about how terrible the world is and all. Some of 'em write books and some of them play the guitar. There's a whole bunch of 'em in San Francisco, but they're beginning to spread out all over. We've got quite a few down here now."

"Heaven help us," I said tartly, "if that male specimen taking his ease next door is beat. He's all yours. I won't be home until late tonight. I'll be at the University."

"You're getting to be a regular drudge, Maggie, you know that?"

"Milly, my lightheaded friend," I said gently, "I come from hard-working stock. My father hasn't had a vacation from his law practice for thirty-five years. My mother was named Woman of the Year in Salinas because she never stops. My brother is working his way through medical school. My grandfather is the oldest practicing geographer in the United States. Our family motto is, Drop in Your Tracks. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll get on with it."

"You're twenty-five, and you're not married," threatened Milly.

"Ah," I said, "but I am, I hope, a useful, solvent, active member of society, which is more than I can say for your languorous friend out there."

"You haven't even eaten your breakfast," cried Milly maternally.

"Haven't time. I'll nibble an orange on the bus."

I ran down the stairs—it takes me one minute and ten seconds—and rushed down the path to the gate.

"Morning," drawled a soft male voice somewhere to my right. "Great day, isn't it?"

I glanced over my shoulder. What I saw was straight out of a Gauguin painting. A bronzed male, arms behind his head, surveying the world from a supine position in the hammock. I nodded my head briefly and struggled with the latch.

"My name's Pete Cass," he said genially.

I digested the information in stony silence. I've begged our landlady to fix the gate. It slows me down half a minute every single morning.

"Give you a hand with that?" He rose to a half-sitting position.

"Please don't disturb yourself," I said with a slightly critical edge to my tone.

"I've got all day and nothing to do," he said and got to his feet. He moved gracefully to my side, made a few desultory motions over the latch and it swung open. "That's the work for today," he said, grinning down at me.

"Well," I said, trying to edge past him, "I'll leave you to rest from your labors."

"You get off with this speed every morning, lady?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Punctuality is the courtesy of kings," I said.

"It'll kill you." He lounged across the gate. "A young, pretty thing like you." He shook his head ruefully. "You ought to slow down. Day like this—*walk* to work. Listen to the bird song."

"I am expected at my place of business at nine-thirty, sharp. It's now nine-twenty-seven."

"Well, off you go," he said lazily. "Me, I'm going to work a double crostic. See you tonight."

"I return very late," I snapped, "very late indeed."

"Boy friend?"

"Gainful employment!"

"You stop for dinner?"

"Of course."

"Care to have it with me?"

"Mr. Cass, you are a complete stranger to me."

"You know the lady next door?"

"Certainly. Mrs. Taylor."

"Nice old lady."

"Very nice."

"I'm her nice young nephew. Where do you work? I'll pick you up."

"Southern California Gas Company," I murmured in some astonishment.

"Meet you at five. Long dinner hour. Very relaxing." He turned his back on me, sauntered to the hammock, collapsed into it with an audible sigh and closed his eyes. I ran for my bus.

My day at work was not entirely satisfactory. The girl at the desk next to mine had just got engaged and sat staring into the unfathomable mysteries of her diamond ring for the greater part of the morning. Someone across the room had last night's gardenia pinned to her dress, and the office air was heavy with its penetrating odor. The clerk-typist whistled airs from Franz Lehár, and the safe, sane world of public utilities was suddenly enveloped in the atmosphere of a Viennese spring. I found myself absentmindedly dabbling cologne behind my ears, and for the first time in my life I watched the clock hands edge toward closing hour.

He won't show anyway, I told myself, *and even if he does there is no room in my life for indolence and hanky-panky. I am a budding young economist with my feet on the ground and my face turned toward the future. Beatniks are for the birds!*

"Anybody for pizza?"

I looked up. He stood on the threshold of my workaday world with, so help me, a guitar slung over his shoulder and one of those earthy-looking bottles of red wine tucked under his arm.

"I've come to take you out of all this," he said, grinning.

"Mr. Cass," I said faintly, "I have thirty-five minutes for dinner. Then I am due at the university for a seminar in postwar economic trends."

"They're inflationary," he said, "and we won't even get through the hors d'oeuvres in thirty-five minutes. I've got some swinging friends in a pad out Santa Monica way who will dig you the most. Come on."

The next thing I knew I was seated in a very advanced-type sports car and we were headed into the sunset. The palm trees made a dramatic pattern against the colorful sky. The traffic, bumper to bumper, was a necklace of light unfolding before us.

"Now are we with it or are we not?" inquired Mr. Cass with a pleased smile on his face. "Only squares live on Grub Street. I give you this lovely world at day's end. I give you the prospect of the fatted calf, wit and wine."

"Where are we going?" I asked plaintively.

"Carol and Jimmy Ellenbogin's. A buddy and his *frau* without peer. Quality folk."

"But they don't know me," I protested.

"Open house from sunup to sundown. Cricket on the hearth, pot on the boil. No problem."

"But I'm due at the university. Mr. Cass, I am eight weeks away from oral examinations. I have study and research to complete."

"Life," said Mr. Cass sonorously, "is meant to be lived."

"Yes," I retorted tartly, "with some purpose in mind."

"You give the old grindstone quite a workout, don't you?" he asked with a shrewd sidelong stare.

"I suppose you know the fable of the Grasshopper and the Ant," I countered.

"Yeah. Very downbeat-type story."

"I suppose all this indolence is a tenet of your—well, your cult."

"My what?"

"Your social group. The so-called 'lost' or 'beat' generation of which you are a member."

"Well, if we're talking about the same tribe, most of my friends understand the fine art of playing it cool. Yes, ma'am."

"I see," I said with a disdainful sniff.

"You don't now, lady, but you will."

He swung the car into a precipitous driveway that ended in a small beach house which looked as if it had been deposited there by the forces of wind and water. A girl wearing blue jeans and a polo shirt with the legend JEFFERSON JUNIOR HIGH emblazoned across it emerged from the door. She had a baby tucked under one arm and a loaf of French bread under the other.

"Pete," she shouted joyfully, "low life, how are you?"

"Rare, very rare. Are we invited for dinner?"

"Sure. Jimmy's got a bouillabaisse going in there." She came up and leaned on the car. She looked at my nine-to-five dress, and suddenly her manner became diffident and shy. "I don't know your friend, Pete."

"Don't fret, honey, neither do I. . . . What is your name, by the way?"

"Pete's just terrible," confided Mrs. Ellenbogin.

"I'm Maggie Warren," I said, "and I'm afraid this is a terrible imposition."

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Ellenbogin. "There are twenty-eight others in there right this very cotton-pickin' minute." Her little boy began to squirm and scream. She thrust him at Pete. "Play him something atonal on that guitar while I bring in some firewood. The natives are really restless tonight." Pete took the baby, hoisted him expertly on his shoulder and beckoned me to follow him inside.

First, let me explain that I grew up in a household furnished with golden-oak furniture and The Blue Boy hanging over the fireplace. My mother is also very fond of family portraits in silver frames suitably tinted. I was not, in any sense of the word, prepared for the *Maison* Ellenbogin. To begin with, there were the walls. They were painted from floor to ceiling with a kind of frenetic abstraction in green and red. At first glance I thought it was the work of the children, maddened by confinement on a rainy day. Then I saw it was signed by none other than Jimmy Ellenbogin himself.

There were no chairs. There were no tables either. Cushions and stools, a burning brazier in the center of the room and Chinese paper lanterns made it look like The World of Suzie Wong. Our host, wearing a Churchillian jump suit, was tending a large cannibalistic-appearing pot out of which rose the smell of fish smothered in fish. A dozen or so people lounged against the wall. I made out a girl in black leather pants, a man in a yellow weskit and, in the faint light, blond triplets. There were also some children being reared in the permissive tradition, scattering sand in the corners of the room.

Jimmy Ellenbogin looked up from his culinary labors. "Come join these happy few," he said. And then with an appreciative look at me, "Hey, who's the pretty girl?" He bore down on me, waving a spoon in the air.

"Easy, Ellenbogin," said Pete. "This girl has been gently reared. She knows nothing of your nether world."

"Aw, come on," Jimmy shook his head. "You trying to tell me this chick is a square?"

"Worse." Pete was solemn.

"Hell," said Jimmy magnanimously, "we all went *that* route at one time or another. It's nothing you can't get over if you put your mind to it. Now you take a good look at me. Would you ever think that I used to sell life insurance seven days a week, rain or shine?"

I glanced at his *espadrilles* and rope belt and shook my head dumbly.

"Member of the hundred-thousand-dollar sales club. Bleeding ulcer." He tapped his belly with the flat of his hand. "Two trips to the hospital and I became the poor man's Picasso." He waved toward the walls. "I'm said to have talent."

"That's more than enough about you," Pete said, taking my elbow. "It's me she's interested in." He steered me out onto a rather saggy veranda which fronted the ocean. There was a line of diapers festooned gaily along the railing.

"He's really a great guy," said Pete. "And he's right about the talent. The Museum of Modern Art has some of his stuff. Never knew he had it in him till he eased off."

"Talented people need no defense," I said. "They are special cases."

"He's our bouncer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Wrong," said Pete. "Take a peek inside there. The guy with the yachting cap on backward?" I duly noted a gentleman of that description and nodded.

"Used to run one of the biggest advertising agencies in the country. Well, sir, my friend in there had about ten years of that and hit the psychiatric couch like a ton of bricks. His doctor told him to get some rest and recreation. He went sailing at Balboa, came home, sold his business and now operates a fishing fleet out of San Pedro and wouldn't have it any other way. The shrinker hasn't seen hide nor hair of him since."

"Well," I said, "all of us have to find our proper niche in society."

"That old man with the yellow weskit doesn't do a darn thing but classify wild flowers. His wife supports him."

"Yes, but ——"

"Those triplets? Used to be chorus girls. Now they record folk songs, and they are the most!"

"Mr. Cass," I said tartly, "I've spent years preparing for my doctorate in economics. I've worked my way through college and graduate school at some sacrifice of my leisure time. I intend to hew to my purpose."

"What do you do for laughs?" inquired Mr. Cass, leaning against the line of wash.

"A utilitarian life does not lack for pleasure," I said stiffly.

"Are you trying to tell me that you're having a ball?" he asked, amused.

"Having a ball, as you put it, is not essential to me. Later on ——"

"Aha," snorted Mr. Cass, "we get to it! Later on, say five or ten years from now, when the bloom is a little bit off the rose, you'll be whistling a different tune. But," he murmured darkly, "it'll be too late. You'll have missed the boat. Why, I might even be married."

"I doubt it," I said haughtily. "I really don't see where you'll work it in. I mean—your winters will be given over to skiing and your summers to skin diving ——"

"Then you'd better catch me now," he said, coming close.

"Chow's down," shouted Mr. Ellenbogin. "Come and get it."

I inched warily past Mr. Cass and took my place with the others inside. The food was marvelous, and after dinner we sat on the floor around the fading coals while the triplets sang madrigals in voices of surprising beauty. I felt drowsy and replete and as free as the first moment you shed your girdle. We stayed till almost two-thirty.

On the way home Mr. Cass explored my reaction to the *vie bohème*. "Kind of a jazzy bunch," he said. "Did they get to you at all?"

"They have great charm," I said sincerely, "but the world ——" I trailed off.

"What about the world, Miss Priss?" inquired Mr. Cass sardonically.

"The world is made by workers," I said. But for the first time I didn't sound entirely convinced.

"I'm going on a picnic Sunday," said Mr. Cass, detecting a note of weakness. "Catch a few butterflies, whistle a few songs, eat a chicken leg. Appeal to you?"

I felt a deep languor steal over me at the prospect. "I'm supposed to read Veblen's Theory of the Leisure Class on Sunday," I said dreamily.

"Forget it."

"Well, perhaps I could take a few hours off in the afternoon."

"All day," he said implacably.

"It will be the first day I've had off this year," I said thoughtfully, "except for when I had my wisdom tooth extracted."

"I'll come by around eleven," he said.

"Eleven? You said all day."

"That's when my day starts," he said lazily.

At twelve-forty-five on Sunday morning he had not shown up. I paced my apartment like an angry tigress, while my roommate hovered anxiously by the window.

"I deserve it," I said grimly. "I richly deserve it for getting involved with one of those beat persons."

"Beatnik," corrected Milly gently, "and maybe he's sick."

"Sick, sick, sick," I snapped. "A loafer. A do-nothing."

"You could reform him," suggested Milly brightly. "Girls do it all the time. I mean—men are always doing things they don't want to because women tell them to."

"Not interested," I growled, "and it's all academic anyway, because I've been stood up and I'll probably never see him again."

"He's coming up the path right this minute," squealed Milly, "and he's carrying a kite."

He was, too—a large, bright blue one. He stood under our window and smiled up at us. "Top of the morning, ladies," he said heartily.

I elbowed Milly aside and glared down at him ferociously. "You're late," I announced severely.

"Went to buy you this very superior blue kite. It's kite weather."

"Then go fly it, why don't you?"

"Jangled nerves, Maggie. That's what you're suffering from. Plain old jangled nerves. Now you just grab your bathing suit and some sunburn lotion and come with me. I'll iron you out in no time."

I must be simple-minded, because I allowed myself to be talked into joining him in a secluded cove where the waves gently lapped the shore and the sun filled the little hollow with warmth. I had intended displaying disapproval and hauteur, but he was so cunning about the way he arranged things for my comfort that I was soon lying on my back, with the look of a cat being fed canaries.

"Now you just try this little pillow under your head," he said soothingly, "and I'll fix up a nice windbreak. Cold drinks at your elbow, sunglasses and me at my very best." He sprawled alongside me, propping his head on one elbow. "You look mighty pretty when you're relaxed, Maggie."

"All this is gross self-indulgence," I breathed weakly.

"Man, you must have had real Puritan forebears."

"Pioneer, not Puritan. My great-grandmother had twelve children, taught school, baked her own bread, helped establish a community church and wrote a book of etiquette in her spare time. My grandfather has a street named after him in Salinas because he did so much for civic improvement, and my father has handled more legal cases than any other lawyer in Central California. They expect great things of me."

"You won't let them down. You're a great girl," he said softly. I blushed and evaded his eyes.

"I mean it," he persisted. "You're a real mover and shaker. Much too good for the likes of me."

I sat up and faced him earnestly. "You seem like a very intelligent young man. You're young and strong and ——" I swallowed hard "—well, attractive. Surely you could make something of yourself. Haven't you ever worked?"

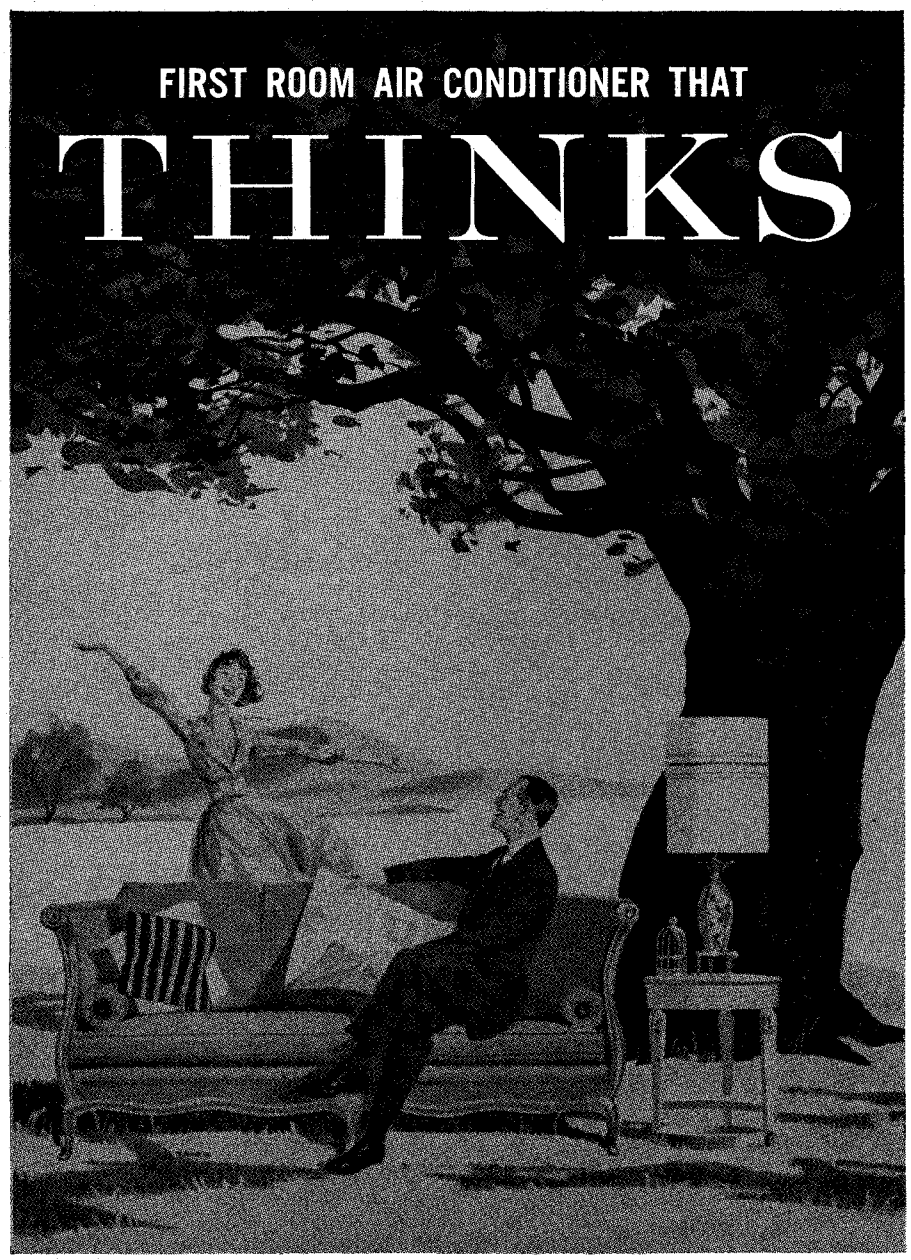
"Yeah. It was murder."

"What did you do?"

"I quit."

"No, I mean what kind of work did you do before you quit?"

"I'd rather not talk about it, Maggie. Let's face it. I'm a beatnik. Through and through. James Jones. Jack Kerouac. They're Dun and Bradstreet compared to me. I'm a real bum!"



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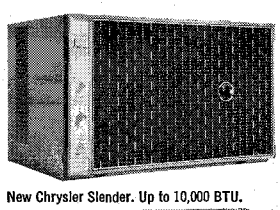

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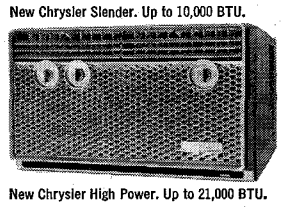

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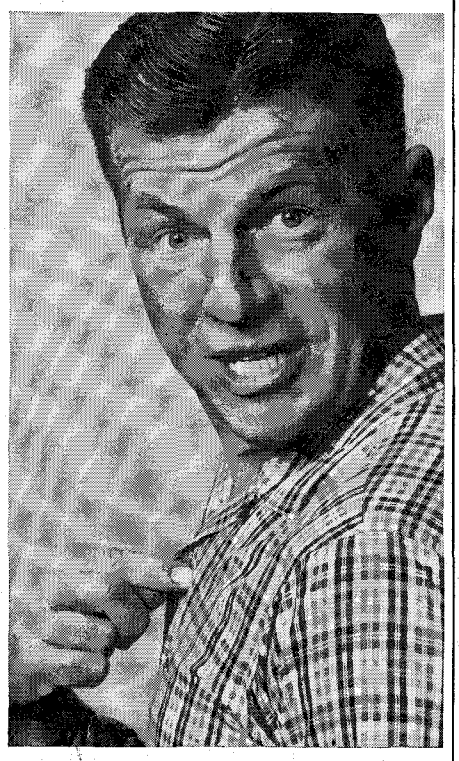

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"But you want to change, don't you?" I pleaded.

He rolled over on his back and grinned up at me. "Nope."

"Then there's nothing I can do for you," I said stiffly.

"Sure there is," he countered. "Be my girl. Come out and play when I knock at your door. Laugh it up with me. We can have some way-out times together if you'll just put down that pick and shovel."

"You wouldn't like it," I said sadly. "I'd just nag you to death."

"I'll chance it," he said. "Besides, I'll have you eating lotus blossoms in no time at all." He picked up a handful of warm sand and covered my bare feet with it. "Yes, sir, every day will be Mardi Gras with us." He reached into the ample picnic basket. "A jug of wine, a pumpernickel bread and thou. Who needs anything more?"

Mesmerized, I accepted the food and chewed on it absently. "Who pays your bills?" I asked dreamily.

"Who owes any? Beatniks travel light."

"You see," I said disconsolately, "you're not even a consumer."

"I'm something a lot better than that," he said. "I'm a nonconformist. One of those guys who doesn't become an insurance statistic. The one that reads, 'American male longevity is forty-five years, two months,' or something like that. I'm going to have a long, happy life, Maggie, and I'd be very pleased to have you aboard."

"I couldn't marry you," I cried, "what would I tell my family?"

"Tell 'em I'm an American male of voting age, long of wind and gentle in manner. Tell 'em I observe Mother's Day and the traffic laws. I'm kind to dumb animals, bathe regularly and sleep the sleep of the just. I wear glasses to read. I have lost my appendix and found my Shangri-La. That oughta hold 'em."

"The very first thing my father would ask is what do you do?"

"I'm a great fisherman and a tolerable golfer. I read Chinese. I breed goldfish."

"I'm afraid none of those things will do," I said icily.

"All right," he said, completely unperturbed, "I'll make a deal with you. You trot your family out and let 'em check me over. If I pass muster, you drop the reform movement and we get along just fine."

"There's not much chance of that," I said. "My family hasn't left Salinas on a vacation in years."

"O.K. Take the mountain to Mohammed."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I have other, more pressing things to attend to." I stirred restlessly. "I'd like to get back now," I said. "I've got a lot of work to do."

He pulled me to my feet and into his arms. "All work and no play," he said, and kissed me deeply.

It was definitely a moment of truth, believe you me. I suddenly understood the laws of supply and demand, and not in economic terms, either. But I stood firm. "Take me to my books," I cried.

He nodded. "I'll be back to fight another day," he said. "Like tomorrow, for instance. One of my real gone friends has a motorcycle. I'll take you for a spin. I'll throw a rock at your window at high noon."

The next day was the Fourth of July. Milly went off to light firecrackers with a friend—but no rocket's red glare for me. No ice-cream socials, no picnics, no brass bands. I drew the Venetian blinds, took the phone off the hook and immersed myself in a weighty tome titled, The Evolution of the Middle Classes. I was getting nicely through Employment Cycles in the 1920's when I heard a commotion in the street outside. A horn blasted loudly and cheerfully, and the sound of laughter drifted up toward me.

"Go away, Peter Cass," I said aloud. "No siren songs for me."

"Halloo!" hollered a deep male voice. "Any life on this planet?"

I sat upright in my chair. Those deep, judicial tones belonged to only one man. My father. I hurried to the window and drew up the curtains with a rush and a clatter. There, in a saggy and battered 1939 convertible, sat assembled my entire family. But not as I had ever seen them before. My father was radiant in a Hawaiian-printed cotton shirt of a hideous orange-and-pink design. He wore a hat with a feather on it set squarely on his sage white head. My mother, that pillar of Salinas society, disported herself in a bright yellow sun dress. There was a matching flower stuck over one ear. My grandfather, clutching a fishing pole, was resplendent in faded blue denims of the Huckleberry Finn school, and my brother, heaven help him, cut a sinister figure in black leather jacket and matching pants. Holiday paraphernalia of all kinds sprouted from various nooks and crannies of the car—I made out a butterfly net, a huge vacuum jug, a canvas tent and a number of wet bathing suits dangling limply over the rear door.

And presiding over the entire spectacle, with all the geniality of a summer-camp director, was Mr. Peter Cass. Inclining his head courteously to my mother, he appeared to be in rapt conversation with her while my father stood by, nodding his head. Then my father slapped him heartily on the back and draped a fraternal arm around his shoulders. At that moment they caught sight of my dazed face in the window.

"Maggie, come down and say hello to your folks," Pete said urbanely. "They've come quite a piece to see you."

Docilely I did what I was told and joined them.

My mother took one look at me and clutched me to her with little maternal outcries. Then she turned to Pete and patted him affectionately. "Bless this boy," she said warmly. "Bless his good, sweet, considerate heart. You should have heard the way he talked about you."

"Just what did he have to say?" I asked.

"He was worried sick about you, I can tell you that. He said you were pale and thin and overtired. He said you were running yourself into the ground and he just couldn't stand by and see it happen to a bright, lovely young thing like you.

"Yes, sir," echoed my father. "This young man used his head. Called us long-distance, introduced himself, expressed considerable interest in your welfare. Said we ought to take ourselves a vacation after all these years and see to it that you did too. Well, that brought us down here at a dead run."

"Do tell," I muttered.

"Did more than that," my father went on. "Came right out and called a spade a spade. Said he was in love with you. Said he'd appreciate it very much if we'd have a look at him and see if he'd do. Said you had some reservations about marrying a bone-lazy man like himself."

"Well," I said tartly, "the shoe certainly fits."

My father smiled benevolently. "Honey, Mr. Cass here has been pulling your leg if he's led you to think he hasn't made his mark in the world."

"What's he been telling you?" I asked suspiciously.

"Not a thing. Didn't have to. Knew him straight off, minute I heard his name. He's too modest to blow his own horn, but I happen to know that this lad passed the bar at twenty-three. Wrote a brilliant book, called Jurisprudence and Justice, at the age of twenty-seven. Became the youngest district attorney in Marin County last year, and from what I hear of him in legal circles he's just warming up."

Pete stirred the dust with his sandaled foot. "Very kind of you to say so, sir——"

"Boy's got horse sense as well," my grandfather chimed in. "Knows the value of hard work—but he also knows the value of leisure. That's what makes a rounded man."

Peter turned a pleased lobster red.

"Then you've just been posing as a bum," I quavered.

"There's a little bum in all of us," he said, smiling. "Doesn't hurt to let it out once in a while."

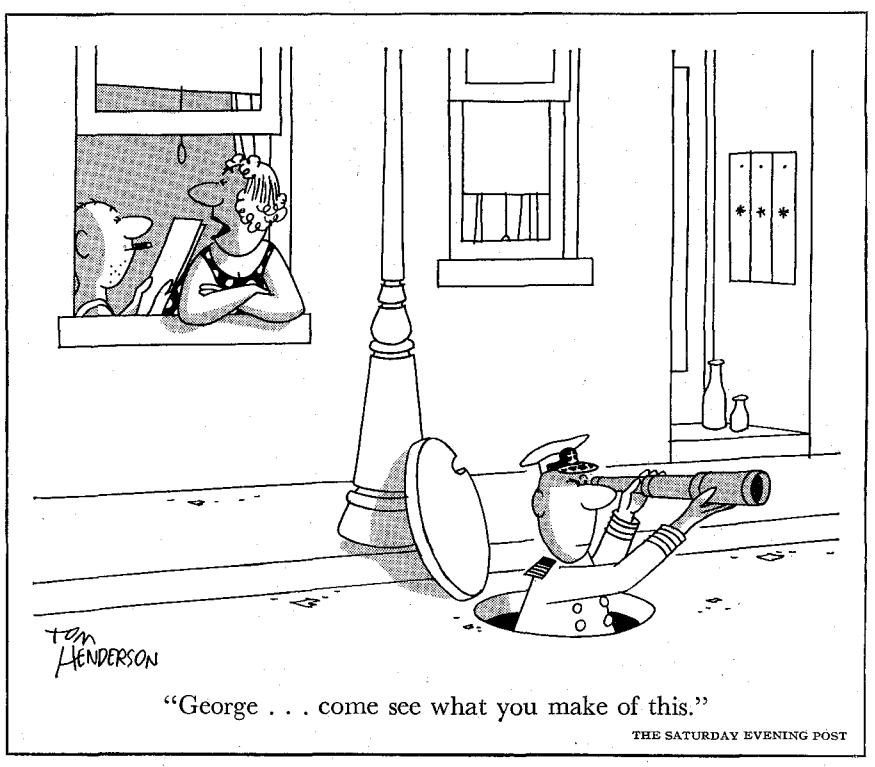
"That's the ticket," said my father. "As you can see from my costume, I've just come to the same conclusion. All things in moderation. Eastern placidity and Western drive. Fine combination for the modern man."

"Yes," chirruped my mother. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

"Well," said Mr. Cass, turning toward me. "How about it?"

I looked at all of them. They were full of beans and the joy of life. "I'll just go get my bathing suit," I said, my capitulation complete, "and join the lost generation."

THE END



"George . . . come see what you make of this."

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Prowler in the House (Continued from Page 31)

"Joe, honey, isn't it just fascinating?" his wife said breathlessly a moment later.

"Stupendous," Canavan muttered. But he had to admit it was different. In New York you didn't see dames marching with baskets of stuff balanced on their heads while their men strolled empty-handed behind them.

He cocked an eye at the women's hip movements and thought, *Not bad.* But they were nothing to what his own little ever-loving could achieve when she wished him to stop reading the sports page and pay her some husbandly attention.

A trickle of moisture dribbled down Canavan's nose and he leaned forward. "Mac," he said, "is it always this hot?"

"Hot, *señor?* For August, today is very cool."

Heaven help me, Canavan thought; *I'll melt right into my Size Twelve shoes.* He ran a finger around the inside of his collar and peered incredulously at his wife, who looked as though she had just consumed a long cold beer. Built-in air conditioning, he thought. It was the same back home—on the hottest day she'd be daisy fresh—and had been the same in Mexico on their honeymoon, just a year ago. Mexico was where he'd found out that he had married a gal who was crazy for culture. But then, a guy couldn't have everything, could he? She was cute enough to eat, and she loved him. What more could a man ask?

In a suddenly tender mood, Canavan put a hand on her knee and said, "Happy, baby?" She turned her head to smile. Just at that moment the cabby leaned on his horn and made a convulsive left turn, scattering pedestrians.

Canavan's wife landed in Canavan's arms, with a little shriek. Never one to pass up such an opportunity, he folded her into a proper embrace and nuzzled her sweet-smelling cheek. Then he saw the street sign.

"Oh, no," he groaned. "Not here! Not for two whole weeks!"

"Now, Joe, honey," his wife said.

Canavan was silent. He had promised to be good and he'd be good, even if the street they were to inhabit was only an alley in what must be the dregs of town, and the houses were about to collapse of age. When the cab stopped, he got out and gazed without a word at Number Twenty-seven doorway. It was smack on the sidewalk, without even the ribbon of lawn he had at home. *Polowski,* he thought, *I could wring your neck.*

Paul Polowski, their next-door neighbor in the Bronx, paid the rent on this place and flew south to it every winter when New York's frigid blasts turned him blue. He painted pictures and was a nice guy, even if Canavan couldn't make heads or tails of his paintings or understand much of what he talked about.

Baba was very fond of Polowski. It was he who had given her that name. Barbara was no fit name, he'd insisted, for a girl with star-kissed eyes and the spirit of an elf; and Canavan's name for her—Babs—was an abomination. "What mystifies me, Canavan," Polowski had said once, over a bottle of beer from Canavan's refrigerator, "is how a clod like you ever landed such a treasure."

Clod Canavan now folded a large damp hand around the porcelain bell knob beside the door of Calle Caldera Twenty-seven and gave it a yank. And when the door was opened by a round woman with moles on her chins, he said, "Hello, Mrs. Huerta. I guess you're expecting us. Mr. and Mrs. Canavan."

The woman babbled brightly in Spanish. She understood English, Polowski had told them, but always spoke Spanish when excited and was almost always excited. She wrung Canavan's extended hand and embraced Canavan's wife, then lumbered inside, yelling at them to follow. Not until they had trailed her through every room in the house and were back in what passed for a sitting room did she stop talking and stand still. Then, calming herself, she said happily, "You like?"

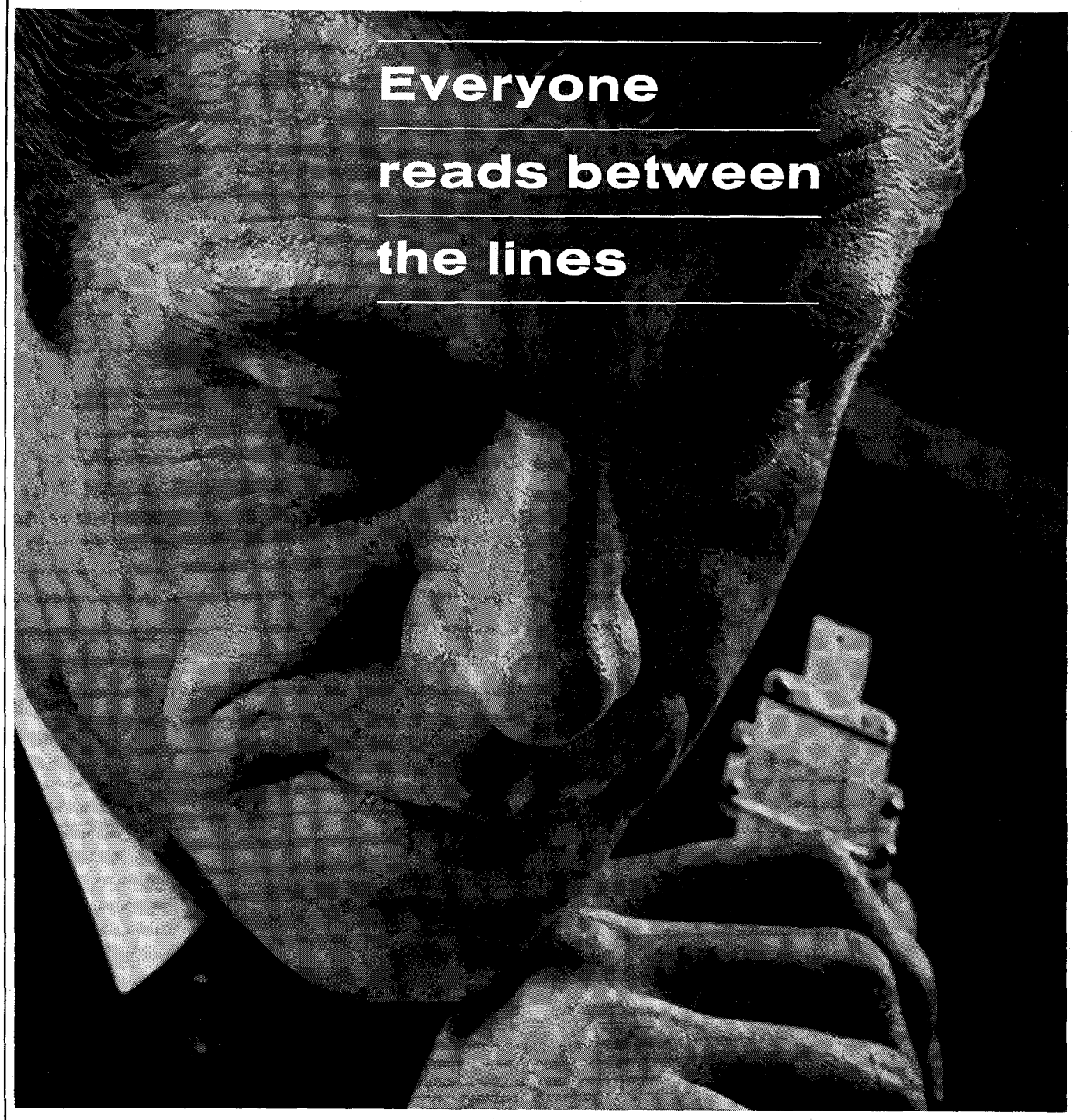
Canavan looked at his wife, who said dreamily, "I just love it!" With a shrug, he returned to the cab for their luggage. If his ever-loving was overjoyed at the prospect of spending their vacation in such a place, so be it. He would have preferred a hotel himself, with a comfortable bed and a convenient bar, but as Polowski had pointed out, he had a lot to learn.

Back with the suitcases, he found his wife seated on a decrepit chair in the center of the sitting room, gazing entranced at paintings on the walls. Polowski's paintings, of course. You could read the signatures ten feet away, and anyway, one was a self-portrait. Canavan looked at the portrait and frowned. Those teeth and that movie-star smile—he hadn't realized Polowski was such a handsome guy. He sat down, feeling about as useful as a heat lamp. The large *señora* waddled in from the kitchen with a tall glass on a tray.

"This will go good after your journey, *señor.*"

"Well, thanks," Canavan said, astonished.

She beamed at him.



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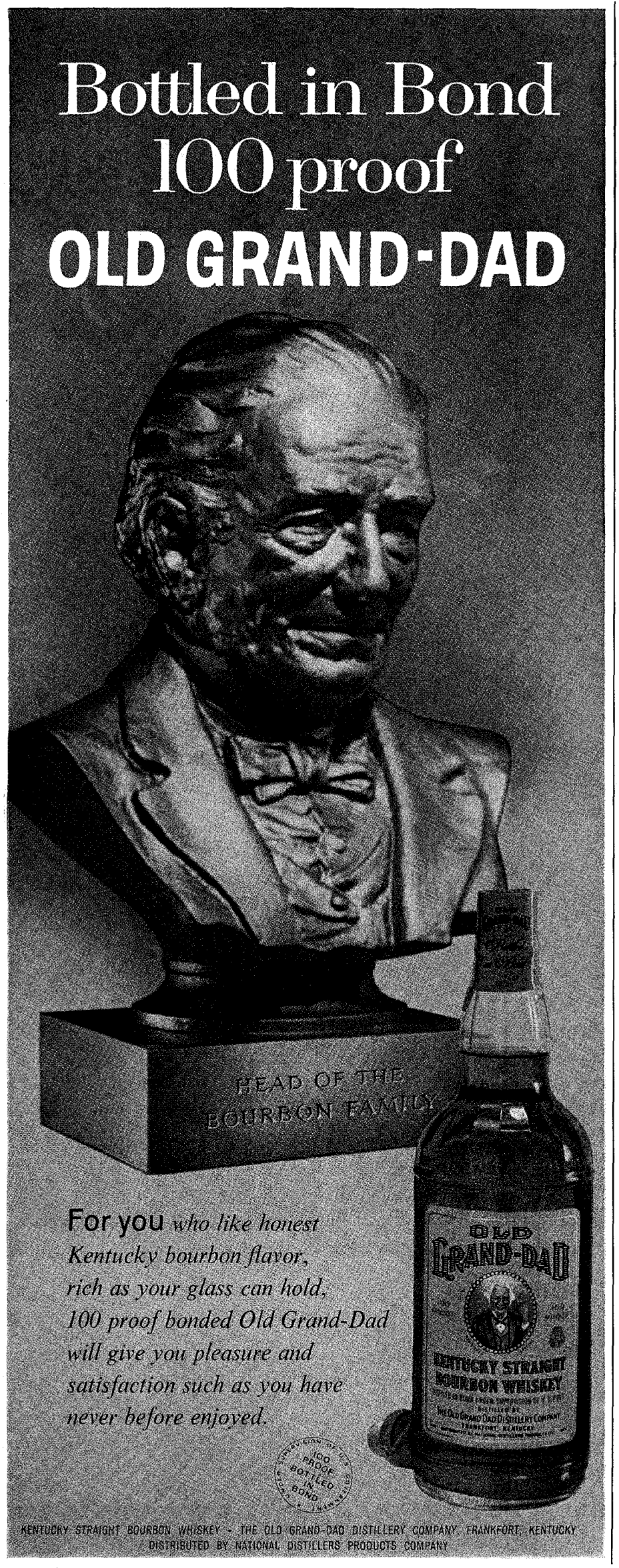
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Calle Caldera Twenty-seven had atmosphere. At the crack of dawn the *vendedores* began parading through the street outside, yelling the merits of their wares. Within an hour dozens of kids were out, shrieking at play. Somewhere nearby was a church whose bell thundered for five minutes every hour, from four in the morning till midnight.

Inside were the paintings, dust, termites, and the fact that the mattress on the bed had a deep depression, dead center, into which Canavan kept sliding while asleep. In the beginning this was interesting, for when he slid into the groove his lightweight beloved invariably slid in after him. Canavan didn't mind losing a little sleep. He was on vacation.

He discovered, though, that the sleep lost at night was not to be made up in the daytime. Polowski, it seemed, had provided Baba with a list of things to do.

"We mustn't waste a minute, darling," she said. "We only have two weeks."

Canavan endured the museums without audible complaint, hoping to absorb some needed culture. He endured the churches for the good of his soul. What licked him at last, despite his resolve, was the sixth art gallery and the fact that his heat-swollen feet were killing him. It was a long time since he'd pounded a beat back home.

When his wife stood before a painting that looked to Canavan like the contents of a tropical garbage can and said, "Isn't it marvelous, hon?"—when Baba did that at four o'clock of the third day of the culture search, Canavan startled both her and himself. "By me it stinks," he said and added miserably, "Look, Babs. I've had it, and that's the tragic truth. Let's get out of here and find us a beer."

She went with him. She even drank the beer he ordered. But she gazed frigidly into space when he tried to make her see that, not being Polowski, he had to take these things in small doses.

"It's this heat," he groaned. "My thermometer runs higher than yours."

"Does it, really?" she said in a voice that sounded oddly like Polowski's.

"Aw, kid, I'm sorry."

"It's quite all right," she said, but the spell was broken.

She was quiet all evening, and that night she slept way over on her edge of the bed, not once sliding into the groove. In the morning, very polite, she informed him he could have the day to himself. "I want to see some things that would only bore you, I'm sure."

"Now wait," Canavan protested. "I'm in this thing and I ——"

"I wouldn't hear of it. Enjoy yourself for a change." And away she went, alone.

Canavan wandered about the house for a couple of hours, picking things up and putting them down. He talked to the plump *señora*. He went out. After a while he arrived at a vast open-air market where women sat at cluttered tables under a canvas roof. The shade under the canvas looked cool, and the morning was hot, so Canavan entered.

He strolled from table to table, peering at assorted fruits and vegetables. He walked between walls of bright-colored dress stuff hung up for display. He stood in awe before a mountain of pottery, picked his way through piles of pots and pans and stopped at last before a tray of earrings. They were native-made earrings obviously: silver wire, or what looked like silver, twisted elaborately around colored stones.

Canavan made a purchase and went home. When his wife returned at four o'clock he waited for her to sit, then approached with his peace offering.

"For you, hon," he said contritely. "I thought of you the minute I saw them."

She looked up at him. He was not one for gifts usually, except on birthdays and Christmas. "Why, thank you, Joe," she said, bewildered.

"They're pretty, huh? Your favorite color."

"Why, yes. I do like green. It was sweet of you."

Canavan bent to kiss her and said, "Old Joe's forgiven, huh?" He knew he wasn't, by the way she kissed him back. The flame was way low. He was not surprised when she frowned at him for a moment and then said, "Joe, please sit down. I've been thinking."

He sat, alarmed by her sober expression. Even before she spoke, he guessed what was coming.

"Joe," she said, "I don't want to spoil your vacation. I know I brought you here, but I don't have to ruin the whole two weeks for you. Face it—we're two different people, interested in different things."

"Anything that interests you ——" Canavan began.

She cut him off with a determined shake of her lovely head. "That wouldn't be fair. I don't want to make you over in my image. We have to figure out a compromise."

"What compromise?" Canavan muttered.

"Well, there are certain things we like to do together—dancing and things like that. Mostly they're evening things. Daytimes we ought to go our own ways."

"O.K.," Canavan agreed unhappily. "If that's how you want it, baby."

The trouble was, he couldn't think of what to do with himself. He got a small charge out of introducing himself at police headquarters and talking shop with some of the boys there. He toured the back streets and passed the time of day with shoemakers and basket weavers in hole-in-the-wall shops. He drank a beer here and there—and that was that. Much of the time he simply hung around the house, talking to the *señora*, or sat outside on the stoop, exchanging pleasantries with residents of the district who by now knew who he was.

Evenings he took his wife out—Canavan was no clod on a dance floor—and listened to a rhapsodic recital of what she had done in the daytime. It was all pretty dull.

But one night Canavan woke himself up by sliding into the mattress groove, and there was someone standing in the bedroom. He lay very still, frowning. It was Babs, maybe, on her way to or from the bathroom down the hall? No—he could hear her breathing in bed and, when he reached out to make sure, his fingers found the warm, crinkly stuff of her pajamas. Maybe the large *señora?*

It wasn't the *señora* either. A small, dim light went on—a midget flashlight—and the intruder was outlined against its glow. A man, six feet tall, powerful-looking, catlike in his movements. He was studying the clutter of stuff on the bureau.

Canavan, tensely watching, saw a hand go out to pick up something. He hurled himself from the bed to protect his property. It was pure bad luck that one of his Size Twelve feet got trapped in the sheet and he went sprawling.

The man at the bureau saw his peril and leaped for the door. He was fast. He slammed the door behind him, and by the time Canavan got to it in the dark, and got it open and pounded into the hall, the front door was open and the fellow was gone.

Canavan followed to the street, reluctantly coasted to a halt and stood for a moment peering both ways at nothing.

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When he returned to the bedroom, his wife was sitting up in bed with the light on. "What—what was it?" she said.

"Just a prowler, hon." He walked over to the bureau. "Some neighborhood character probably figured we were worth a visit, all Americans being millionaires." He scowled at the bureau top. "That's funny."

She was at his side now, very cute in the crinkly pajamas. "What's funny, Joe?"

"Nothing seems to be missing. He had time enough."

She began to move things around. It was woman stuff from the drugstore, mostly, but there was some native jewelry she'd paid real money for in one of the art shops. "It's all here," she said, as puzzled as he. "No, wait. The earrings you gave me. He must have just grabbed the first thing."

"Yeah."

"I mean—they were real pretty, Joe, but you only bought them in the market."

"Yeah," Canavan said. "He was a dope." But after he'd gone down the hall to make sure the *señora* was all right, and found her blissfully sleeping, he had no desire to return to bed himself. He lighted a cigarette and sat to think.

Next morning, after his wife had gone out to collect her day's quota of culture, Canavan made his way to the market. His fellow toilers back home would have noticed a new rhythm in his stride. He halted at the junk-jewelry table. The woman behind it nodded in recognition. She was small, round, maybe sixty years old.

"Hello, mamma," Canavan said. "How are you today?"

She said she was just fine, thanks, and what could she do for him?

"Oh, I don't know," Canavan said. "I was just passing through and thought I'd say hello. My wife really liked those earrings you sold me, mamma. I'm grateful to you."

She seemed pleased.

"Wish you had some more of the green ones," Canavan said, poking through the earrings on the tray.

"*Señor*"—sadly—"I only had the one pair like that. You bought them. But some of these others are just as pretty, no?"

"They are, mamma, but they're not green."

"*Señor*"—she spread her hands helplessly—"what is this about green earrings all of a sudden? Must American ladies all wear green now? Yesterday another American was here demanding the green ones."

"Oh? What'd he look like?"

The woman described him—not quite so tall as Canavan, but big through the shoulders, maybe forty years old. She didn't know the gentleman's name. He had asked for a pair of earrings with green stones and ——

"You told him you'd sold 'em to me?" Canavan asked.

"Well, yes, *señor*. But of course I don't know your name; I could only describe you."

He grinned. Canavan's grin, it was said in New York, was a secret weapon. "I hope you made me handsome, mamma."

"But of course!"

"That's my girl. But tell me—didn't this fellow want to know where you got the green earrings?"

"No-o, *señor*. He didn't ask that."

"Well, I do. I want to buy some more of them."

"*Señor*, that is easy." She produced a pencil, licked the end of it and wrote carefully on a piece of brown paper. "This man made them, and here is where he lives. He will make as many as you like. Just say that Ana Morelos sent you."

Canavan vowed he would say also that Ana Morelos was a charming and beautiful woman, and gave her a Maniguan bill worth two American dollars. He took a cab to the address on the paper. It turned out to be a little shop on the other side of the city, and Ramon Almada, its owner, was a tired little man bent over a bench, making earrings. He creaked to his feet as Canavan entered.

"*Buenos días, señor*. What can I do for you?"

"Honor me, if you will," Canavan said gravely, "by letting me watch you work."

"Watch me, *señor?*"

"The other day I bought some of your things in the market. Not everyone has fingers like yours."

Ramon Almada suddenly seemed younger, less tired. "Thank you, *señor*."

"May I sit down?"

"But of course!"

The man worked and Canavan watched, asking questions. Half an hour passed. Canavan said, "I saw some earrings of yours with green stones in them. Do you have others like those?"

Almada leaned away from his work and sighed. "Those green stones! What a headache!"

"Oh?"

"Let me tell you what happened. I have a granddaughter, Maria, a good girl, who works as a maid at one of the big hotels—the Casa Grande, in fact. She was wearing a pair of my earrings one day, and a man at the hotel asked where she got them. 'My grandfather makes them,' she told him. 'Oh?' said he. 'And could your grandfather make some for me?' He had these two pretty green stones, it seemed, that he wished to have made into earrings for his wife. So Maria brought me the stones and I made the earrings, and then ——" The old man shook his head.

"What then?" Canavan asked quietly.

"It must have been my unlucky day. I have an assistant, a small boy, who takes my work to the market for me because I cannot walk so far myself. He came when I was in the coffee shop next door. He took the green earrings along with others I had finished, and I did not notice they were gone until Maria came from the hotel to get them. Then it was too late. Maria ran to the market, but Ana Morelos had sold them."

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When a girl gladly follows in her mother's footsteps, they probably lead away from the kitchen.

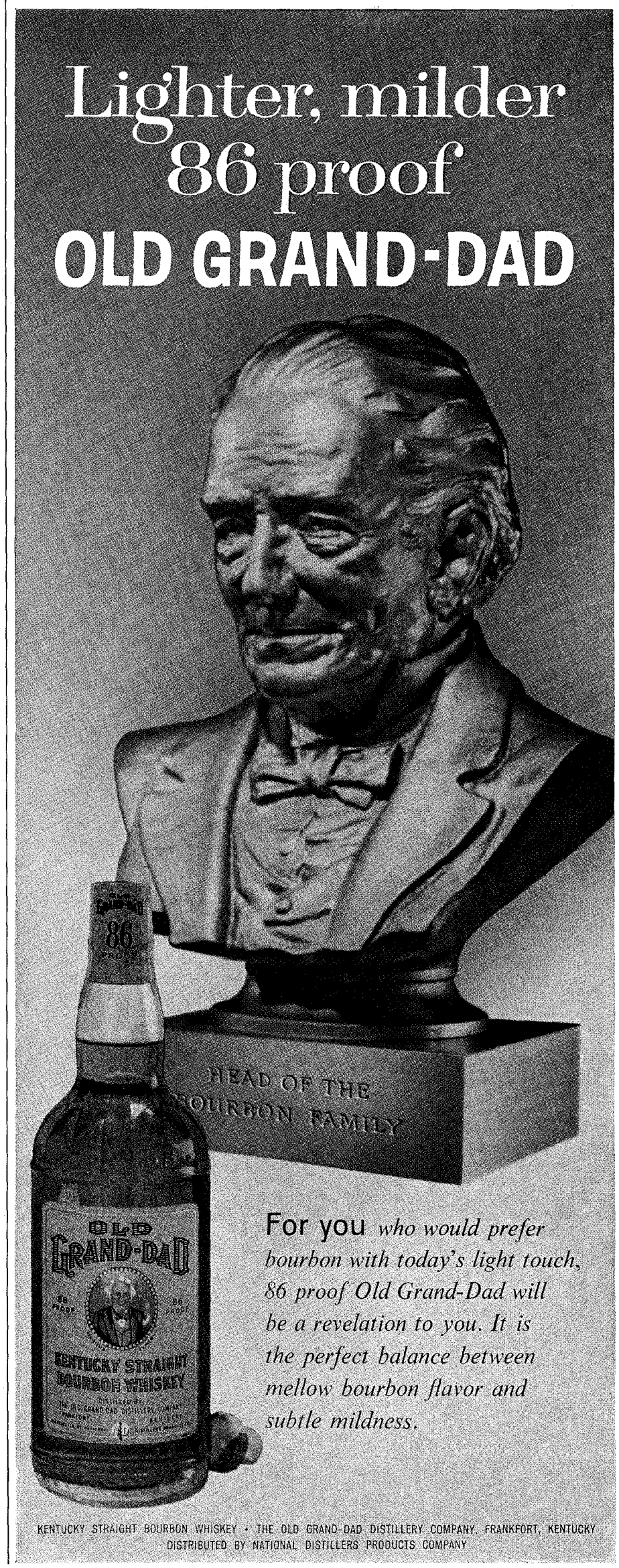
A perfect husband is one who goes along with his wife's efforts to improve him.

Secretaries seldom take two hours for lunch. They shop in that time too.

The parent who never saw a purple cow probably has children too young for crayons.

You've reached middle age when you're always trying to show you haven't.

No wife who always has her own way is a mother.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"This fellow at the hotel was upset?"

"Upset! He stormed into my shop here and threatened to have me arrested! He called me a thousand names. I told him how it happened; I begged to be forgiven; I offered him a dozen pairs of earrings that were just as well made. But he was like a man gone crazy."

"I see," Canavan said, and thought perhaps he did. "Do you know this man's name, friend?"

"Señor Thompson."

"I don't think he'll have you arrested. In fact, I'm sure he won't." Canavan stood up, glancing around for something he could buy as a sign of his gratitude. On the wall were some dusty oil paintings on inexpensive canvas board, unframed, not large. "Are these your work, too, friend?"

"They are nothing. Just to amuse myself, when I have the time."

"This one is the street outside, isn't it? I like it. I like it very much." Canavan was stating a fact. "Is it for sale?"

"Take it. A gift."

"Oh, no."

"A peso or two, then. But really ——"

Canavan put ten dollars on the bench and held out his hand. "Thanks for letting me watch you work. I hope I can come again."

"You are very kind, *señor*."

Baba was not at home when Canavan got there. He stood the painting on the sitting-room floor, against the wall, and sat to think. He had a methodical mind. His thoughts took the form of notes.

Item: Man named Thompson, Casa Grande, sees native earrings and gets idea. Arranges to have two green stones mounted in same kind of earrings.

Item: Stones wind up in market by mistake. Before mistake is discovered, Joe Canavan buys them.

Item: Thompson, frantic, obtains from woman in market a description of American who bought stones.

Item: Prowler answering description of Thompson burgles bedroom of Canavan residence—no small risk—to get stones back.

The final item was a question. Why hadn't Tourist Thompson simply approached Tourist Canavan with a friendly explanation and requested his property back?

Canavan's wife came in, starry-eyed after another round of the museums and art shops. There was to be a folk dance performance at the National Theater at eight, she announced. "I bought two tickets, Joe."

He shook his head. "Not me, baby. I have a date at the Casa Grande this evening."

"You have what?"

"Something to do. You want to come along? We could have dinner there."

"But why, Joe?" She sat and shook her head at him, half in pity, half in pique. "Don't you ever want to learn anything? To improve yourself?"

"Not tonight."

She plagued him with questions, but Canavan only shook his head, and in the end, of course, her curiosity was too much for her. "All right," she conceded. "I'll go with you. But if it's just to eat and dance, don't you dare speak to me tomorrow!"

"Go make yourself gorgeous," Canavan instructed.

She did that, and when he walked her into the Casa Grande he was a proud man. It was Manigua's plushiest hotel, and most of the well-heeled tourists in its elegant dining room had good-looking wives of their own; but still they stared. It wasn't the dress either. She had bought the dress out of saved-up housekeeping money. Canavan seated her with a flourish, beamed at her for a time, then casually looked around. Almost at once he spotted the Thompson character.

Leaning forward, he touched Baba on the hand. "You want to know why we're here, doll?"

"If it isn't asking just too much," she said, not really annoyed now.

"O.K. That fellow by himself, reading a menu, at the wall table under the lamp. Don't stare now, but ——"

"Why," she said, "it's Mr. Thompson!"

Her voice reached the man and he looked up, saw her staring. With an expression of pleasure he rose and came to the Canavan table.

"Mrs. Canavan! What a delightful surprise!" He had a voice almost as elegant as his bow.

Canavan woodenly stood up and was introduced. "Mr. Thompson and I have

To My Husband, Shaving

By Mary O. Rank

Oh, I do love to watch you
shave!
Your aspect is so grave,
Your gray eyes so intent with
swift decision
As your dexterous hands with
deft precision
Decapitate each hair,
And your naked back so broad
and fair,
That I would put my arms
around you
If I weren't afraid you'd
wound you.
I would always be your slave
If you did nothing else but
shave.

met at the museum and the art galleries, Joe," Baba was saying. "We've talked about just everything." She looked at Canavan with a question in her eyes, and Canavan thought quickly, *Why not?* He said, shaking the man's hand, "Why don't you join us if you're alone? Our pleasure."

"Thank you," Thompson said. "You are most kind." He sat. Almost at once, he and Baba were off on a romp through Maniguan culture that left Canavan back at the starting gate.

Canavan listened, curious. What he heard from the lips of his ever-loving mildly astonished him because he had heard most of it before, he realized, from the lips of Polowski, back in the Bronx. It hadn't made much sense to him there either.

It seemed to make sense to Thompson, however. And the more it did, the more Baba gazed at the fellow as though he were God's gift to mismated women.

Canavan excused himself and stood up. "Out of smokes," he said. He strolled into the lobby, leaving his wife and Thompson with their heads together, hardly aware that he had departed. He stopped at the desk and spoke to the clerk. "You have a Mr. Thompson here, from the States."

"Yes, sir, we do."

"Does he plan to be in Manigua long, do you know?"

"No, sir. He leaves on the morning plane. He wanted to leave today, as a matter of fact, but there were no ——"

"Thanks," Canavan said, frowning at the phone on the desk. "Do you have a private phone I could use?"

The clerk led him into an office. There, after closing the door, Canavan looked up a number and dialed it. "Joe Canavan speaking. The New York policeman who was in the other day. Let me talk to Sierra or one of his boys, will you?"

He talked, and the man on the other end listened. Then, stopping to buy a pack of cigarettes, Canavan returned to the dining room where, from the looks of things, he hadn't been missed. His wife had stopped talking and was sitting in a dream state, letting the cultured tones of Mr. Thompson flow over her like soft music.

Canavan allowed himself a silent sigh. For what was about to happen he would probably be in the doghouse for weeks. Tampering with a wife's illusions was a delicate and dangerous business.

Dinner was served and eaten. An orchestra played. Polite words were spoken, and Canavan found himself alone at the table while his wife dreamily danced in the arms of her cultured Mr. Thompson. *From now on*, Canavan thought sadly, *even at dancing I'll be a clod.* Baba, returning with her partner, stood before him expecting him to rise and do his duty, but he shook his head. All of five minutes had passed since, in reply to a questioning look from the lobby, he had nodded toward the dance floor and made an upward motion with his thumb. A smart cop like Sierra should be able to search a hotel room in five minutes.

Baba and her escort sat down. A handsome, dark-haired man in civilian clothes strolled in from the lobby. Thompson was leaning forward, complimenting Baba on her dancing, when the fellow halted behind his chair and dropped a hand on his shoulder. Thompson turned to stone.

"You are under arrest, *señor*," Captain Sierra said softly. "No disturbance, please."

Thompson looked around and fashioned an expression of outrage, not too convincing. "What are you talking about?"

The captain opened his left hand and closed it again. Something green winked in his palm. "I advise the quiet surrender, *señor*. I have two men in the lobby." He glanced at Canavan. "Will you come, too, lieutenant?"

"Yeah. Sure." Canavan gazed contritely at his wife as he stood up, then put a hand under her elbow and murmured, "Sorry, baby. The guy's a phony."

The talking was done outside in the driveway, where the Casa Grande's pampered guests would not be disturbed. Sierra's men put Thompson into a police car, and the captain introduced to Canavan a gray-haired man who warmly gripped Canavan's hand. "*Señor* Ricardo Reyes, lieutenant," Sierra said. "The man from whose collection the emeralds were stolen. Our greatest authority on Maniguan art. I asked him to meet us here, to identify his property."

"I am deeply in your debt," the gray-haired man said. "You are a remarkable man, Lieutenant Canavan."

"Lucky," said Canavan. . . . "Gentlemen, my wife."

Sierra and the gray-haired man shook Baba's hand, and Canavan wondered whether she knew they were shaking it. She looked dazed. Sierra said to Canavan, "We found in his room not only the emerald earrings from your house but a dozen other pairs he had bought in the market, just as you predicted. I don't understand how you knew. This is an old trick?"

Canavan was no shrinking violet where his job was concerned. He knew he was good. Why deny it?

"Not by me it isn't."

"Then I am even more amazed."

"Why so?" Canavan shrugged. "The stones were valuable or he wouldn't have risked his neck to get them back. He'd gone to the trouble of having them mounted in native earrings, and you don't put precious stones in penny jewelry unless to fool someone. Who would he want to fool except the customs inspectors on his way back to the States?"

"He could not have walked through customs with the stones in his pocket?" Sierra said, frowning.

"That would be cheating. Too easy. The mind of a cultured crook is a weird and wonderful thing."

The captain shook Canavan's hand. "Come and see us again before you go," he invited. The gray-haired man said, "I may drive you and your wife home, lieutenant? It would be a privilege."

"I have a bill to pay first."

"It will be taken care of."

"Well, thanks."

Señor Reyes had come in his own car, with a chauffeur. Now as the car purred through the city to Calle Caldera, he asked how Canavan had traced the emeralds to the Casa Grande, and Canavan told him. It was no hero tale as Canavan recounted it. "I just gabbed with people. Ana Morelos in the market. Ramon Almada in his shop. A little here, a little there."

"Amazing," the gray-haired man murmured.

"Pardon?"

"Our people do not talk freely with strangers. Not one foreigner in a thousand —— But obviously you have an instinctive understanding of the culture of a country, through its people." He smiled apologetically. "So many look for understanding only in our museums, which of course is better than not looking at all, but such an artificial approach."

Canavan felt his wife twitch, but let it pass. Something was bothering him. "I wish you'd explain to me," he said, "how so many people handled those emeralds without realizing what they were. I'm a dope about such things myself, but other people ——"

"We produce no emeralds in Manigua, *señor*. Most of our people have never seen one. But you—a dope? You selected the emerald earrings for your wife, did you not? Out of all those in the market? You recognized their beauty."

The car stopped at the house. Canavan was carefully not looking at his wife. "Come in for a drink," he invited.

"With pleasure."

In the living room the gray-haired man stopped short. "You rent this?" he asked, frowning.

"Well, yes."

"Ghastly." Hands clasped behind his back, the authority on art walked from wall to wall, making faces at the artistic efforts of Paul Polowski. "Monstrous. Atrocious." He winced in physical pain. Then he stopped before the painting Canavan had propped on the floor. "But this one—ah, this I like. This one shows talent." He picked it up, nodding.

"I didn't know that was there, Joe," Canavan's wife said. "Where did it come from?"

Canavan had an instinctive feel for more than abstract culture. He was a married man with a gorgeous wife and an aching desire to spend no more nights counting his shortcomings. He thought happily of the groove in Polowski's mattress, and reached for his wife's hand.

"Canavan bought it, baby," he said, squeezing. "For you." THE END

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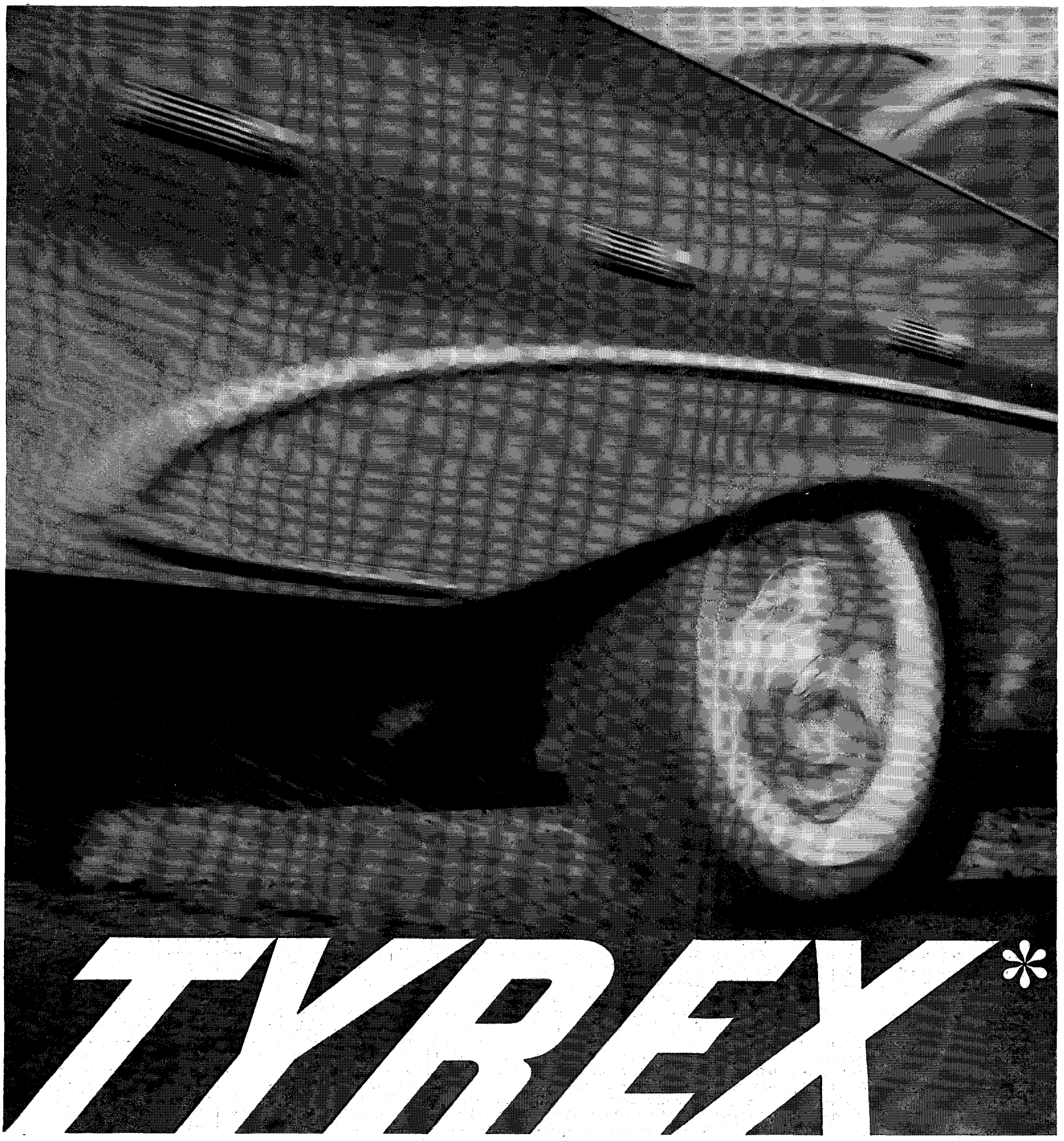

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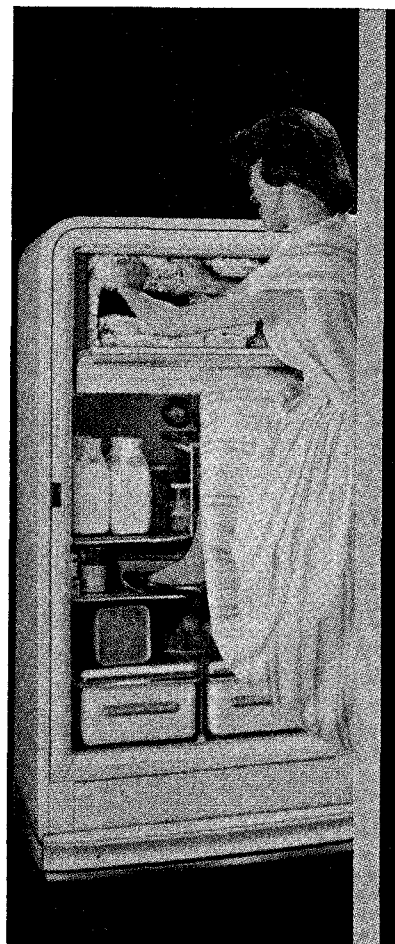

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Are Pipe Smokers People?

(Continued from Page 25)

heave it out the door while I'm still on the other end of it.

Whereupon I pick myself up off the sidewalk, the broken pipestem clenched between my teeth, and inquire plaintively, How come? Why this social prejudice against the calumet? If it's all right to roll tobacco in a piece of paper or wrap it in a leaf, what's wrong with packing it in a carved shell of brierroot? Nor do I ask for myself alone. There are 16,000,000 of us in the nation today, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, and frankly it gets pretty crowded when we all have to sit out here in the men's washroom.

In short, I think the time has come to speak up in defense of the lowly pipe smoker. Not that he's much of a figure socially, I'll admit. His coat is liberally dusted with ashes, and there are a few tell-tale holes burned in his pants, usually in the vicinity of the lap. His clothing bulges at odd places, owing to all the paraphernalia he has to carry in his pockets—tobacco pouch, package of cleaners, pipe knife, tamper, reamer and a couple of spare pipes in case he mislays the one he's smoking.

What's more, he's a habitual litterer. Give him fifteen minutes in a corner of a friend's living room, for instance, and the surrounding area will look as though he'd been camping there for months, doing all his own cooking. The floor is dotted with burned matches that missed the fireplace, all the glass coasters and candy dishes are filled with ashes and empty tobacco tins and twisted pipe cleaners, and a large dollop he knocked out of the bowl is still smoldering in the potted begonia on the window sill. His inverted pipe has toppled off the ash tray onto the side table, scattering some hot embers on the polished mahogany. At least a quarter pound of loose Burley has spilled from his pouch into the seams of the upholstered chair, there is a brand-new hole in the seat cushion which will be discovered when he stands up, and in all likelihood the wastebasket will burst into flames shortly after his departure.

He's also a confirmed match stealer, and somehow all the hostess' expensive monogrammed matchbooks seem to wind up in his pocket before the evening is over. When he empties his coat at the end of the day, the assortment of match covers he has accumulated represents a fairly complete itinerary of his travels, and he can read the names on the flaps and retrace his steps as simply as following a Boy Scout trail. This usually comes in handy because the average pipe smoker is likewise a pipe loser. Friends who bid him good night are never surprised when he rings the doorbell an hour later, just as they have fallen into bed, to inquire whether his brier is on the silver card tray in the front hall where he laid it for a moment while he was putting on his overshoes.

Worst of all, he's a habitual self-arsonist, and gives off a persistent aroma of burned wool, owing to the fact that he has absent-mindedly slipped his lighted pipe into his clothes somewhere. His safest solution, of course, is to carry the pipe in his mouth; but this only adds to the public prejudice against the pipe smoker. Passengers in the back seat of a car he's driving have a tendency to wince every now and then and remove a flake of foreign substance from an eyelid. When he bends over to mix a highball, he usually manages to unload a generous portion of pipe ashes into the glass. Moreover, he speaks in a sort of Marlon Brando mumble, and people are always leaning forward and asking him irritably to take out that snorkel and repeat what he said in unobstructed English. A pipe in the mouth can be a menace to the smoker too. I chipped two front teeth during the war when I returned an airman's salute before I remembered I was smoking.

All of which accounts for that look of patient resignation which every pipe smoker wears. He has long since given up protesting when the children borrow his corncob for their snowman, or his spouse steals all his pipe cleaners to make little toy animals. I know a man whose wife broke his meerschaum while she was cleaning it. "She tried to gouge out the cake with a paring knife," he explained, "and then she used the end of a screw driver, and finally she hammered it on the edge of the sink." Another man said his wife threw his old pipe away because it was cracked in several places and the stem was held on with friction tape. "It was my fishing pipe," he added quietly.

How can the pipe smoker explain? How can he make a nonpipe smoker understand? Take the beat-up relic that is clamped between my jaws at this moment, spilling ashes into my typewriter and filling the room with acrid odors like a trapped polecat. I bought it at Dunhill's in London back in 1943, just after the store had been bombed out and was conducting business as usual amid the ruins. I carried it on my first bombing mission—that was when I bit through the stem. This split in the bowl occurred in a snowstorm while I was hunting mountain sheep in Alberta; this nick came when I fell off a rock in a stream I was fishing in Southern Chile; this dent was made by the hoof of a Wyoming pony. Scrape out the cake? It is made up, layer on layer, of all the places I've been and friends I've known. Clean the dregs? Its drone is like a well-tempered clavichord, reminding me of campfires long dead and conversations I'll never have again. Get rid of it? I'd part with my right arm first.

The answer, of course, is that a pipe is more than something to burn tobacco in. It is a fraternal symbol, the sign of a world-wide order, a source of secret communion whenever fellow smokers meet. And there have been some distinguished members of the brotherhood. When Gen. Douglas MacArthur made his triumphal return to the Philippines, his ubiquitous corncob preceded him ashore by a good six inches. Other well-known devotees include Allen Dulles, director of the Central Intelligence Agency; Adm. Arleigh Burke, recently named the Most Distinguished Pipe Smoker of 1958; J. Edgar Hoover, Bing Crosby, Bennett Cerf and Norman Rockwell.

It's this mutual need for sympathy, I suspect, which draws pipe smokers together. There are scores of private pipe clubs scattered around the country, whose members meet monthly to smoke and talk. (Just what they talk about isn't clear, because it would seem that such topics as, "What kind of tobacco ya smoking there?" or "Could I borrow the loan of a match?" would exhaust themselves after an hour or so. Maybe they just lock the doors and puff in peace. It's worth paying dues not to be molested once a month.)

Republic Aviation employees on Long Island have a club called Men of the Calabash. A group of pipe enthusiasts in Venice, California, have formed the Drag-'n'-Puff Club; and there's the Stem Biters of Orlando, Florida, the Two Man Pipe Club of Van Nuys, California, and the Two Woman Pipe Club of Jefferson Valley, New York. Overseas chapters include the Twynne Bryars Pipe Club of Manchester, England, the Israel Pipe Club of the Central Police Station in Ramle, Israel, and the Nippon Pipe Club of Tokyo with the singularly appropriate address of No. 2 Akasaka Aoi-Cho.

All these local groups are affiliated with a parent organization in Flint, Michigan, called the International Association of Pipe Smokers Clubs, which conducts an annual World's Championship Pipe Smoking Contest. The prize goes to the man who can smoke his pipe the longest, and the IAPSC rules state: "Each contestant will choose a pipe with tobacco opening no larger than three fourths to seven eighths of an inch, and bowl no higher than one and a half inches. . . . He is then provided with three and three tenths grams of Burley tobacco, is given two wooden matches, and must start his pipe with one or both matches within sixty seconds of the start of the contest. He cannot relight his pipe after the first minute."

A smoker is automatically eliminated if his pipe goes out (or, as seems more likely, he does), but truly dedicated contestants have turned in some remarkable performances. The present world's record was set in 1954 by the late Max Igree of the Arrowhead Pipe Club in Flint, who kept his pipe going for two hours, five minutes and seven seconds. A runner-up that same year, Mr. Robert Rudle, was disqualified when he burned up all his tobacco and kept on smoking right down through the bowl, doggedly emitting a series of puffs from the hole in the bottom as he was led out of the arena amid loud cheers.

Naturally there are circles within circles in the pipe-smoking fraternity just as there are cliques in the angling fraternity. Meerschaum users are more or less the dry-fly purists of the order, and are inclined to look down their pipestems at all other members, including rosewood or brierroot users. The brier men, corresponding roughly to the wet-fly anglers, are similarly condescending toward metal-pipe users, whom they class along with spinner fishermen; and all of them snub the corncob user, the worm fisherman of the fraternity.

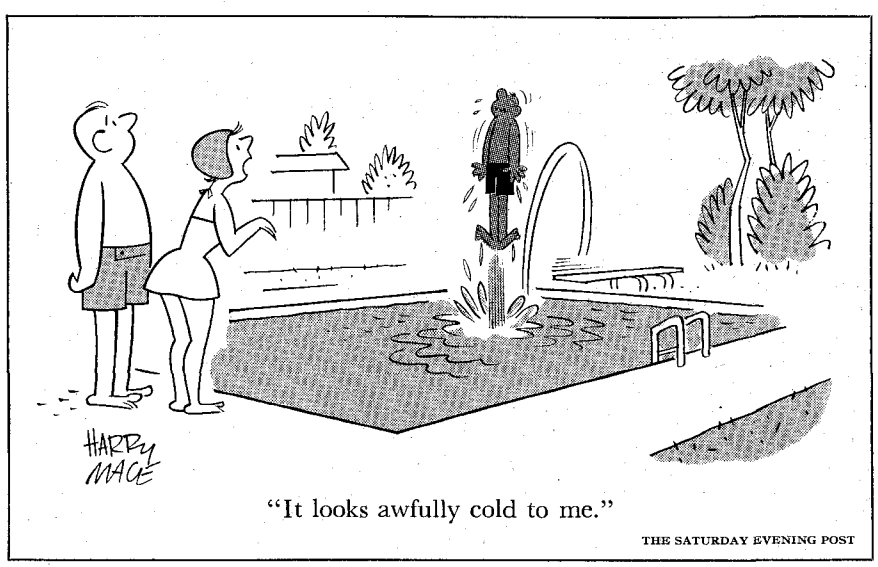
There are almost as many kinds of pipes as there are people to smoke them, dating back in history to the crude pottery bowls of ancient Pompeii. Each country has its own unique style: The English Oom-Paul, the Turkish Chibouk, the Alsatian porcelain pipe, the Persian hubble-bubble, the Chinese opium pipe, the two-headed Florentine Pipe—for two-headed Florentines—and the famous Dutch wine pipe, which has an auxiliary bowl filled with wine to flavor the tobacco.

America has come up with some enterprising improvements, including a self-bailing pipe with a small spigot in the bowl, a pipe with built-in dampers to shake down the ashes, and an upside-down pipe in which the tobacco is ignited at the bottom. There's even a model designed for the smoker with artificial dentures, which has an S-shaped stem that clamps firmly on his chin and eases the pressure on his false choppers.

Just why a man chooses one style as against another is something the manufacturers themselves would like to know. For some reason, a fat man will select a miniature round bowl with a very short stem, resembling an apple in the mouth of a roast pig, whereas a small individual invariably goes in for an enormous model that curves halfway down his chest, giving the impression that the pipe is smoking him. One thing is sure, though; nobody else can pick out a pipe for him. A wife who shops for a brier to give her husband at Christmas might as well save herself the trouble; he'll take it back and exchange it the following day, even though the pipe he chooses is exactly like the first one. I suppose this is because pipe smoking represents one of the last strongholds of man's independence which the opposite sex has not as yet usurped, and he intends to keep it that way as long as possible.

Selecting a pipe is only the beginning of his problems. The next step is to break it in. Some experts recommend filling the bowl with rum and soaking it overnight. Others suggest drinking the rum in order to fortify the smoker against that first tongue-searing drag. Pipe experts warn further that the accumulated carbon inside the bowl should be removed at regular intervals, leaving a layer no thicker than one sixteenth of an inch. Maybe they're right, but I never ream mine out until I can no longer insert my little finger to tamp the tobacco down. I like to have my cake and smoke it too. Georges Herment, the noted French authority, offers a final word of caution: On no account should a pipe be emptied by knocking it sharply against some hard object, such as the metal ash tray on a restaurant table. Not only will this crack the heated wood, he points out, but it is apt to summon the waiter unnecessarily.

If a pipe entails all this care and upkeep, the nonuser may ask, why not settle for a cigarette instead? Well, for one reason, there are so many other things you can do with a pipe besides smoking it. When I enter the room at a cocktail party, for example, I'll start fidgeting self-consciously, yanking at my necktie or scratching my ear or knocking over my glass with an awkward gesture. But place a pipe in my fluttering hands, and they promptly come to roost like homing pigeons and settle down to the business of unzipping the pouch and scooping up tobacco and packing it into the bowl, leaving me as serenely self-occupied as an old lady with her knitting.



"It looks awfully cold to me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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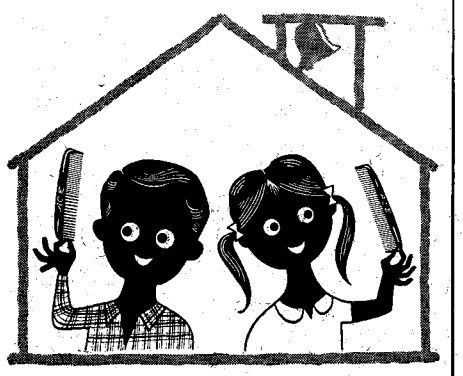

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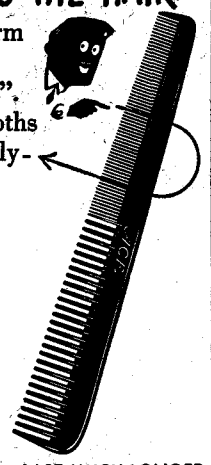

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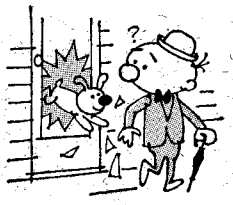

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Then, too, a pipe comes in very handy if somebody asks you a question and you can't think of the answer. My technique is to frown thoughtfully, as though I were weighing my reply with great care, and reach for my pipe while murmuring, "H'm-m-m." (*Business of striking a match.*) "Well, personally . . ." (*Holding the flame over the bowl.*) ". . . I always say . . ." (*Taking a deep drag.*) ". . . it all depends on . . ." (*Puff, puff.*) ". . . how you look at it." Whereat I exhale a triumphant cloud of smoke, and while the questioner is groping his way through the smog, I slip unnoticed into the crowd.

And of course there are all the interesting noises you can make with a pipe, such as wheezing asthmatically while someone is trying to tell a dull story, or drawing on it with a sudden explosive snort, like an interrupted snore, in order to kill the point he is about to make. Squeaking through the bit never fails to amuse my friends' children, and in a pinch it can be used to call wild turkey. I have a friend in Alabama who can suck on his pipestem and imitate a hen's plaintive "perrrt, perr-rr-rrt" so effectively that it lures a lovesick gobbler every time.

But the real reason I—along with 15,999,999 others—prefer a pipe is the fact that there's no hurry about it. Cigarette conversation is quick, erratic, a half-finished sentence, a tap of the ash with a nervous forefinger, a butt crushed out on a plate with butter on it. Cigar conversation is a steady rumble of voices around a poker table, arguing baseball or politics or women. But pipe conversation is leisurely, given to long pauses, lapsing sometimes into a wordless reverie while thoughts blend like the white clouds drifting to the ceiling.

"Pipe smoke," wrote Thomas Carlyle, "is the one element in which men can sit silent together without embarrassment." The story goes that Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson would sit thus for hours in the little garden in Chelsea, smoking their pipes without speaking; and at the end of the evening Emerson would rise and shake his friend's hand, saying, "Thank you for a fine talk." The story does not explain why they were sitting out in the garden. Probably Mrs. Carlyle wouldn't let them in the house.

On a boulder near Plymouth Rock is a heroic statue of Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoag Indians, welcoming the Pilgrims with his calumet in his hand—the traditional gesture of amity. One reason the Indian pipe was a peaceful symbol, to be sure, is that a redskin warrior who took a half-dozen drags on the potent herbs would spin around rapidly and fall flat on his face. But think what might have happened if the Indians had sat down to a cigarette of peace with the early white settlers. A couple of puffs, and they'd have gone back to tomahawking again.

So I'll smoke my pipe peacefully, let the ashes fall where they may. Maybe I'll burn a few holes in the rug, or asphyxiate the canary, but nobody's going to tell me not to light that nasty thing in here. Where my pipe goes, there go I.

Which may explain why I'm still a bachelor.

My Baseball Farmhands

(Continued from Page 30)

feelers around the major leagues and the higher minor leagues, but found no suitable outfielder available.

"I wonder if there isn't somebody in our farm system that we may have overlooked?" he said to me one day. "Let's put in a call for Ben Geraghty."

Geraghty, a former short-term major-league infielder, was managing our American Association farm club in Wichita, Kansas. He has been in our organization for several seasons, and his judgment is highly respected in Milwaukee. I told him what the Braves needed and asked if he had anybody who might fill the bill.

"Bob Hazle has been burning up the league lately," Geraghty said. "You might as well take advantage of it."

Hazle was a veteran who had been thumping around the minor leagues for seven years without making much of a name for himself, although Cincinnati did bring him up for a look late in 1955. The next year we got him from the Reds in a trade for George Crowe and sent him directly to Wichita. In 1957 he was still there. He was reputed to have defensive faults, and about a month before my talk with Geraghty he had been hitting less than his weight, which was 190.

"But can he hit major-league pitching?" I asked Geraghty.

"The kind of streak he's in now," Geraghty said, "he can hit any kind of pitching."

Hazle was brought up to the Braves on July twenty-eighth. He played in forty-one games down the stretch, hit seven home runs, drove in twenty-seven runs and batted an amazing .403. His hitting was a tremendous inspiration at a critical time. It helped to bring Milwaukee its first National League pennant, after which the Braves defeated the New York Yankees in the World Series.

The newspapers appropriately christened our new star "Hurricane" Hazle, for he blew in like one of those coastal storms. But he blew out like one too. He couldn't regain his .403 eye the next spring. The Braves sold him to Detroit, and he soon drifted back to the minor leagues.

Although the Hazle story is the most dramatic example, our farm system has filled other emergency orders. To bolster the pitching staff last season, our Wichita affiliate—since transferred to Louisville—sent up Carlton Willey in mid-June and Juan Pizarro in late July. Willey is a tall, quiet right-hander from Maine; Pizarro is a flashy Puerto Rican left-hander. Between them they won fifteen games in the Braves' drive to a second straight pennant. This year, to further illustrate the unpredictability of baseball, neither man had much luck during the early months. Pizarro was optioned to Louisville in June.

The Wichita farm also delivered in 1958 when Red Schoendienst was side-lined with pleurisy in June. Mel Roach came up to fill in capably at second base. In late July, when Schoendienst was ailing again, Roach got off the bench and hit .375 over a six-game stretch to lead a spurt that recaptured the league lead for us. Then a knee injury put him on the disabled list for the rest of the season.

Roach is an illustration of how much patience is sometimes required in baseball farming. He originally was signed as a sophomore at the University of Virginia for a good-sized bonus back in 1953. The newspapers said he got $35,000. The Braves never announce the amount of a bonus. I might add, though, that in most cases the press estimates are closer to the actual figure than might be expected.

Anyway, Roach had been an outstanding quarterback on the Virginia football team, and so his signing created some stir. However, five seasons passed before he got his first base hit for the Milwaukee organization. As the bonus rules then required, he spent his first two years with the Braves, coming to bat a total of only six times and going hitless. Then he had to put in two years of military service. He got his first chance to play regularly with Atlanta in 1957. When the Braves were crying for help, though, Roach was ready. It is too bad that he is now being plagued by injuries; he was on the disabled list again this spring, but recently returned to active duty.

Up to now I have been telling success stories. Unfortunately I have a supply of the converse nature. Perhaps you have seen on television or on the movie screen lately the handsome figure of an actor named Larry Pennell. When he played baseball in our farm system he was known as Bud Pennell. He was a first baseman signed out of the University of Southern California in 1948 and sent to Bluefield, West Virginia, in a Class D league. He had a tremendous year, and his future seemed unlimited.

But something went wrong. The next season he abruptly left our farm club at Evansville, Indiana. He tried again at Jackson, Mississippi, the following season and eventually returned to Evansville. However, that promise of greatness was gone. In 1953 he quit and never played baseball again.

He'd had family trouble, and there was a divorce. We found out that much. Then we lost all trace of him until he began to turn up on television.

Pennell represents one of my greatest disappointments. I shall always be frustrated by a desire to know how great a star he might have become.

In 1951, when the Braves were still located in Boston, a left-handed rookie pitcher named Chester Nichols, Jr., broke into the National League as if he owned it. At the age of twenty he led the league in pitching effectiveness with an earned-run average of 2.88.

He was then called into service for two years. After his return his arm was never the same. We sent him out to several of our farm clubs, hoping the cunning would return. But it didn't, and we finally had to give him his release. We thought Nicholas was another Spahn; instead he's one of baseball's tragic mysteries.

One day at our farm-training headquarters at Waycross, Georgia, Juan Pizarro and a left-handed rookie named Mike Marinko were due to pitch on adjoining diamonds. Marinko was an unknown, while Pizarro was a renowned young prospect with a splendid minor-league record.

After one inning, though, nearly everybody had turned his back on Pizarro to watch Marinko pitch. He was wild, but he was throwing so hard you could hear the ball hum. Nobody touched him.

Suddenly in the middle of the game Marinko walked off the mound, holding his pitching arm. "I can't throw another ball," he said. "My arm's killing me."

For two years Marinko didn't throw another pitch. He tried a comeback this spring. He was as fast as ever—all he'd have to do is get the ball over the plate, and the big leagues might not be good enough for him. But he said his arm still hurt. His explanation only added to our bewilderment: "It doesn't hurt when I throw hard—just when I throw easy."

You never know what sort of complications will arise with these young colts. Sometimes their problems become too much for any outsider to handle—the girl

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friend back home, the pregnant wife, just plain homesickness.

A Braves scout once signed a left-handed pitcher in a southern state and drove to Florida to deliver him personally to one of our Class D farm clubs. The scout parked in front of a hotel and went in to register. When he came back to the car the boy was gone.

The local police force could find no trace of him. He'd vanished. At last the scout had to call the pitcher's home and report one left-hander missing.

"Naw, he's not," the pitcher's father told the scout. "He's right here. He came in on the bus this morning."

A severe attack of homesickness had seized the pitcher while the scout was registering. The bus station was located across the street from the hotel. The boy heard the caller sound out the name of his home town, and he got out of the car and bought a ticket back.

Eddie Mathews exploded a bombshell of another sort when he was a boy of nineteen. He'd just had a fine season in Atlanta, and the Braves could hardly wait to get their first look at him in 1951 spring training. One day a message arrived saying that Mathews had enlisted in the Navy for four years. He explained with childlike innocence that he was afraid he was going to be drafted. Some of his pals were going into the Navy, and he decided he might as well go with them.

It was a long time before any of us came out of shock. You can imagine what four years in the Navy, away from baseball, would have done to Mathews at that stage, and what it would have done to the Braves.

He wasn't due to get out until 1955, our third year in Milwaukee. It took a personal misfortune to change that. Mathews' father developed tuberculosis the next year, and Ed was discharged as a hardship case. Otherwise we might never have seen Mathews develop into one of the leading sluggers of the day.

Then there are the problems created by wives. We once had a promising pitcher whose wife would sit behind home and berate him as fiercely as any leather-lunged fan.

"Get the ball over the plate, yuh bum! Who told you you could pitch? Take that bum out!" she'd shriek at the man of the house. The husband couldn't keep his mind on pitching for worrying about the dressing down he'd get when he returned home that night. He finally quit the game.

Just the opposite was the wife of a slugging outfielder. She frequently carried bags of aged vegetables to the ball park to chunk at people who booed her husband.

When the poor fellow injured a knee, underwent an operation and was left to recuperate on his own, who should show up at the park to help him work his way back into condition but the loyal *Frau*. She was a pretty good hand with a fungo bat, I might add. However, the bad knee proved the finish of the outfielder, despite his wife's best efforts.

A good many prospects nowadays come from Spanish-speaking countries in the Caribbean and Latin America. Several years ago a scout brought in some prospects from Puerto Rico for our inspection at spring training. Among them was Felix Mantilla, who showed enough to be offered a contract. But Felix didn't speak English, and neither Hugh Wise, director of our minor-league training *camp, nor I could speak Spanish.*

We called in another player who spoke both languages, and we began negotiations. Mantilla signed a contract with a Class C farm club calling for the salary he had asked. We shook hands on the deal and Mantilla grinned broadly, exposing a flashy array of white teeth.

"Bonus?" he said hopefully, in his best bargaining English.

It was the only English word he knew. We explained to him through the interpreter that we'd already made an agreement, and that it did not include a bonus. Anyway, although he hadn't learned our language, he did know about baseball's giveaway program.

The Braves have had a rather happy experience with bonus players—we've had only one go completely sour on us—but I personally regard it as an absolutely ridiculous practice to hand out thousands of dollars to untried kids who have indicated in their youth that they might be baseball players in their maturity. A major-league club that wants to be a contender has to give bonuses, though, as a matter of competitive necessity.

Two of the players on the current Braves' roster were bonus boys—pitcher Joey Jay, the first Little Leaguer to reach the majors, and Mel Roach, the infielder I've already discussed. Our first bonus player, pitcher Johnny Antonelli, who was signed in 1948 for the newspaper figure of $65,000, is now with San Francisco. However, indirectly he made it possible for us to acquire Red Schoendienst. We traded Antonelli and others for outfielder Bobby Thomson and others in 1954, and Thomson later was the key figure in the 1957 deal in which we got Schoendienst from the Giants.

The Braves will continue to pay bonuses despite a new rule which makes all first-year players in the minors subject to draft by other clubs unless they are promoted to the major-league-club roster by December. We have already signed one this year who is vulnerable to the rule—a shortstop named Mickey Sinnerud, of Portland, Oregon. Sinnerud, who was paid a reported $60,000, must be moved to the Milwaukee roster this coming winter, or else some other club can claim him for $15,000.

I'll give you an example of how a bonus negotiation comes about. Last year our scout in the Carolinas, Gilbert English, reported that there was an exceptional pitching prospect named Tony Cloninger in the town of Denver, North Carolina.

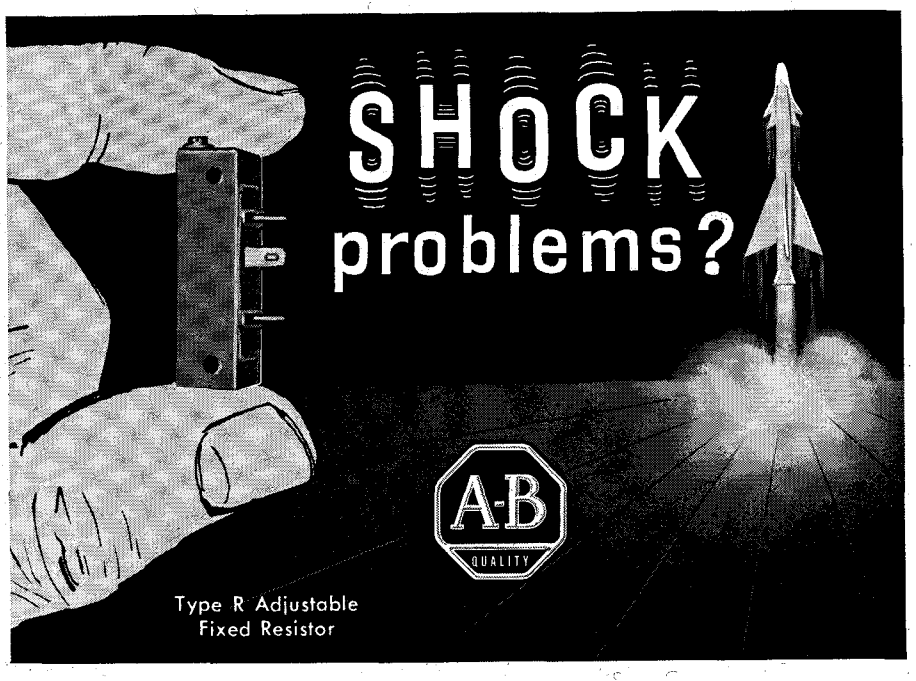
"He's going to come high," English said.

We put Bob Coleman on the case. Bob managed the Braves in 1944 and 1945, and is now on our minor-league staff as a liaison man with our scouts in the field. He watched Cloninger pitch one time and wasn't impressed, but English assured him that the boy was still stiff from a season of heavy activity on his high-school basketball team.

Coleman watched Cloninger pitch once more and went overboard for him. He supported English's previous report. Then English stood watch over Cloninger until the day he was graduated from high school, when he became eligible for signing.

English asked Cloninger to name his price. We had already decided what we were willing to pay. Cloninger's figure was close to ours, so we met it. The newspapers said we gave him a $110,000 bonus contract. I won't confirm or deny that figure. I will say that Milwaukee is happy with its investment. Cloninger went to our Midland, Texas, farm last season and won nine games and lost two. At Cedar Rapids this spring things didn't break so well for him, but I still think he will be *a very interesting young fellow to watch.*

Cloninger got his start in a championship atmosphere, incidentally. Midland, managed by Ernie White, was the winner in the Sophomore League. This was one of twenty-four pennants taken by our affiliated clubs in the past five seasons. Since 1950 the (*Continued on Page 59*)



The shock produced by acceleration during launching puts an unbelievable strain on every missile component. And the successful record of Allen-Bradley's new adjustable fixed resistors to withstand these extreme conditions is the reason they are also being selected for scores of industrial applications where *performance cannot be compromised.* For full details on these new Type R resistors and the many important advantages they offer—write Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

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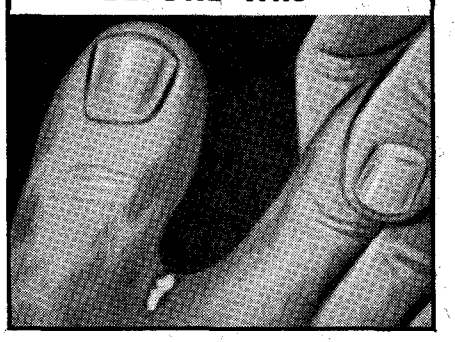
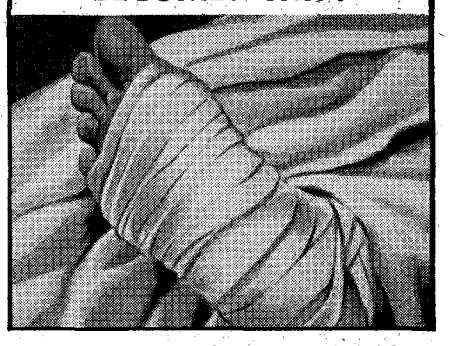


BECOMES THIS!



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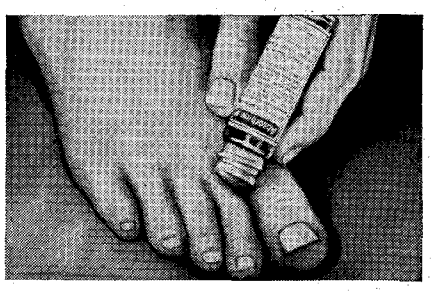

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Probably the most outstanding Vauxhall feature is its surprising roominess. It comfortably carries a family of five and luggage for an extended vacation. Both sedan and station wagon have four large doors. Yet this compact car manoeuvres and parks in typical small-car fashion with its sensible 98-inch wheelbase.

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British pride of craftsmanship shows throughout this fine small car. The body is solid and tightly fitted. Interiors are neatly tailored with many trim touches of hand finishing.

Equally scarce among small imports is Vauxhall's wrap-around visibility front and rear, and its heavy-duty wrap-around bumpers.

Important, too, is that Vauxhall can be serviced at Pontiac dealers by thoroughly trained mechanics with ready access to parts.

There are many other advantages to Vauxhall ownership. Pick up a car at your Pontiac dealer and try it out on your kind of driving. You'll find it quite an enlightening experience.

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(*Continued from Page 57*) Braves' farm system has won more pennants than any other.

Some time ago an official of the New York Yankees was quoted as saying that they didn't care whether their farm clubs won championships—that they were just interested in developing individual players. We like to win pennants and develop players at the same time. If a farm team is a winner, the kids on it will be looking at the best pitching and drawing the toughest competition the other clubs can offer. When a young player gets used to operating under those conditions, he shouldn't feel the pressure of the major leagues nearly so much.

The Braves' farm system didn't really get started until after World War II. Previously the Braves had just two minor-league outlets—Indianapolis in the American Association and Hartford in the Eastern League. Warren Spahn was the prize product of this little combination. It also turned up such creditable performers as infielder Sibby Sisti, now the manager of our Jacksonville, Florida, farm club; outfielder Bama Rowell, and pitcher Al Javery.

Our modern farm system has numbered a dozen clubs or more since its inception in 1946. When the Braves won a pennant in 1948—their first in thirty-four years—there was a generous but erroneous inclination to credit the victory in part to the new farm operation. Actually, this pennant was a triumph for a collection of old players and castoffs, cagily rounded up by John Quinn and guided by the genius of one of the greatest managers baseball has ever known, Billy Southworth.

There was some bewilderment later on when the Braves finished seventh in 1952, their last season in Boston, and then shot up to second place the next year in Milwaukee. The explanation is simple. The farm system was beginning to make itself felt at the top level. And there was more help on the way up.

Our scouts had been doing an industrious job of turning up talent in the cities and the bushes, but some of our discoveries were sheer luck. We became aware of Henry Aaron through a mere postscript in a letter, for instance, while Wes Covington was forced on us against our "better judgment."

Aaron was first mentioned to us by Syd Pollock, owner of the Indianapolis Clowns, a barnstorming Negro team, who scribbled at the bottom of a letter, "P.S. I've got an eighteen-year-old shortstop hitting fourth and leading the club in hitting."

We had the boy scouted, and he turned out to be all his proud owner claimed he was, but Pollock said he wouldn't sell him until the season was over. He did give us first option to buy him, though. This was in early May of 1952. Now I'll confess how, through procrastination, I almost lost Aaron for the Braves.

One day in June, John Quinn walked into my office and asked, "What's the latest on Aaron? Better call Syd Pollock and find out what's going on."

I was sure Pollock wasn't going to sell him until the end of the season, as he'd said, so I kept putting off the call. Later the same day Quinn came back again.

"What did Pollock say?" he asked.

"I haven't been able to reach him yet," I said. I just hadn't called, that was all. I was sure there wasn't any point in calling, but now I had to do it. I reached Pollock in a hotel in Chicago. He was in the lobby taking a bid for Aaron from the Giants.

"They've made me an offer," he said, "but I gave you first option. What will you give me for him?"

I consulted Quinn again. He said we could go $2500 down, with $7500 more if Aaron made good. Remember, this was 1952 in Boston, where we were drawing only 281,000 spectators. Ten thousand dollars was a lot of money to the Braves then.

Pollock accepted our offer, but something tells me that if our call hadn't been made that very day, Aaron would be playing for the Giants now. Well, you know the rest. Aaron was up with the Braves by 1954, far ahead of schedule. Since then he has led the league at one time or another in batting, home runs, two-base hits and runs batted in. In 1957 he was elected the most valuable player. This year he was batting over .400 in mid-June and headed for the greatest season of his career. At twenty-five, he hasn't hit his peak yet.

In 1950 a Negro minister showed up in Boston with a boy named Wes Covington and asked us to give him a tryout, which we did. Covington was unimpressive—brute strength in its crudest form—and we gave him the "why-don't-you-come-back-later?" treatment. We forgot all about him, but the next spring Covington showed up at our minor-league base. There was nothing to do but issue him a uniform and assign him quarters.

He had a mighty swing, and once in a while he'd get hold of a pitch and knock it into the trees that lined the outfield. But he'd drive you crazy missing, and in the outfield he was as awkward as a newborn calf. When it came time for the farm-club managers to pick their teams, nobody wanted Covington. But a scout named Dewey Griggs invited Covington to come to Homer, New York, and play on a semipro team he operated there.

One morning at five o'clock Mrs. Griggs was scared half to death by the sight of a large Negro boy lying on her front porch. Covington had arrived in Homer and, finding no one up at the hour his bus reached town, he had stretched out and gone to sleep on the Griggs porch.

Covington hit everything in sight at Homer, and pretty soon Griggs signed him to a contract for the Braves, telling us, "I'll eat every word I've written about him if he doesn't make the majors."

The next spring we almost let Covington get away again, but an outfielder shortage developed on our Eau Claire club, and manager Bill Adair decided to take a chance on him. Covington eventually made good all the way. Last season he batted .330 and hit twenty-four home runs in ninety games. While he still has certain defensive deficiencies, it appears he'll be Milwaukee's No. 1 left fielder for many years.

You might say that I was an unlikely prospect myself for the job of farm director. I never played a game of baseball in my life, whereas a number of farm systems are headed by former major-leaguers. Carl Hubbell of San Francisco is a Hall of Famer. Then there are Johnny Murphy of Boston, Hoot Evers of Cleveland, Fresco Thompson of Los Angeles, Sherry Robertson of Washington and Jerry Coleman of New York.

I have found my lack of playing experience no handicap, though. You don't have to be a genius with a glove and bat to recognize diamond talent when you see it.

I fell into baseball entirely by accident late in 1946. After wartime service as a Coast Guard yeoman, I got an office job with the C. J. Maney Construction Company. I didn't know it at the time, but Mr. Maney was one of three construction engineers—"The Three Little Steamshovels"—who had bought the Boston Braves. The two others were Lou Perini, who since has become sole owner of the franchise, and Guido Rugo.

After a few weeks in the C. J. Maney office I was told to report to Braves Field as clerical aid for Harry Jenkins, a one-time minor-league pitcher who was then organizing the farm system. It was supposed to be a temporary arrangement, but I've been in the Braves' farm office ever since. I eventually became assistant to Jenkins, and then succeeded him after he resigned in 1951.

I was only twenty-eight at the time. Dealing with executives, managers and scouts who were older than I was, I could sense them wondering what I knew about baseball. I found myself holding back opinions I wished to express.

Mostly I relied on the judgment of others whom I respected and trusted. I was sure that my success or failure would depend upon the people who worked for me and with me, and that is how things have turned out.

One spring soon after I'd been appointed farm director some of us were gabbing in the clubhouse. Bob Coleman, who is close to seventy, and Ted McGrew, another liaison scout, who is over seventy-five, were digging into some personal baseball history. The longer they talked the farther they went back.

"By the way, Ted," Coleman asked McGrew, "do you remember that first baseman you had at Whistleswitch?"

McGrew racked his brain and said that for the life of him he couldn't remember.

"You ought to remember him," Coleman said.

"What do you mean?" McGrew asked.

"Aw, you know," Coleman said, "he was that fellow who was a sergeant in the Spanish-American War."

That almost did it. I was about ready to go back to being an apprentice in the Coast Guard again.

Fortunately I stayed with the Braves, and they have moved into a victory cycle to exceed my fondest dreams. You win pennants in the minors, and then you use the same players to win pennants in the majors. Take it from a baseball farmer, this is the ultimate in crop rotation.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

MEXICO DOESN'T WANT THE COLD WAR

Why Our Neighbor Shuns the Free World's Troubles

THE GASHOUSE GANG AND I

The St. Louis Cardinals' Days of Glory

By Frank Frisch

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 31:

THE EXPANDING MENTAL UNIVERSE

By Bertrand Russell

MY BACK-YARD REHABILITATION CENTER

A Teen-Ager's Clinic for Injured Animals

THE STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA

THE TEAMSTERS' BOSS TAKES THE STAND

By John Bartlow Martin

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Alexander Botts, Security Agent

(Continued from Page 21)

"Military orders," he said.

"Do you think you are going to learn anything worth while?"

"No."

"Me neither," I said.

By common consent we adjourned to our rooms at the hotel, put on swimming trunks and repaired to the beach. As we relaxed in the sunshine and contemplated the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, I gave the major a brief explanation of my advanced ideas on education.

"We cannot outdo the Russians," I said, "merely by imitating them. From what I hear, the Russians have copied the former German system wherein everything was controlled by the higher authorities and run from the top down, with the accent on discipline, obedience and conformity. In Germany this system produced a nation of highly trained technicians who were perfectly happy to take orders from a man like Hitler. No wonder Germany lost in the end to nations with more liberal ideas."

"How right you are," said the major.

"The Russians," I continued, "now seem to be worse than the Germans ever were. They are producing an entire nation of skilled automatons conditioned to obey a Stalin or a Khrushchev or anybody else who happens to be on top. To get ahead of such people we must do exactly the opposite of what they are doing. We must resist the present attempt of the Earthworm Company to ram down our throats a lot of erudite nonsense which we do not want. And we must assert our rights as free men controlling our own intellectual development."

"I could not agree with you more," said the major. "Already, by listening to you for five minutes, I have learned more than during an entire hour of this alleged school."

"Thank you," I said. "Just what are your duties around here?"

"I am assigned to the United States Army Coquina Proving Ground, which is adjacent to the Earthworm Proving Ground, and is largely used to test out Army equipment made by your Earthworm Company. Are you familiar with what we are doing?"

"No," I said. "This special stuff is made in shops separate from our regular factory. I have never had a chance to look it over."

"If you are interested, Mr. Botts, I will arrange to take you over tomorrow and show you the last word in radio-controlled tractors. I will even let you operate one of them."

"Splendid," I said.

The major departed to make arrangements for my visit, and I spent the rest of the day on the beach.

The next morning—yesterday—the major conducted me to the Army Proving Ground, an area of several square miles surrounded by a high barbed-wire fence. The major had been unable to procure the necessary papers for me in advance. I was therefore subjected to a long and stupid examination. I filled out endless questionnaires. I exhibited my birth certificate. I was fingerprinted and photographed. Finally they gave me a pass and a badge.

The major explained this nonsense by telling me that they had a new security officer who had just been attending some sort of security school, where he had learned all the most cumbersome methods for protecting military secrets.

We entered the gate, and the major took me to a parking area where he pointed out an XX77 Earthworm tractor outfitted in a truly remarkable manner. It was covered with armor and equipped with a bulldozer blade on the front, and a set of gang plows on the rear. There was a turret with a window, and a machine gun and a number of metal rods which looked like radio or TV antennas.

"Is this the new radio-controlled tractor?" I asked.

"Yes, Mr. Botts. This is the latest model with all the most up-to-date improvements. The machine is designed so that it can travel, without any operator, through areas contaminated by atomic fallout. It can scrape the fallout to one side or plow it under so as to open a safe path for troops to march through. It can also be used for reconnaissance, for hauling artillery and supplies, and even for combat. The control unit is over there."

We entered a booth filled with electronic equipment. There were a lot of levers, knobs and buttons, and a screen which the major explained was designed to carry a picture picked up by a TV camera mounted behind bulletproof glass in the turret of the tractor.

The major and I took turns operating the controls, which are effective up to a distance of ten miles. It was not only a lot of fun but also highly educational. We drove the tractor hither and thither about the parking area, sounding a big siren and yelling at military pedestrians through a mike in the booth and a speaker on the tractor. We could hear the reactions of the pedestrians through a mike on the tractor and a speaker in the booth.

We drove to a test area and plowed up a lot of earth with the bulldozer and the plows. We stopped in at a target range and tried out our amazingly accurate machine gun. Then we drove several miles to the far side of the reservation, where a half dozen workmen on a loading platform were boxing for export another of the radio-TV tractors. The box bore a stenciled address showing it was to be shipped via Tampa to an Army base in Panama. There was a smaller box, also consigned to Panama, which the major told me contained a control unit similar to the one we were using.

"Does each tractor have to have its own individual control unit?" I asked.

"No," said the major. "Any control unit can be tuned to control any tractor."

"Then couldn't the enemy tune in on one of our tractors and steal it from us?"

"No, because nobody except the United States Army has any of these tractors or any of these control units, and the mechanism is top secret. Hundreds of soldiers and civilians have learned how to operate these machines, but the working parts are sealed and are accessible only to our most highly trusted technicians."

The major then showed me how to tune in on the other tractor. I twirled the necessary controls, and at once the picture on our screen blacked out. Since the tractor was inside the box we could see nothing, but we could hear the voices of the workmen and the pounding of their hammers.

"This is too good to miss," I said. I touched the button and sounded a mighty blast on the faraway siren. I could imagine the terrified workmen scattering in all directions. The major and I had a good laugh. Then I spoke reassuringly over the sound system.

"Excuse it, please," I said. "Just testing."

Switching the controls to the first tractor, we brought it back to the parking ground next to the control unit.

"That's enough for today," said the major. "But I hope you can come back tomorrow. A civilian expert from Schenectady is arriving to give a demonstration of this equipment to a group of officers from the Pentagon. You might be interested."

"Indeed I would," I said. "I am always eager to improve my mind by taking advantage of real educational opportunities."

At this point the chief security officer arrived, conferred privately with the major and then conducted both of us to the main gate. After we were outside, the major smiled with quiet amusement.

"Ever since that guy went to security school," he said, "he has been taking his responsibilities very seriously. He has just received word of a suspected Communist plot to steal one of our radio-controlled tractors and a control unit and ship them to Russia. The whole thing sounds pretty fantastic to me, but he is so alarmed that he has revoked your security clearance. You can't come back tomorrow."

"He's barking up the wrong tree," I said. "I'm not working for the Communists."

"He's on the veranda . . . having breakfast!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I know it," said the major, "and you know it, but he doesn't know it. So he won't let you inside the fence any more. And there is nothing we can do about it."

We spent the rest of the day—yesterday—and all of today on the beach, where I did a lot of meditating. Your letter arrived late this afternoon. I have been spending the evening writing this letter and doing a lot more meditating. And I am more than ever convinced that getting ahead of the Russians requires more than the dull routine of the classroom. The victims of the Earthworm Engineering School are merely having their minds cluttered with a lot of useless facts and figures which most of them will never need. Even worse is the plight of the security officer, who knows nothing about his job except routine and conventional methods. While the poor man is throwing out such honest citizens as myself, barring the front gate, and fooling around with birth certificates, badges and passes, he cannot possibly have time to find out what the enemy is actually doing.

Fortunately, Alexander Botts is on hand—unhampered by doctrinaire teachings—the one person who has what it takes to protect our radio-controlled tractors from enemy agents. Tomorrow I will start a thorough investigation of the situation, avoiding the front gate and concentrating on the rear areas. I will try various methods for crawling under, breaking through or climbing over the barbed-wire fence. I will feel out the weaknesses of our position. I will apprehend all enemy agents that may be lurking in the vicinity. At the close of the investigation I will make a complete report to the authorities, so they may set up adequate security measures.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
DECEMBER 12, 1958

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EARTHWORM PROVING GROUND
COQUINA BEACH, FLORIDA
YOU ARE DIRECTED TO RETURN AT ONCE TO OUR ENGINEERING SCHOOL AND ATTEND REGULARLY UNTIL END OF COURSE. GETTING AHEAD OF RUSSIANS REQUIRES SOLID SCIENTIFIC TRAINING, NOT LOLLING AROUND ON THE BEACH, ENGAGING IN CHILDISH PLAY WITH RADIO-CONTROLLED MACHINERY AND GIVING WAY TO SPY HYSTERIA. ANY ATTEMPT ON YOUR PART TO ENGAGE IN AMATEUR CLOAK-AND-DAGGER PROJECTS DESIGNED TO TRAP IMAGINARY FOREIGN AGENTS CAN ONLY RESULT IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.
GILBERT HENDERSON

Coquina Beach, Florida
Friday, December 12, 1958

Dear Henderson: Your telegram did not arrive until this evening—too late for me to heed your warning that my spy-hunting activities might get me into serious trouble. As I am always ready, Henderson, to give you full credit when you are right in your predictions, I will now explain how—through my earnest attempts to protect the security of our great country—I managed to get myself in the middle of a conflict between the forces of good and the forces of evil, and how I was shot at by both sides and even placed under arrest by those who should have been helping me.

Yesterday morning, Thursday, I sallied forth with a small but sturdy toy shovel. I started to walk around the great Coquina Army Proving Ground, carefully inspecting the barbed-wire fence. About two miles from the main gate, where the major and I had entered, I found another gate. To test the effectiveness of the guards, I applied for admission and was politely informed that no one could enter without a pass.

"What kind of a pass?" I asked.

(*Continued on Page 62*)

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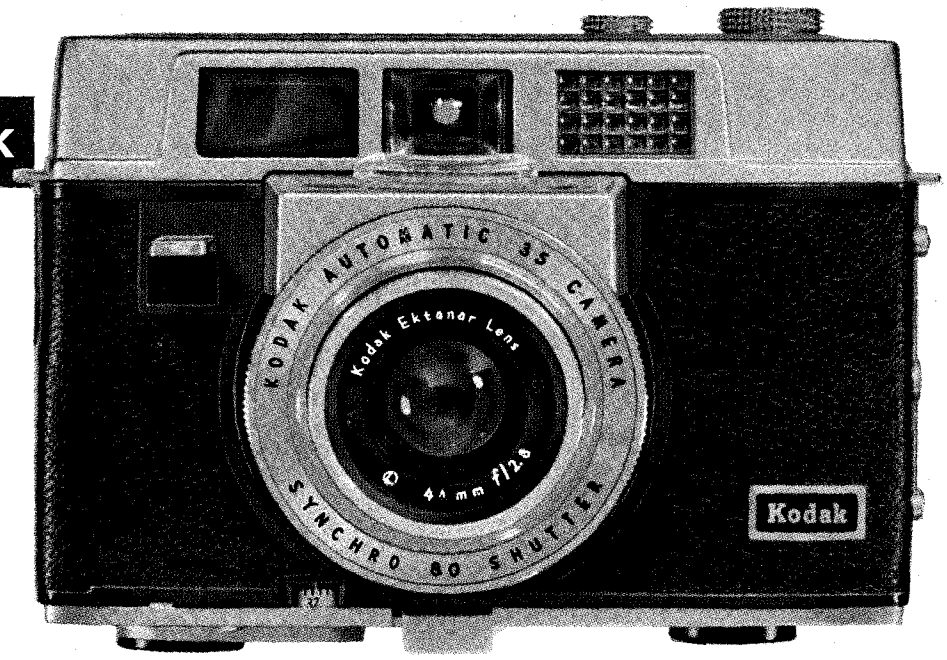
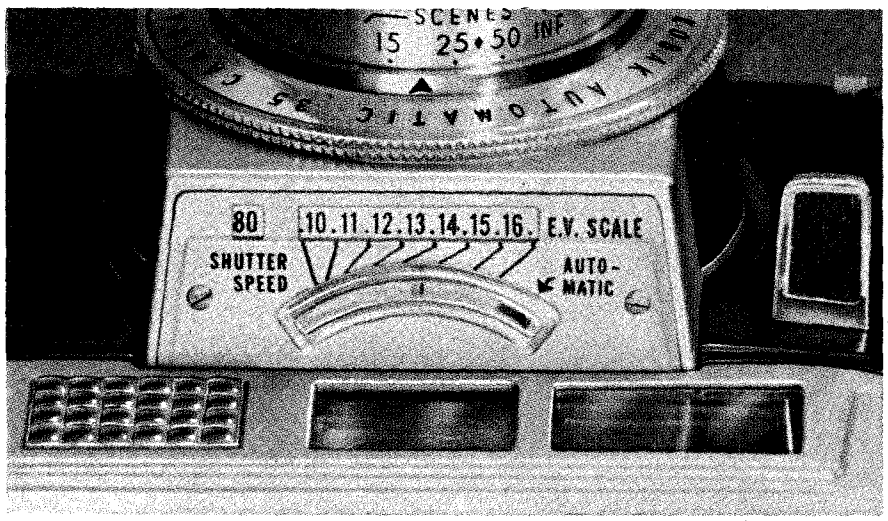
NEW FROM KODAK

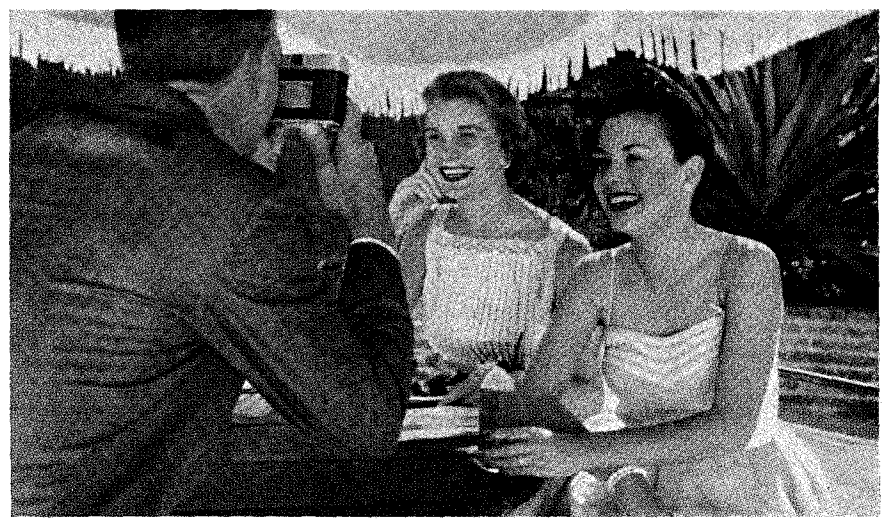


Easiest-to-use 35mm camera you've ever seen. Great for travel and at home. Fast *f*/2.8 lens; sets itself for picture-perfect results! As little as $8.45 down. Many dealers will take your camera in trade.

New Kodak Automatic 35 Camera has **electric eye...** sets itself! Just aim and shoot for sparkling pictures! Only $**84.50**



THE ELECTRIC EYE reads the light, sets the lens *automatically*. Aim and shoot for picture-perfect snapshots and color slides.



SHOOT IN THE SHADE—the lens opens up, as your eyes do. In sunshine or in shade, it's *automatic* for every popular film.

LOADS FAST—drop in, no threading. Focuses fast for close-ups, groups, scenes. Thumb-flick film wind. Gets great color slides with Kodachrome Film, color prints with Kodacolor Film.

NEEDLE-SHARP pictures in color, to project big as life. New pleasure in picture-taking and in viewing—every picture bright and clear.

Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down. List price includes tax, is subject to change without notice.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet"

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

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(*Continued from Page 60*) "They issue them at the security office at the main gate," said the guard.

"Would it be possible," I asked, "for a Communist spy to forge one of these passes?"

"Maybe—but it wouldn't work. Every time a pass is presented we telephone the security office to find out if it's genuine."

At this point a large platform truck drove up with a driver and a helper. The driver produced a pass which was handed over to the sergeant of the guard. I heard him make a telephone check, and the truck was permitted to enter.

I resumed my tour of inspection and soon found myself in an area of dense junglelike vegetation. It extended for some distance on both sides of the fence, which ran through the middle of a cleared strip several yards wide. Lurking in the concealment of the bushes, I noticed a guard marching along the inside of the fence.

The situation was familiar. As a boy in Smedleytown, Iowa, I had supplemented my routine school education by carrying on various original research projects. One of these involved the cop who patrolled the local ball park; by conducting a scientific time study of his movements I learned exactly when certain sections of the fence were unprotected, and I was thus able to see many ball games without paying admission.

Years later this part of my education once more came in handy. I timed the guard at the Proving Ground. He was absent for twenty minutes in one direction, two minutes in the other. I waited until he started one of his twenty-minute tours, and then I began digging a hole under the fence. Ten minutes later—just as the hole was big enough to crawl through—I heard, from a highway behind me, the roar of a truck, followed by a loud squeaking of brakes and then silence. As I was on a scouting expedition, I decided to investigate. I concealed the hole under the fence with a couple of branches. I made my way to the vicinity of the highway and peered out through the bushes.

And what I saw, Henderson, was something you will find it hard to believe. The truck which I had previously seen at the gate, and which was now loaded with the two export cases consigned to Panama, had been stopped by two vicious characters with revolvers. Even as I looked, they climbed into the cab and forced the driver to turn off into a narrow, little-used road through the underbrush. I followed cautiously.

After about a mile the truck stopped on the bank of a lonely inlet. The two highjackers got out and tied the truck driver and his helper to a couple of trees.

"Where's that shrimp boat?" one of the crooks asked.

"I can see it coming," said the other, "about a mile down the inlet."

Right then I decided to get out of there. But I moved too fast. I slipped and fell down with a great crash of breaking twigs and branches. This was a mistake on my part, because it alarmed the criminals. They yelled for me to halt. When I did not, they started shooting at me. This was a mistake on their part, because they not only missed me but stimulated me into a truly remarkable burst of speed. In what must have been considerably less than four minutes I covered something over a mile and arrived at the gate which I have previously mentioned.

As soon as I could catch my breath I began shouting, "Quick! The Communists have stolen the tractor! They've been shooting at me. Didn't you hear them?"

"I heard shots," said the guard, "but they don't mean nothing. There's target ranges all around here."

"But the Communists have stolen the tractor," I repeated. "You've got to send out a patrol! You've got to catch them before they get away!"

The guard acted annoyed. "Are you the same boob that was here a little while ago talking about Communist spies forging passes?"

"Yes."

"And now you're talking about Communist spies stealing tractors?"

"Yes."

"Listen, buddy," said the guard, "my job is to watch this gate—not chase spies. The trouble with you is you read too many comic books. You're beginning to see things. You better run along or I'll lock you up."

I walked away. I thought of looking up my friend, the major, but I did not know where to find him. I thought of hurrying to the main gate and appealing to the security officer. But I was sure that his theoretical, classroom mentality would react even more slowly than the guard at the gate.

There seemed only one thing to do. I ran as fast as I could to the place where I had dug under the fence. Without waiting to check on the guard, I crawled through. This was another mistake on my part. Just as I was darting into the bushes on the inner side of the fence the guard came in sight and yelled for me to halt. When I kept running, he fired a couple of shots. Fortunately he missed. But I knew he would raise an alarm. There would be an attempt to track me down. I had to act fast.

I managed to sneak through the brush unnoticed. I made my way to the parking ground, where I found the tractor and the control unit right where the major and I had left them on Tuesday. A dozen officers were standing around. I felt sure none of them would believe my fantastic spy story. It would be necessary, therefore, to use a subtle and indirect approach. I spoke to one of them, "You are the group from the Pentagon, I presume?"

"Yes," he said; "we are waiting for Mr. Patterson of Schenectady, who is to give us a demonstration."

"You need wait no longer," I said. "I am Mr. Patterson."

In the twinkling of an eye my resourceful mind had decided on a course of action. The officers gathered around as I climbed into the control unit. In my wild dash through the shrubbery I had become somewhat disheveled, and at first they were a bit suspicious; but apparently they decided that a scientist from Schenectady is apt to be slightly eccentric. And before long they were watching and listening with deep respect as I put on what may well go down in history as the outstanding tractor demonstration of all time.

"Gentlemen," I said, "to illustrate the versatility of our radio-controlled tractor, I have evolved a dramatic situation to show you how one of these machines may be used in counterespionage activities. For the purposes of this demonstration we are going to assume that a radio-controlled tractor and a control unit were boxed for export, loaded onto a truck and started this morning for Tampa, from which port they were to be shipped to an Army base in Panama. But the local security officer has been so busy with his questionnaires and fingerprints that he has neglected to provide adequate guards. The truck has been highjacked by Communist agents and has been driven to a lonely inlet a few miles from here. The enemy agents are planning to load the tractor and control unit into a shrimp boat which will take them to some secret rendezvous in Cuba, Mexico or elsewhere, to be transshipped to the Soviet Union. Do you follow me?"

"It's a pretty fantastic story," said one of the officers, "but it's all right if you don't expect us to believe it."

"That's a good point," I said. "We are going to assume that one of us has seen the highjacking and followed the truck to the inlet where the shrimp boat is expected to arrive at any moment. The highjackers are armed. Our man has no weapons. What should he do?"

"He should notify the authorities."

"Unfortunately," I said, "his story—as one of you has pointed out—is too fantastic. We must assume, therefore, that nobody would believe him. What should he do then?"

None of the officers seemed to have a good answer for this one.

"Very good," I said, "I will tell you. I will also show you. All our man has to do is burrow under the fence, come to the Proving Ground and enter this control booth, as I have just done. Next, he warms up the tubes—like this."

I spun the knobs until the picture on the screen reproduced the view from the turret of the nearby tractor.

I continued, "Now that we know the controls are working properly, we shift this little pointer so as to tune in on that tractor several miles away on the bank of the lonely inlet. Have I made myself clear?"

"There must be something wrong," said one of the officers. "There isn't any picture on the screen any more."

"Exactly," I said. "That tractor down there at the inlet is inside a packing case. Naturally we can't see anything, but maybe we can hear something."

I cut in the sound system, and right away we could hear a faraway voice yelling, "All right—swing that boom over here and we'll hook onto the first box."

"Aha!" I said. "We are just in time. I am now going to rescue that tractor right out from under the noses of the conspirators."

I started spinning knobs, pressing buttons and throwing switches—using all the skill I had acquired a couple of days before. I started up the engine in that distant tractor. I drove the machine with a tremendous crash out the end of the packing case. The screen came alive with a view from the turret, and the picture gave a mighty heave as the tractor rolled off the end of the truck and dropped to the ground.

Turning proudly to my audience I said, "You have just seen one of the advantages of remote control. If one of us had been on the seat of that machine when it dropped off the end of the truck, he would have suffered a bone-shattering jolt. As it is, we have not felt the slightest jar. And now I want you to watch closely and listen carefully as I take charge of the situation down there on the bank of the inlet."

Once more I began my expert manipulation of the controls. I spun the turret and pointed the television camera hither and thither, so that we all had a splendid view of the entire scene. The shrimp boat had tied up at a primitive landing pier. It looked like any other shrimp boat, except that it had an oversized mast, with a boom big enough to handle heavy loads. A half dozen evil-looking characters—obviously the crew of the boat—were standing on the deck. The two highjackers were on the bank. The truck driver and his helper were still tied to trees.

I began shouting commands, "All right, you two on the bank there! Untie your prisoners!"

Their only reply was to pull out their revolvers and start shooting at the tractor. I then swung the machine gun into action. Taking advantage of all the delicate refinements of the beautifully designed controls, I plowed up the mud near their feet. Then I deftly shot off their hats.

This completely cowed them. As they untied their prisoners, I resumed my lecture to the assembled group from the Pentagon. "What you have just seen," I said, "is a further illustration of the advantages of remote control. You can shoot it out with a couple of gunmen without the slightest danger of getting hit yourself."

A quick glance at my audience revealed that they were speechless with astonishment and admiration. I turned back to the sound system and resumed my operations at the distant inlet.

"Ahoy, there!" I shouted. "I want you men on the deck to come ashore. And don't try to escape by going below. If you do, I'll shoot holes all along the water line and sink the boat."

The men meekly came ashore—at which I will have to admit I was a little disappointed. It is not often that I have a chance to sink a shrimp boat with a machine gun. It would have been lots of fun. But I reminded myself that such frivolous amusements have no proper place in serious counterespionage activities. I returned sternly to the business at hand.

I lined up the two highjackers and the six crewmen on the road leading back to the proving ground. I swung the tractor in behind them. I directed the two released prisoners to take charge once more of their truck. I then started a triumphant parade. The highjackers and the crew marched ahead. The tractor rolled along behind them. And the truck brought up the rear. To keep the criminals in a properly co-operative frame of mind I sent an occasional burst of machine-gun fire into the ground beside them—first on one side and then the other.

When we reached the gate, I made so much noise working the siren and yelling through the sound system that the entire guard turned out. The truck driver and his helper told their story to the officer of the day, and he ordered the crooks locked up.

As I turned off the controls, a detail of Military Police arrived, accompanied by the security officer, my friend the major, and a little man who turned out to be the scientist from Schenectady. I was immediately placed under arrest. But after I had explained everything and after the major had come to my defense, I was turned loose and thanked for blocking a dangerous Communist conspiracy. And—what pleases me even more—I had a chance to give a final bit of advice to the officers from the Pentagon.

"If you want to beat the Russians," I said, "you have to rise above the dull routine of the classroom. You have to think and act for yourselves. Such being the case, I recommend that you now adjourn for an afternoon of relaxation and meditation on the beach."

They went—after shaking hands and congratulating your unusually well-educated sales manager, ALEXANDER BOTTS.

THE END

The persons doing the most for the country are litterbug vacationists—by returning to the city.

SHANNON FIFE

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His Grace Will Do Anything

(Continued from Page 19)

paintings, sculpture works, a library of rare first editions and a bed once occupied by Queen Victoria—Bedford has added touches of his very own. He has installed a jukebox, for example, and a penny arcade. Where royalty rode to hounds, the visitor may now frolic about on a pony, a llama or a miniature train.

"One must see," the duke says, "that one's guests enjoy themselves." Sailboats and water scooters are available for modest fees on the fourteen ponds of Woburn Park. There are a playground at the abbey, a zoo and a herd of bison, plus 2000 deer frisking about the grounds. There are also a restaurant, a tea garden, a milk bar and a souvenir shop that sells bric-a-brac stamped with the ducal coronet. One of Woburn's more popular features, unique in the stately-homes league, is a peep show—TEN BEAUTIFUL MODELS IN COLOR AND 3-D.

Like most innovators, Bedford has not escaped censure for daring to be different. It is often charged, mainly by members of his own caste, that he is undignified. The duke admits it. "Take your dignity to a pawnbroker," he says with disdain, "and see what you get for it."

This implication of penury may seem difficult to square with the fact that about six years ago Bedford inherited an estate worth roughly $19,000,000. It brings us to one of the most amazing hard-luck stories of all time.

First, a few words of background. While no one can take his wealth with him when he goes, it is possible under British tax law for a man to leave it behind intact—that is, free from death duties—by signing it over to an heir during his lifetime. But he must do so at least five years before he dies. The trick is in the timing.

In this case the twelfth Duke of Bedford, Hastings Russell, assigned all to his son in December of 1948. Alas, four years and ten months later, while out hunting hawks, he accidentally shot and killed himself. Obituary writers couldn't help noting his ducal motto, *Che Sarà Sarà*—What Will Be Will Be. It was fate.

As a result, the new duke was billed for $14,000,000 in death duties, due in full by 1961. Having just come into the family fortune—little cash, but 38,000 acres of real estate—he had to preside over its liquidation. Piece by piece, parcels of Devon and Dorset here, blocks of London there, the vast Bedford seigniory has since been broken up under the auctioneer's hammer. The sale of land has so far cut the tax debt to about $5,000,000, which probably will be raised in the same way.

From the outset, hocking his inheritance was a distressing business to the duke. Worst of all for him, his lovely Lady Lydia and their five children was the prospect of losing the very roof over their heads. Woburn Abbey had been exempted from death duties, being classed as one gigantic $5,000,000 family heirloom, and couldn't be sold without incurring further taxes on the rough order of 85 per cent. As a down payment on the $14,000,000 dun, however, it could be turned over to the National Trust. Through tax defaults, this agency had already acquired a hundred stately homes, many of whose former owners were allowed to stay on as lifetime tenants. To the trustees of the twelfth duke's sadly depleted estate, mindful that the upkeep of Woburn would drain off nearly $150,000 each year, it seemed only good sense to unload the old abbey in this way.

When they put it to the thirteenth duke, he was outraged. "I said to blazes with that," Bedford recalls. "What's the point in being a duke if you haven't any seat? And to be a lodger in one's own home—shocking! Never! That's why I decided to get into this stately-homes racket—to make Woburn pay its own way. Last year we took in almost a quarter of a million dollars. So I've done it."

The flamboyant way he has done it has caused the British press to dub him the Showman Duke, the Duke of Barnum and even the Democratic Duke, but it has not endeared him to such aristocratic rivals as the tenth Duke of Marlborough (Blenheim Palace), who once suggested, "That fellow Bedford ought to be charged an entertainment tax." Not long ago a member of the National Trust, Sir Albert Richardson, also expressed displeasure over the duke's peep shows, penny arcades and his unabashed huckstering. "I do not go to Woburn these days," he said, "because there is too much of a show. There is a certain forbearing in these things."

Bedford is totally untroubled by his critics. "The people in my business are all so grand and snooty," he says, "that they haven't cottoned on to the fact that you must give the public what they want. Most people don't want works of art. They want cups of tea and donkey rides."

If a poll taken last summer at Woburn means anything, what 60 per cent of them want most of all is a glimpse of his grace. "One is one of the attractions," says Bedford. "My competitors may run and hide on public days, but I prefer to keep myself on display." The duke takes tickets, sells souvenirs and guidebooks, poses for snapshots and signs thousands of autographs—"My signature's the only thing here that's free." Not long ago he entertained a group of visitors by thumping on a washboard and yowling, It Takes a Worried Man to Sing a Worried Song—a number he considers appropriate for one with his tax problems.

As a vocalist Bedford merits no raves. His specialty is conducting tours throughout the abbey. Climbing the grand staircase and passing along the duke's corridor, Woburn's gallery of ancestral portraits, he delights in rattling old family skeletons. "That's the first Earl of Bedford," he will say, dead pan. "Made his money out of smuggling. A lot of my other relatives simply married rich women. It's easier and more agreeable than working. Here's the second earl. Supposed to have been the ugliest man in Europe. Wouldn't doubt it m'self.

"Up there we have William Russell. Poor chap had his head chopped off. Shouldn't have really. It was all a very silly mistake. And this is my old great aunt, who used to talk to herself."

The tourists, particularly Americans, enjoy his irreverent spiel. "Duke," a woman from Florida told him recently, "you're a real all-American boy!"

A highlight of the Woburn tour is a visit to the state bedroom, an ornate chamber with a gilded ceiling and an immense four-poster bed, draped and canopied with cloth of gold. As Bedford informs his guests, "Charles I and Queen Victoria slept here." So they did, but two centuries apart, a fact the duke finds it more entertaining to omit. In hopes of improving this line of patter he once offered the use of the state bedroom to Miss Marilyn Monroe. Unfortunately she declined.

In guiding trippers through his mansion, Bedford is sometimes heard to complain about its economic drawbacks. The fuel bill is up to $14,000 a year, the roof needs fixing—it conjures up visions of a wolf at the door. One elderly Manchester woman was so moved by the duke's plight that, on leaving the abbey, she pressed a crumpled ten-shilling note into his hand. "Take this, dearie," she said. "I hope it will help." The duke took it.

To drum up new business for Woburn, Bedford advertises extensively and makes speeches whenever and wherever the opportunity arises. He stages rallies and contests at the abbey for antique autos, helicopters and fat women. "I will do anything," he admits, "to attract crowds."

One good way to do so, he has found, is to create an unusual scene that will get his name, coupled with Woburn's, in the newspapers. Accordingly, when he was invited to a cocktail party given by a milk-marketing board in 1956, the duke turned up at London's Grosvenor House Hotel with Woburn Ethylene, his prize Jersey cow, after first insuring the hotel's carpets with Lloyd's. To reporters, who had been tipped off in advance, he explained, "I thought a representative of the milk producers should be here."

Such pranks have earned Bedford so much free advertising that a London newspaper, the News Chronicle, once placed an embargo against his activities. It was lifted last summer, however, when the duke came up with his most inspired publicity stunt. He got the World Naturalist Congress to hold a full undress convention in a secluded corner of Woburn Park. Beforehand he announced that the 1000 delegates wouldn't be fenced off from the public, although there would be signs reading, BEWARE! NUDISTS! "If visitors go into the camp reserved for the nudists," he warned, "they will have to be prepared for a shock."

As it turned out, this was false advertising. The nature buffs were well shielded by thick and thorny bushes, but Woburn's coffers still jingled as never before.

In his efforts to arrest public attention, Bedford is not above making fun of himself and his business. His first television appearance was as a foil for comedian Hughie Green in an outrageous spoof of the stately-homes league. The duke wasn't too happy about his debut—he felt he seemed a trifle pompous—but the London Daily Mail criticized him on the opposite ground that he lacked dignity. "In the social history of Britain," the paper commented with dripping irony, "this should certainly rank with other famous incidents such as those of Raleigh and the cape and Queen Victoria not being amused. . . ." At the same time, however, Bedford received a fan letter from a Covent Garden fruit porter, who wrote, "They ought to make you comic of the year." He liked that better.

Because of his evident popularity Bedford is much sought after by advertising agencies to endorse their clients' products or to deliver commercial messages on radio, TV and film. The duke is usually available, for a fee, provided he can tie in a word or two about Woburn Abbey on the sponsor's time. Granted these conditions, he throws himself into the work like the expert pitchman he is. On one occasion, demonstrating the use of do-it-yourself insulating tiles, he had to crawl

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

The rule designed to speed up the game by curbing free substitution of pitchers can make for odd situations. Here is a hypothetical one:

Say the Detroit Tigers and Boston Red Sox are tied, 5–5, as Boston bats in the last of the eighth. Singles by Gernert and Stephens put Sox on first and third. The Tiger pitcher walks Sam White, loading the sacks. At this critical point, Boston substitutes Vic Wertz, a left-handed hitter. The Tigers counter by yanking their pitcher and sending in southpaw Don Mossi to pitch to Wertz. After Wertz whiffs at two curve balls, the Boston manager substitutes Jim Busby, a right-handed batter. Not to be outdone, the Tiger manager waves right-hander Ray Narleski to the mound for Detroit.

At that the Red Sox manager protests that Mossi must pitch to Busby. The Tiger pilot retorts that Mossi has complied with the rules by pitching to Wertz, himself a substitute.

If you were umpiring, how would you unscramble this one?

See page 65 for answer

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around on the floor before millions of viewers. Bedford didn't mind; he unbends easily. But another peer who'd seen the performance told him testily, "Your ancestors must be turning in their graves." The duke replied, "Let 'em turn."

It's doubtful if many did. For while Bedford's family has produced some truly great figures—including Prime Minister John Russell and philosopher Lord [Bertrand] Russell, a cousin of the current duke—it can also claim several of the most eminent English oddballs.

The clan owes its nobility to John Russell, a Dorset coastal smuggler who had the good fortune to rescue the king of Spain from a shipwreck and the good sense to deliver him personally to Henry VIII. Henry took a shine to Russell, as had the Spanish monarch, and presently made him ambassador to Spain. As an executor of Henry's estate he became an earl in 1555 and was granted lands and a tumble-down Cistercian monastery that had been seized in the Dissolution of 1538. At that time the abbot was hanged from a nearby oak tree that still stands as one of the side attractions at Woburn.

The fourth Earl of Bedford was the first to live at Woburn. He took refuge there from the great plague of 1625 and built a mansion on the site of the old abbey, one wing of which is still in use today. There the family grew and prospered, one way or another. William, eldest son of the fifth earl, married a daughter of Lord Southampton. Upon Southampton's death, she and her two sisters divvied up his estate by cutting cards. She won the jack pot for the Russells—virtually the entire Bloomsbury district of London. It was William who also acquired for his family the Bedford dukedom, but at a fearful price. Accused of plotting to kill Charles II, he was beheaded in 1683. Six years later—too late—an act of Parliament exonerated him of the crime. By way of compensation for his son's head, the fifth earl was promoted to first duke.

The second duke, Wriothesley Russell, married another heiress at the age of fourteen and died at thirty-two. Of the third duke, according to a family history written by the present incumbent, "little is known beyond the fact that he was dissipated and delicate and that he got through an amazing amount of money in his twenty-four years."

After economizing for ten years to pay his brother's gambling debts, the fourth duke rebuilt Woburn on a grand scale and filled it with treasures, including a Sèvres dinner service that was valued at approximately $90,000 when Louis XV gave it to the Duchess of Bedford in 1763. He was followed by his grandson, Francis, who installed mistresses in each of the abbey's four wings and settled down to a full life. At the age of thirty-seven, however, he ruptured himself while playing tennis and died.

One of the most colorful Russells was the eleventh duke, Herbrand, who presided over Woburn from 1893 until 1940. A product of Eton, Oxford and the Grenadier Guards, he sported a walrus mustache and an annual income of about $1,000,000. While living at the abbey he kept two town houses in London's Belgrave Square, fully staffed at all times but seldom used more than two or three days a year. He owned twenty-six automobiles—country cars to take him halfway to London, and town cars to come out and meet him.

A stern and autocratic man, the eleventh duke spent most of his time behind the walls of Woburn Park, building up a vast collection of birds and animals. Herbrand liked wildlife but not people. As a newspaper of the day put it, "Sentries in green uniforms and cockaded hats, posted throughout the park, keep the animals in and the visitors out." If anyone is twirling in the sod these days, it's Herbrand.

His wife Mary was famed as the Flying Duchess. She took up flying in 1926, at the age of sixty-one, and later set speed records to India and South Africa. In 1937 she vanished over the North Sea. All that was ever found was a wing strut from her plane, one of the more incongruous relics her grandson now displays at Woburn.

Old Herbrand's only son, Hastings, was a fanatically keen ornithologist—and a pretty rare bird himself. He was a pacifist who spent World War I washing dishes for the Y.M.C.A., for which his father refused to speak to him for twenty years. In 1929 he espoused socialism, switching later to the funny-money theories of social credit. In 1940, after succeeding to the dukedom, Hastings Russell tried to negotiate a private peace treaty with Adolf Hitler. Barred from the abbey, which was taken over as a psychological-warfare base throughout World War II, he secluded himself in the nearby village of Woburn and spent a small fortune trying to perfect a breed of homing budgerigar.

His son John, the present duke, makes no bones about life with father. "My father was interested in birds, animals, peace and religion," he says. "We had very little in common." The twelfth duke had so hated his schooldays at Eton that he kept his son at home with private tutors. His upbringing was entrusted to a succession of nannies. As a youth he was gangling, awkward and so painfully shy that one of his father's servants tagged him Little Lord Misery.

Then, as now, he had financial problems. "When my father gave me any money," he recalls, "it was only ninety-eight pounds a year. But he was always cutting me off without a penny. The idea was to teach me the value of money, but all it taught me was who my friends were and how to cadge off them."

At the age of twenty-one he married thirty-five-year-old Mrs. Clare Hollway, a glamorous society hostess who bore him two sons—Rudolph, now fifteen, and nineteen-year-old Robin, Marquis of Tavistock, a law student at Harvard. In 1939, then known as Lord Howland, he enlisted in the Coldstream Guards. One winter's night a few months later, clad only in undershorts and tin hat, he was made to stand at attention for two hours before an open barracks window—Guards discipline is like that. Lord Howland caught pneumonia and was honorably discharged. To ready himself for running Woburn one day, he then went to work in a real-estate office and learned estate management. Later he became a reporter, one of the few in Fleet Street who affected a monocle. In this role, working for Lord Beaverbrook's sensational Sunday Express, he overcame his shyness and found out "all about giving people what they want, not what they should have."

In 1946, after the death of his first wife, he married the present duchess, a daughter of Lord Churston and the war-widowed mother of two children. A year later they went off to South Africa and remained there, growing apricots on a 100-acre farm until the untimely death of the twelfth duke summoned them back to England.

On their arrival they found Woburn Abbey in a shabby state. "It was shocking," the duke recalls, "My father never liked the place very much. So when he discovered dry rot in one wing he tore down half the house. He left us thirty-

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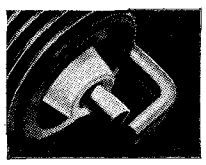

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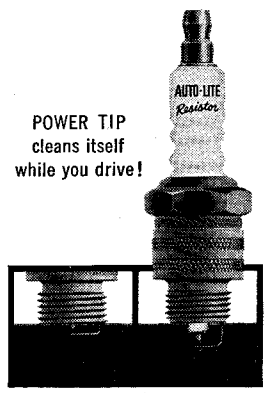

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two sitting rooms, but no kitchen. We had to eat in a pub. The windows were boarded up. Rooms were piled to the ceiling with furniture, books, stuffed birds and junk—Reynoldses and frying pans all heaped together. The Sèvres china wasn't even crated. My wife found it lying around on the floor of the stable. What a bloody mess!"

With the help of Woburn's groundsmen the duke and duchess set about cleaning it up. The job took six months. Bedford hung paintings, scrubbed down walls and painted floors. His wife, an attractive blonde who is an aunt of the new Aga Khan, washed dishes, sewed new draperies and helped to polish half a ton of silver. Except for one butler, they made do without household servants for several months. "Sometimes," the duke says, "I wonder if people will look over my house after I'm dead and be told, 'Here the thirteenth Duke did some washing, ironed his shirts and fried his bacon and eggs.'"

His house was barely in order when his father's trustees proposed getting rid of it. Bedford has never regretted his subsequent decision to enter the stately-homes league, although it has meant a great deal of work for him. "I started out by owning Woburn," he says, "and now Woburn owns me. Times have changed for the aristocracy, y' know. One can't sit around potting pheasants all day. One must get out and do something—or get out."

Now that his home is making money, Bedford is confident that the trustees, who still have final say, will never insist on turning it over to the government. Even if they do, an official of the National Trust has announced that the abbey wouldn't be accepted unless the duke agreed to it. Bedford suspects this is because he has public opinion on his side. Since he has made himself the star of Woburn's show, it is also possible that without Bedford there to pull customers in, the abbey might once again become a massive liability—but this time the government's.

Today, with another tourist season in full swing, the duke is bursting with new ideas. Besides staging a scooter rally, an at-home for private aircraft and a horse-show-jumping championship this summer, he has tentative plans for building an American-style motel at the abbey.

Anything to make money. Last summer Bedford discovered that his youngest son, nine-year-old Lord Francis, was charging sixpence to let other kids use the free seesaws and swings on the Woburn Abbey playground. Although he made the boy stop it, he couldn't help feeling, with a touch of fatherly pride, that Lord Francis' enterprise stemmed from his own example. Not long ago, rummaging about in an abbey storeroom, the duke came upon hundreds of copies of a book his own father had written but had never been able to sell. With the price marked down from ten shillings to two-shillings-sixpence, it's at last moving briskly in Woburn's souvenir shop. The title is The Road to Real Success.

The Day of the Hanging (Continued from Page 24)

and grabbing his hair, so that her own long braids dangled precariously in front of his face.

"And I'll hold on and yank you right outta there!" he roared.

"And I'll pull your old hair out," she said, giggling.

"And I'll hold on until it thunders!"

"And I'll hold on till it thunders."

It was a game they played most every morning, and it was broken up, as usual, by Bid, calling them to breakfast.

"John Emmet! . . . Cissie, you come on and get washed up for breakfast."

"Done washed," Cissie muttered.

"Well, you had better lick your calf over, then," John Emmet said, "for your nose is mortified." And he toppled her out of the tree, caught her and set her down.

It was part of the game that he never carried her. Not since she was able to walk, and she was going on ten now.

They strolled toward the house, taking their time, for he and Bid had cultivated a way of walking so that she could keep up, and never let on that she didn't walk as well as anyone else.

John Emmet splashed water upon his face, genteelly parted his hair in the middle with a fragment of comb and went in to breakfast. He had in mind to ride into Plain Dealing, not merely in time for the hanging but for the chivying good time preceding it that would be had by all.

He sat down and took the first corncake in his plate, reached for the steaming blackstrap, studied Bid's trim backside there before the cookstove, and thought of three or four lame ways of telling her that he was going into Plain Dealing.

He thought of telling her of the money that he was coming into, and promising her half of it to stay home. He even thought of telling her that there was going to be a hanging, since she disapproved of hangings and considered them low-class amusement. But she might make him stay home too.

So he said, "I see that we are about out of molasses. I expect I had better ride into Plain Dealing this morning and pick up a jug."

"Then we'll drive and make a day of it," Bid said.

With an ecstatic yip Cissie sprang up from the table.

"Ho, there," John Emmet said, "you're not excused." But she was long since departed, and returned in a moment with a quarter, hoarded since her last birthday.

Bid and John Emmet stared at the quarter, having completely forgotten about it. Each of them was thinking of how much it would buy. Around nine pounds of rolled oats. Six and one half pounds of beans. Or ten twists of store tobacco.

It was the hardest summer that they could remember or wanted to remember. A droughty April had made the cotton crop late and skimpy, with much of it in debenture to the modest usurers of Plain Dealing long before it was picked.

John Emmet Owens had cotton knee-high, and blamed it on the weather, though the fact was he hated cotton and gave it short shrift with the hoe.

Cow raising was more to his liking. He had grown up in the wild Frio River country, venturing east of the Brazos for the first time at twenty-one, only to meet and find himself obliged to marry a bayou girl, which outrageous fortune constrained him to stay awhile.

For a while he had been homesick and humiliated at being cast out of Eden, but the recollection of his noble and pristine past had grown dim and sanctified; his mind was humbled by the passing years and preoccupied more and more with seeing that his family did not go cold or hungry. He was like a mule hitched to a cane mill, going around and around and not getting anywhere, but afraid to stop, lest the beam fetch him one in the rump.

And he had been surprised to learn, not being exactly enterprising in his youth, that a man will do anything to feed his young, this being about the strongest, most abiding and unreasonable passion of middle age. Why, many a time he'd played his mandolin at dances for hat money, hung around the jail at Plain Dealing on Saturdays in hopes of someone getting shot and his being called for coroner's jury, which paid a dollar and a half; or broken broncs that nobody else cared to straddle, just for grocery money.

"I thought I would just ride in alone," John Emmet told Cissie, and felt remorse at the sudden tragedy in her face.

"You promised she could go next time," Bid said, brushing a suddenly aggravating wisp of corn-tassle hair out of her eye as she turned to the griddle.

She was the kind of saintly, even-tempered woman that it is better to leave that way and not stir up more than a body can help; so John Emmet said quietly, "Well, I meant the next time."

"Of course," Bid said presently, "a promise to a child does not mean anything. My land, if we're beholden to answer for every little white lie we tell a child to keep it out of mischief, there'll be a sight of us kept waiting on the riverbank come Judgment Day." She let one of the golden-brown cakes have it—smack!—with her cake turner, deftly stacked it upon two others and gave them a flip into John Emmet's plate from a good two feet away.

Just a little of the scalding molasses splashed up and got him in the eye. He hit the table with his fist as hard as he could. The argent treasure, held too tightly in Cissie's fist, popped out, struck her plate and then the floor, rolling over to disappear in a chink in the hearth.

She flung herself after it with a despairing cry, for beneath the flat hearthstones a maze of burrows, a veritable pack-rat palace, existed.

In a moment she was overshadowed by Bid and by John Emmet, who took out his big knife and went to work, uprooting the hearthstones, one by one. He dug, sifted, and clawed in the soft loam and old ashes until he had it at last, and handed it to her, saying, "Hold onto it this time."

Then he noticed Bid on her hands and knees beside him, breathing as if she'd run uphill. He saw how big that quarter had looked to her. The boundless compassion that always jellied his spirit whenever she got too close to him seized him. It ached him that she had to skimp and jealously guard the last inch of meal in the barrel and wear old clothes, when she was the prettiest woman in the county.

And he thought to marvel at her embattled gentility without understanding it. How the cabin stayed neat and clean, the frayed tablecloth snowy-white and the cracked china gleaming. Of how she seldom complained, but had a built-in singing in her that had survived his bad humors, two stillborn sons and her last, a girl child who had come into this world afflicted.

He looked at the two blond, trusting heads and yearned to tell them about the money that he was coming into, but he dared not.

So he went and finished breakfast and took his time about it, too, for a woman has got to be kept in her place and reminded now and then that a man is head of the house, and what he says will prevail, and no use arguing about it. Then he put on his broad hat and started out to hitch up, but he stopped in the doorway and said sternly, "Mind that neither of you keeps me waiting."

Ten dusty miles the road to Plain Dealing stretched ahead of them. The red horse knew it well enough, had his run and slowed up as soon as he deemed it safe. John Emmet let him, for he still hadn't let on to Bid that they were attending a hanging, and was in no hurry to be skinned alive.

But for Cissie, proud as punch in her cut-down dress of humble butternut, continuous adventure unfolded between the fields of early-shedding cotton that would make scarcely a quarter of a bale to the acre.

Farther along, where the road came right down to the bank of the Brazos, they had glimpses of white egrets, and now and then a great, brown heron—that tall, untidy and sanctimonious fisherman. To the west a trail herd moved slowly north to Fort Worth, kicking up considerable dust, and John Emmet could make out some of the brands, which were mainly Box Elder and Flying Y.

Within an hour they had left the herd upon the unfenced prairie behind them and were coming into Plain Dealing. In a grove of cottonwoods near the edge of town a good many wagons had gathered in the shade, and several men were building a platform of new white pine.

"I expect they're getting ready for an auction," Bid said.

"They might be, at that," John Emmet said, whipping up the red horse to a trot.

Among the false-fronted buildings that lined the street there towered a two-story, yellow-painted structure, and from it came the tinkling of a piano, and men were throwing one another out of the front door into the street and having a fine time; and from an upper window a red-haired woman, who was leaning out and pelting folks on the sidewalk with chewing-gum wrappers, stopped long enough to give John Emmet the eye.

Cissie looked up at her, openmouthed.

"Turn around," said Bid with quiet menace.

"What's that place?" Cissie said.

"That," Bid said, with the firm conviction instilled into her by solid genera-

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 63

Mossi must pitch to Busby. Section 3.05b requires that a substitute pitcher shall pitch to the batter then at bat or any substitute batter until the batter is put out or reaches first base, or until the offensive team is put out.

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tions of Baptist forebears, "is a house of shame."

Hartner's was a piece on down the street, which was a lucky thing, considering. John Emmet pulled up in front of the store with some relief and helped Cissie out of the buggy, and afterward Bid, who could have hopped out by herself, but never would, seeing that it was unladylike. She put her hand upon his arm and would not let him walk into the store ahead of her, as he intended to do.

Hartner's Store was a dark, cool place of abundance, filled with groceries, dry goods, harness and agreeable smells, but with only half a dozen customers, including about the last person that John Emmet wanted to see, Sair Hooker, with her two little boys.

Long ago he had very nearly made the mistake of marrying Sair. There was no love lost between her and Bid, and it hadn't helped any that Sair had married the richest cotton farmer in the county and put on airs and always, as now, went forth bedight in ribbons and fold upon fold of gray velvet and more petticoats underneath than Bid owned to her name.

So he tipped his hat gingerly to her and started to get on with his business with Skintight Hartner, but she fluttered her delicate hand so that the rings sparkled upon it and cried, "I declare, John Emmet Owens, it's been ages since you come to see me!"

John Emmet said to Skintight Hartner, "I'll have some of these molasses."

"About how many?" Skintight said.

"Oh, a good two gallons of them."

Sair said, as if she'd only just noticed that John Emmet was not alone, "Why, Biddie, how nice to see you!" And she eyed Cissie rather rudely, adding, "So that's your little girl. I didn't know she could walk."

That was going too far, and John Emmet knew it. It was hard for him to keep from protecting Cissie too much, crippling her blithesome spirit that always seemed to him specially beautiful and fragile as a dew-spangled spider web after sunup. But Bid accomplished it only by pretending that Cissie was not the least bit different from other children.

Bid said sweetly, "My, yes. She learned to walk by the time she was four or five, about the same as you."

"I see," Sair said with a strained little smile and turned to examine a piece of bolt goods.

"And I'll have a good five pounds of them dried apples," John Emmet said.

Bid stared at John Emmet. She knew that no matter how much he loved apple pie they couldn't afford any such thing, and it didn't suit him to tell her, even yet, that he was coming into some money. Later on he aimed to buy her a new dress to make up for it.

Skintight Hartner, likewise under the impression that it was all on credit, was writing it down. John Emmet let him.

Over on the dry-goods side Cissie gazed upon a miracle. Minor and man-made, perhaps, but nonetheless beyond mortal conception of beauty. A pair of six-button shoes of finest brown calf, polished to the eye-hurting sheen of a couple of buckeyes.

Drinking them in, she did not notice when Sair's boys, Herman and Wallace, closed in upon her.

"What are you doing?" Herman said. "You can't buy any shoes."

"I'd like to know why not," said Cissie with an arch of her brow.

"Because your pa is nothing but a cotton snatcher," Herman said and laughed a hateful, ten-year-old laugh.

"You take that back!" ordered Cissie, who knew the difference between landed gentry and a common field hand.

"Cotton snatcher!" Herman said.

"You hush!" Cissie said, her lip quivering a little. By this time they had considerable audience.

"Cotton snatcher, cotton snatcher!"

A madness seized her, and she balled up her fist and took him in the eye with a lusty wallop that sent him howling to his mother. Then she kicked the unoffending Wallace upon the shins, not once, but thrice and again, until he gladly yielded the field and left her alone in tears.

"Well, I never!" Sair exclaimed.

"That was not very ladylike," Bid admonished Cissie. "Why, it's no disgrace to labor. I've picked a sight of cotton myself, and so has Sair, haven't you, Sair?"

Everybody in the store knew that Sair had grown up on a tenant farm. John Emmet just held his breath.

"Wallace, Herman!" Sair screeched. "Come along!" And she marched out, trailing righteous wrath and the smell of lavender water.

"Come right over here!" John Emmet bawled at Cissie.

"Oh, shush!" Bid whispered, pink-cheeked at being stared at by everyone in the store.

"Don't hush me," John Emmet said loudly. "I'll not have any child of mine acting like a heathen and being made the laughingstock. And no wonder, for look at her now. Her face is all streaked and a mess, and that is nothing but a rag she is wearing. Rags is all it is, and I'll be blamed if I'll put up with it. Get her a fitten dress and stockings, and none of your cheap calico, either!"

Stricken, Cissie burst into a new flood of tears.

"Now what ails her?" John Emmet said.

"You've shamed her in front of folks, is all, and I doubt you'll soon be forgiven."

"Well, I never opened my mouth to her," John Emmet said, but he was talking to himself, as Bid had turned down the aisle of pots and pans, and Cissie had fled, making for the front door.

"I'll be back," he said to Skintight, and went over and got the shiny, six-button shoes, broke the string that held them together, put one in each hip pocket and stalked out.

She was not in the wagon, which did not surprise John Emmet, as she was a born strayling. So he strolled along the sidewalk and pretended that he was not looking for her.

All the same it vexed him and it worried him. It was less than an hour until the hanging. The town was full of lynx-eyed, fine-fingered strangers who had come to pay their last respects to Cotton O'Folliard, adjudged the most prodigal and popular badman in East Texas since Jack Hardin went up to Huntsville to write his memoirs. There was liable to be trouble, and John Emmet had decided to send Bid and Cissie back home in the buggy, and stay behind to finish his business privately.

John Emmet walked up and down the street for a while, spying several blond heads, but none that wore his brand, and the second time that he passed the jail he figured that he might as well go in and get the worst part of his business over with.

The sheriff was rocking back and forth on the hind legs of his chair by the window, and there was only an unvarnished square upon the floor where his desk had been.

When he saw John Emmet, he stopped rocking long enough to fish a roll of bills out of his pocket and said, "I have got twenty-five dollars for you, with the compliments of the county."

"No," John Emmet said, "if the county does not mind I will just see the prisoner before handling that money and look him right in the eye, for I'm not afraid to."

So the sheriff, sighing, put the money back into his shirt, and they went over to the cell and looked through the barred peephole in the steel door.

Within the cubicle of gloom a tow-headed cowboy sat at a roll-top desk, gnawing a new point upon his pencil.

"How come he's got your desk?" John Emmet said.

"Does a lot of writing," the sheriff said, unlocking the cell door. "Been inviting everybody in the country to the hanging."

"No! Is that so?"

"He wrote Grover Cleveland a letter last week," the sheriff said.

John Emmet stepped inside. The door clanged shut and locked after him.

The terror of three states sat scratching his head, and suddenly clasped both fists to his forehead, muttering, "Now they *must* be a word that rhymes with 'heavenly reward.'"

Then he looked up and saw that it was an old rustling buddy that he hadn't seen in ten years, and he let out a war whoop and sprang to his feet, hugging John Emmet and slapping him around, and it was awful, but John Emmet stood it for as long as he could. Then he said, "I expect you hadn't heard that I am your bought-and-paid-for hangman."

Cotton O'Folliard backed away and stared at John Emmet as if he'd turned into a cottonmouth. He said, "You mad at me about something?"

"No, it's nothing personal."

"Well, then, that's all right," O'Folliard said, "because a lot of people are mad at me lately." He eyed John Emmet's run-down boots and frayed Sunday best that no forty-a-month cowhand would have been caught dead in, and a kindly look of understanding stole over his raptorial face, and he said, "I expect your family is starving, is that it?"

"No, it ain't," John Emmet said, "and it won't as long as I draw breath."

"Well, I admire that in a man," O'Folliard said, "for I had a family of my own oncet—a wife, and a child I've never seen." He wiped his nose vigorously upon his sleeve and sat down once more to take up his problem.

John Emmet tried to see what he was writing, but the scrawl was so bad that he could only make out that it was a poem, likely addressed to the folks who had come from hundreds of miles around for the hanging and would be disappointed if the hangee had prepared no formal address.

"I'd a sight rather you didn't read over my shoulder," O'Folliard said.

"I'm not," John Emmet said, retreating to the barred window, where he could get a glimpse of the blue sky, smell the fresh summer breeze and hear the hammering that was still going on over among the cottonwoods.

Cotton O'Folliard, having finished his opus or given it up, came over presently and stood beside him and put his face against the bars, looking out at the top of the brand-new scaffold that now beckoned like a huge finger above the scrub cottonwoods.

The sheriff came, opened the cell door, and set a magnum bottle of whisky inside. Cotton O'Folliard sat on his bed, nursing it for a while, and seemed to feel a little better. "Join me?" he said.

"I don't mind if I do," John Emmet said, "though I can't stay much longer."

"Don't go until you have to, is all I ask," O'Folliard said.

So they sat, handing the bottle back and forth, and after a while Cotton got to crying a little because he hadn't any family except for two brothers, who worked for the Box Elder. He had written them, but hadn't heard from them.

John Emmet told of meeting the Box Elder trail herd this morning, and Cotton allowed that was why his brothers hadn't got his letter. He said that if they had knowed he was here, they'd have come roaring into town with the Box Elder boys and taken the place apart.

"Oh, they would!" Cotton O'Folliard said, bounding up with streaming eyes and flailing fists at the vision.

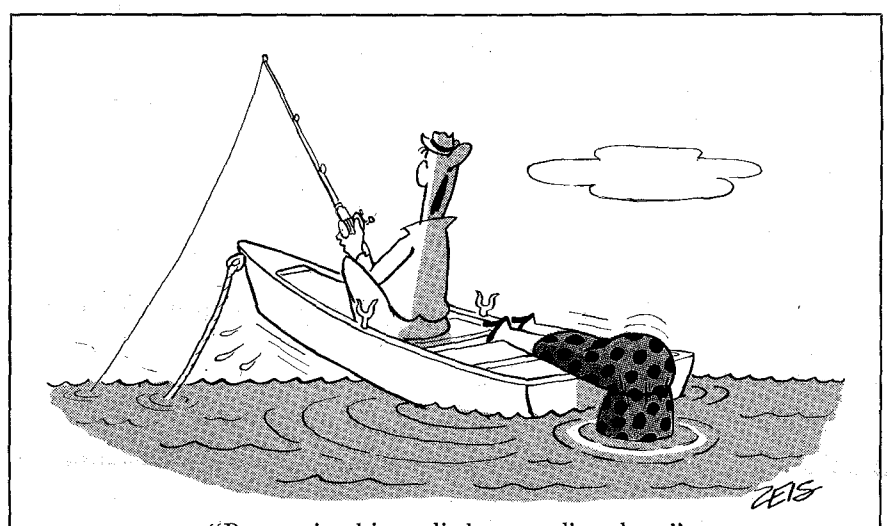
Then John Emmet took the little shoes, which were hurting him, out of his hip pockets and cried over them some and testified that he had only been a frazzle-britches cowboy like Cotton O'Folliard until he had got a family, and that had made a man of him. He spilled some of the whisky on Cotton's new, thirty-dollar boots and killed the rest of it and flung the bottle against the wall with a crash and cried out in anguish, "I'll not go through with it, for I'd never be able to face them!"

But O'Folliard threw his arms around him and said that he couldn't face it alone, and John Emmet was the one friend he had in the world, and made him promise to go through with it.

Along about then the sheriff came and took John Emmet from the cell and told him to go sober up, as there wasn't much time left until the main event.

A man's days be few, as Job says, and full of trouble, so John Emmet wasn't surprised to see considerable more of it coming out of Hartner's store, apopping its skirt at every step. It was Bid, and he saw that she had heard about the hanging, and was thankful that was all she had heard.

"John Emmet Owens," Bid said, "where's our child? We're going home this minute, do you hear?"



"Better give him a little more line, hon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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It was very nearly more than a man could say grace over, having his woman tagging along beside him, picking at his sleeve and bullyragging him, and having enough to worry him sick already, and afraid to tell her that her only child was lost and couldn't be found.

"Get in the buggy," he said.

"B-but ——" Bid said, tripping over her skirt as he boosted her up on the seat.

"Now then," John Emmet said, "seeing that you are in such an all-fired hurry, take the buggy home by yourself. But first drive out to that trail herd we passed this morning, which ought to be a couple of miles west of town by now, and tell the O'Folliard boys they are invited to attend their baby brother's hanging in about twenty minutes. Later on, when I'm good and ready, I will borrow a horse and bring Cissie home with me."

"You're drunk," Bid said, scandalized.

"Never mind. I'll tell you this once to do as I say, and if you sass me back, I swear you'll not be able to sit down for a week." And with that he untied the red horse and gave him a stinging slap on the rump, so that he started down the street in a gallop, with Bid snatching for the reins and turning to say defiantly as she was swallowed up in the dust, "I put back one of them jugs of molasses!"

The law came for Cotton O'Folliard at three minutes to noon. Flanked by a priest from Austin and several scattergun armed deputies, he strolled up the dusty street toward the little grove of cottonwoods, whistling thinly and looking for one friendly face in the throng that lined the sidewalks. The chasm that is between life and death separated him in these last minutes from all men, but one pair of eyes, at least, met his own boldly and with considerable interest, their owner leaning dangerously from an upper window of the yellow, two-story gambling hell across the street.

He nodded and grinned, and Cissie waved back, having forgotten for the moment that she was in a house of shame, and also why she had moved into it after that terrible moment of truth in Hartner's store.

"Where is your mother, little girl?" a woman shouted from the street.

"I don't know," Cissie said.

"Well, where's your daddy, then?"

Unclaimed and alone, she looked down upon a sea of strangers. She had seen John Emmet just now, over among the cottonwoods, but she did not consider that they were any longer related.

"Right there," Cissie said, timidly pointing at Cotton O'Folliard.

The prisoner uttered a pitiful moan, for the fumes of a fifth of a gallon of redeye were still in him, and he was at once convinced that he had stumbled, too late, upon his very own.

He started to scuffle with the deputies and cursed them roundly and swore that he would rather see his little girl dead than living in a place like that, and he would see them all in Hell. They had to drag him, kicking, down the street.

John Emmet, who had been underneath the scaffold, heard the ruckus and started across the street, resolved to help Cotton O'Folliard whip the deputies.

But luckily for him, a dozen Box Elder trail herders, who had quietly gathered at the west edge of town, made their charge down Main Street at that moment, whooping and hollering and wasting quite a lot of ammunition.

Peaceful citizens scattered every which way to Sunday, and even the deputies, who had been dragging O'Folliard down the middle of the street, left him with his heels dug in and dived for cover.

One of Cotton O'Folliard's brothers tried to swing him up behind him in the saddle, but the prisoner, still raging and cursing and bent upon rescuing his child from a fate worse than death, eluded him. Finally two of the Box Elders got him by the arms and rode off down the street with him dangling.

In five minutes they were out of sight, the dust was clearing and the sheriff was trying to organize a posse.

In the heat of noon and the pall that follows a canceled hanging, John Emmet stood spraddle-legged upon the sidewalk, a sun snarl upon his face as he looked up at the second-story window, and he was wheedling.

"Now, how about some licking candy?" he was saying. "How about coming down here and trying on these new shoes?"

But she only dug a fist into a reddened eye and drew back out of sight, so that the only way he could tell that she was still there was by the vagrant tip of one braid hanging over the window sill.

Meanwhile, instead of minding her own business, Bid had followed the trail herders back into town and pulled up behind John Emmet, saying in a voice that chilled his marrow, "John Emmet, is that our daughter up there?"

"Well, it used to be," he said.

So she stood up, slim and straight in the buggy, and glared around at the saloon loafers who had come out to watch and to hooraw John Emmet, and she said, "I just know that none of you gentlemen have any business, so I'll not ask you to mind it."

And John Emmet, of a sudden, felt a tightening in his throat that was a little like the quinsy, looked at his wife in rare enlightenment and knew that no matter how hard times got they would never slide down, down. So long as he had these two he would never feel himself impoverished, and he doubted that the bonds between them could be unraveled in a single day, no matter what a tomfool mess he had made of it.

Bid put her hands upon her hips, looked up at the window and sang out, "Cissie Evangeline Owens, come down from that shameful place this second!"

And it fetched her, as John Emmet had known it would. He saw Bid eying the shoes in his hands and said, "I'm not taking these back."

"Then go and try them on your daughter," she said, with such a peculiar cast to her eye that he wondered if she was laughing at him.

It was something he wouldn't put up with for a minute, but he let it pass, and went over and stood at the foot of the outside stairs of convenience, watching the slow and careful descent. For, of all things, stairs were the hardest for Cissie to manage.

"Sit right down there on the second step," he told her when she'd reached the bottom. He knelt and slipped the right shoe on at once. It was three or four sizes too big, but he was barely able to squeeze her twisted left foot into the other one. When both were snugly buttoned, she stood up unsteadily.

"Well, now," John Emmet said heartily, "I expect that's more like it."

Gravely she gazed down at her toes, charmed by their buckeye gloss, but made no other sign of yielding.

"Wouldn't you say?"

She nodded.

"I'd as lief carry you over to the buggy, if you want me to," he said, "so's they won't get dusty, because these are Sunday shoes, if ever I saw any."

She was diffident, but weakening, as he picked her up, saying softly, "Put your arm around my neck and hold on tight."

"And you hold on," she said severely.

"I'll not let go until it thunders," John Emmet said. THE END

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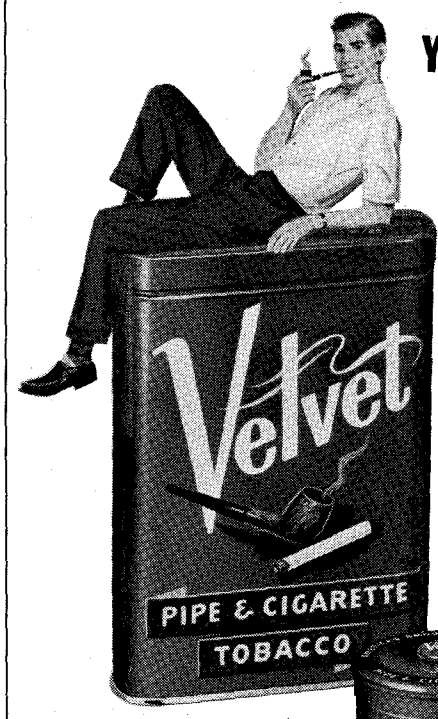

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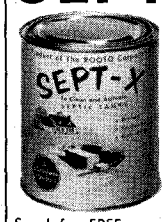

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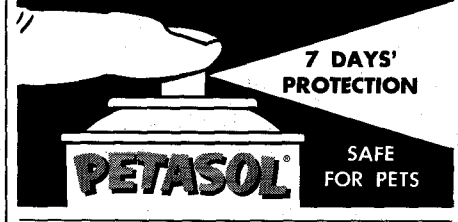

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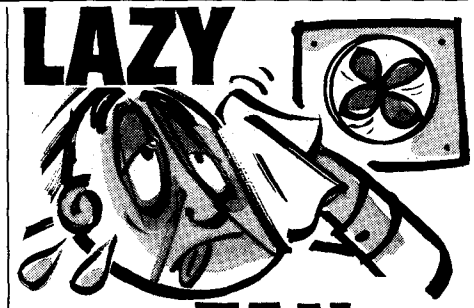

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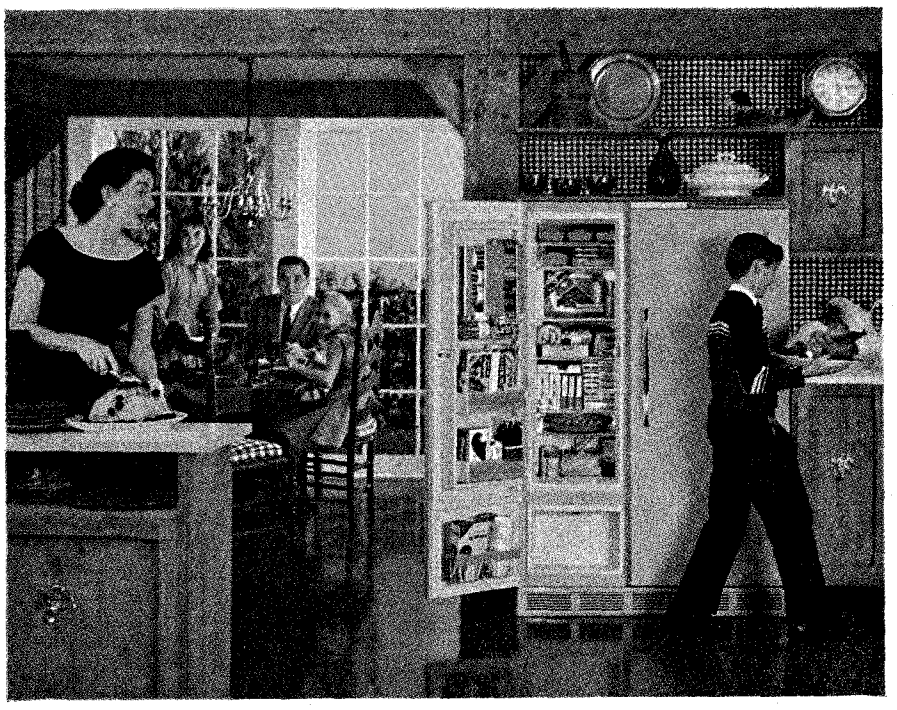

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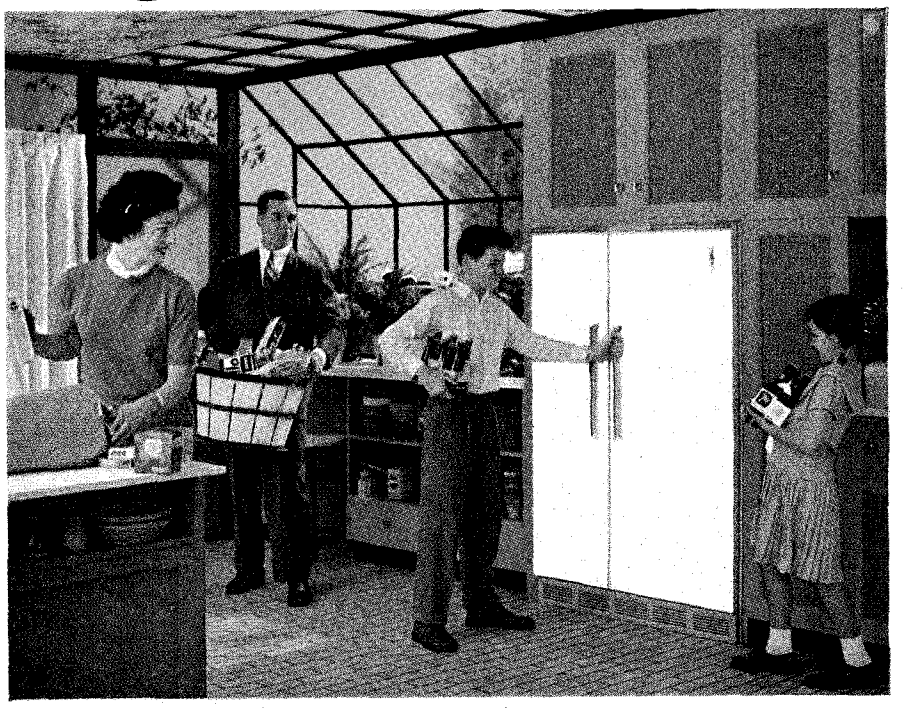

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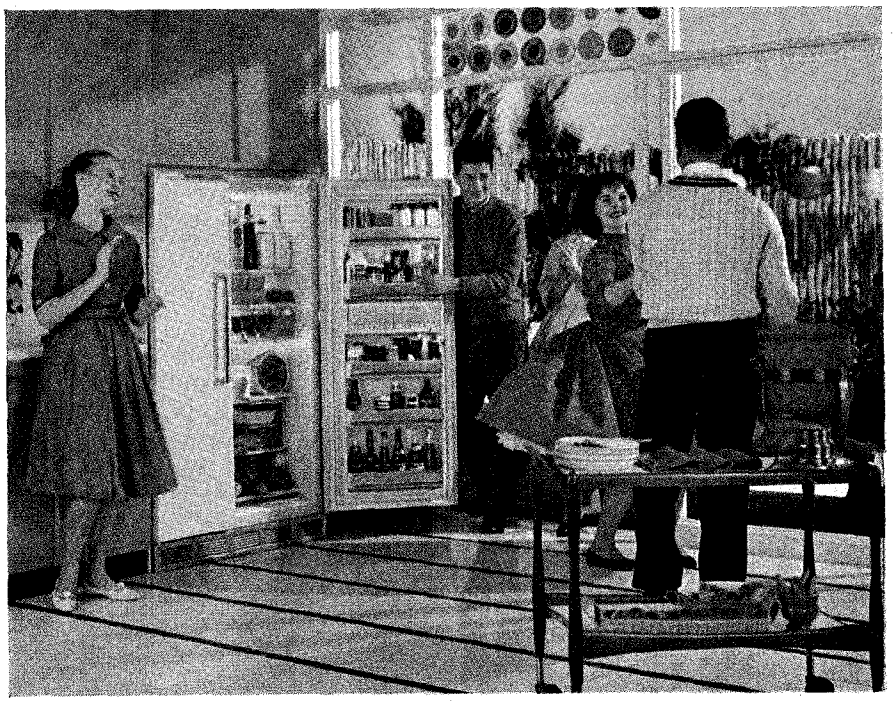

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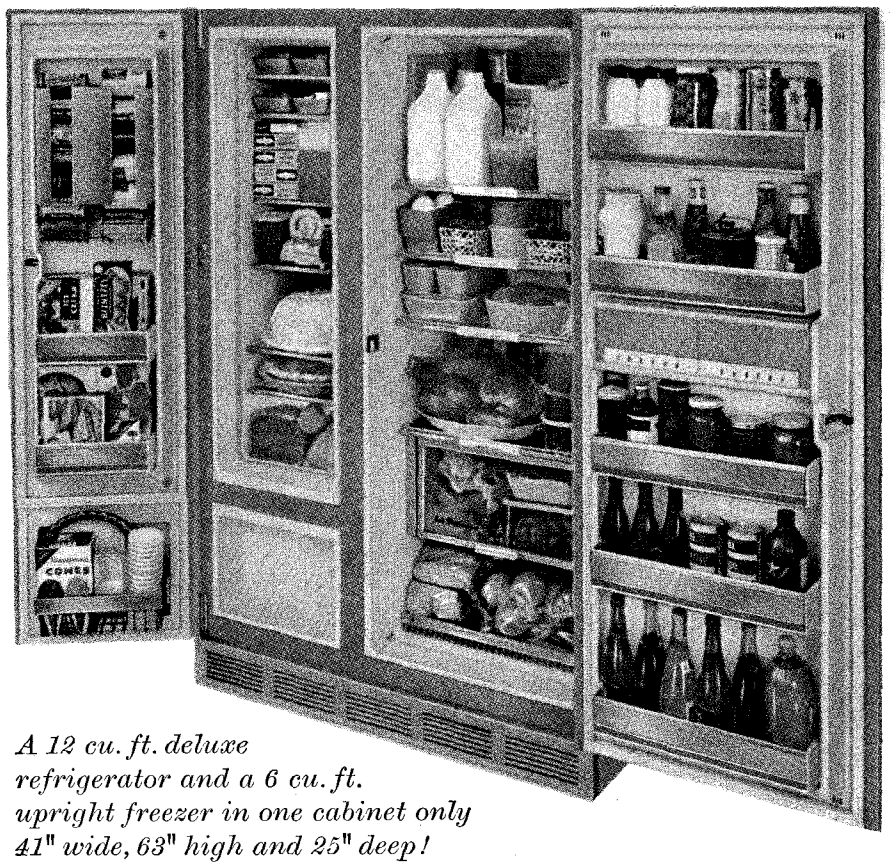

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Secrets of a Lion Tamer

(Continued from Page 33)

Mel has no idea how many movies he has worked in; he lost count at 500. Nor can he remember the stars he has doubled for. "There was Victor Mature in Samson and Delilah, and Michael Rennie in The Rains of Ranchipur, and Clark Gable in Red Dust, that I remember. I've doubled for women, too—Mae West and Zasu Pitts."

Mel is paid a weekly salary by Jungleland, which gets its money from the rental of the animals. The price varies with the cat and what is expected of it. If you want only a brief glimpse of it for background menace, you can hire a nice lion or tiger for around $150 a day, F.O.B. the studio. Leopards, black panthers or pumas, which are notoriously more temperamental, come higher.

If the cat must "act," it runs into real money. If it has to simulate killing a man—Mel Koontz, that is—or leap from a tree to a rock to a housetop, as per the script, it can run as high as $700 a day, including Mel's extra pay. "They must feed those cats porterhouse steak!" one studio purchasing agent gasped when he got his bill from Jungleland.

Jungleland occupies 162 acres of foothills forty miles northwest of Los Angeles. Thousand Oaks has been for years a clearinghouse for trainers, buyers and sellers of wild animals, and many a tourist stopping for gas has been startled to behold in the car next to his a sleeping lioness or a brace of half-grown tiger cubs. The natives got used to it long ago. They call it "that animal farm."

Jungleland is owned by three Twentieth Century-Fox officials, Sid Rogell, Jim Ruman and Jimmie Wood. This year they will start a $5,000,000 program to transform it into a vast amusement park, a real jungle teeming with real animals. Today the public admissions—seventy-five cents for adults, fifty cents for children—are only side money.

Still, as many as 2500 persons pay their way in on weekends. Most are families with children, making a day of it—eating a picnic lunch in the shade and wandering freely through the grounds, watching the animals to their hearts' content. At the last inventory, these numbered 351—fifty-one lions, nine tigers, twelve pumas, seven elephants, twelve camels, five leopards, one black panther, two zebras, and assorted llamas, deer, monkeys, kangaroos, bison, and so on.

Every day but Monday there is a two-hour animal show—no extra charge. Mel Koontz works the pumas, and also any other cat act whose trainer happens to have the day off. He serves as master of ceremonies, too—strictly country-style, in a cattleman's straw hat and Western shirt. "Like it really was just a plain ol' animal farm!" said one spectator.

In the arena Mel has none of the dramatic style of trainers schooled in the European tradition. He usually works barehanded, making it look so easy! When a gasp from the crowd warns him that one of the pumas has left its perch and is sneaking up silently from behind, he turns quickly but without alarm. He points a finger at the cat. "You!" he shouts. "What's the matter with you? Get back up there where you belong!"

The puma crouches for a spring. Mel takes a step toward it, stamping his foot. "You heard me!" he yells. "Do you want me to paddle your fanny, stupid?"

The puma does not run, but it flinches, and whether it knows it or not, its last chance to stage a real rebellion is gone. For Mel to waver even for a moment would give the cat back its now faltering nerve. To move too fast or yell too loudly or too soon might panic it into jumping him.

He points to the perch. Out of habit the silly cat turns its head instead of keeping its erratic mind on its evil business. Mel yells again. The cat glides backward, spitting hatred. Mel follows it, one sudden, unexpected step after another. The jerky psychological pressure that Mel keeps on it—barehanded, remember—becomes almost a visible thing, like a flicking whip.

The puma quits cold and leaps back to its perch. It looks around sheepishly, as though asking itself, "Now what in the world got into little old me?"

On a movie set, where he is pre-eminently the master of his singular craft, Mel asks the director what effect he wants from the shot. Sometimes it can be done—sometimes it can't. But from the moment the cage is trundled in and opened, until everybody sighs with relief as it's closed again with the cat inside, Mel Koontz is boss.

How does a man get started rassling cats? Mel got into it accidentally. He was born on a farm in Fort Scott, Kansas. His parents moved to Los Angeles in 1922, when Mel was twelve. The old Selig Zoo, which supplied animals for the very early movies, was then running.

"My older brother, Clarence, got a job taking care of the animals, and he got me a job selling peanuts and popcorn and washing dishes in the restaurant. When I was about sixteen they gave me a job tending animals, too," said Mel. "That's how I got into it."

About that time a lion cub was born in the Selig breeding cages. Its sire was a handsome brute that had once starred in a circus, but after killing a man, it had become unmanageable. Mel pleaded to be allowed to handle the new cub. He must already have shown some talent, because the manager turned the cub over to him.

"That was the first Jackie. He was only three weeks old when I got him, and we learned together," said Mel. "I had my own ideas about training, and this was my chance to prove them."

He did. At nine months of age Jackie would work in harness like a pony, pulling Mel around in a little wagon. More important, he came when Mel called. He charged when Mel said to charge and stopped when Mel said to stop. He bit when Mel said to bite—and he "bit easy." At all times, he kept his murderous claws sheathed.

By the time he was fully grown, at two, Jackie was as handsome as his outlaw sire. Stronger than his killer's instinct—usually, anyway!—was his deeply ingrained habit of obedience to Mel, whom he adored. Sometimes all Mel had to do was turn his back coldly on Jackie to punish him for misbehaving.

"It's all habit," said Mel. "Even so, Jackie could give me a battle on a cold morning. All wild animals feel much more vigorous on a cold day than during the summer. You had to have Jackie pretty well under control to rassle him on a snappy morning."

That word, "control," crops up frequently when Mel talks. "It's this way," he explained. "You start when they're only a few weeks old, and to say that you have them under control means that you spend hours with them every day, teaching them the same few commands, doing the same things over and over. Miss a few days and you lose control, and you've got to take it easy until you get them trained back again, right down to the fine points.

"In the jungle where these cats come from, it's kill or be killed—and that goes for cage-bred animals, too, because it's born in them. So when he's got you down on the ground, the only thing that will keep you from being killed is the habit you have trained into him, and the control it gives you. So, if you're the guy who is going to be down there under him, you make sure of your control."

Early in his career, in 1930, Mel learned how easily the big cats kill. The Selig Zoo had a "jungle," a lot that was planted to bamboo and enclosed by a high fence. Here the jungle scenes in most early movies were shot.

"We had a sick tiger, and we put her in the jungle, hoping the sun and air would help her," he said. "During the night five boys broke into the zoo. By the time they had gone through it, opening gates as they went, they were in the jungle with the tiger."

Four of the boys got away, too terrified to tell anyone what had happened. The next morning Mel and his brother heard the screams of the fifth boy, who was still alive. They ran to the jungle and saw the tiger crouched over the boy.

"Clarence ran to the office for the rifle. I couldn't just stand there and do nothing," Mel said. "I grabbed a chunk of two-by-four and went in and belted her over the head with it. I knocked her down, but she got up, grabbed the boy by the arm and dragged him deeper into the jungle where I couldn't get at her."

He finally shot the tiger with a rifle handed in through the gate—the first time he had ever fired a gun! The boy died that night, but the papers embarrassed twenty-year-old Mel by citing his courage in trying to drive a tigress away from her prey with only a club.

Mel's first movie was King of the Jungle. Stripped to a loincloth and made up to look as much as possible like Elmo Lincoln, who was the first of a long line of Tarzans, he let Jackie pounce on him. There was a ferocious struggle before he "killed" the lion with Tarzan's famous full nelson. It was Elmo Lincoln who put his foot on the kill and beat his chest, giving the victory bellow of the bull ape. Jackie realistically played dead, obeying the signals of Mel, who stood just outside of camera range.

For this, Mel got fifteen dollars. Other jobs followed, and his price rose rapidly as movie fans applauded the spectacle of a real man fighting a real lion. The only trouble was, from Mel's viewpoint, other trainers said that Jackie was a freak. They said that no "normal" lion would allow a man to manhandle it that way.

"So I got myself a Sumatran tiger cub," said Mel. "You know there are three kinds of commercial, or show, tigers—Bengal, Siberian and Sumatran—and the Sumatran is supposed to be the worst. I wanted to see who was right. Well, that turned out to be Satan, the original rassling tiger. They wrote several movies around that cat."

Next he tried a black panther. When he proved that this malevolent streak of ebony lightning could be worked, other men began training rassling cats. But it's not the sort of job that attracts throngs of applicants, and Mel never had any real competition.

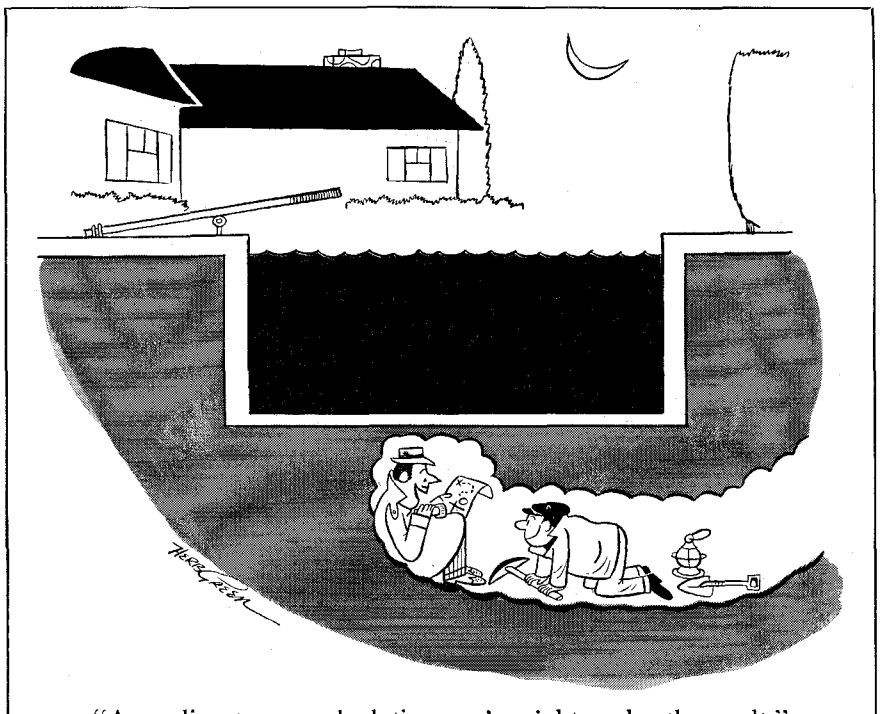
Mel began working in pictures in 1928. For twelve years thereafter he made more money than he knew what to do with—as did all of Hollywood. Then came the war in Europe, which shut off that movie market. At the same time, two other wild-animal suppliers—Louis Goebel's Lion Farm and the World Jungle Compound, both at Thousand Oaks—were making things tough for Selig's Zoo.

Selig's closed early in 1940. Mel went to the New York World's Fair and rassled cats in Frank Buck's show until the fair closed. Returning to California, he worked Jackie, a black panther and a tiger in a small zoo in North Hollywood for a while. In 1945 some friends bought the World Jungle Compound, and Mel moved to Thousand Oaks to work for them. A few years later, it and Goebel's place were both bought by Rogell, Ruman and Wood and merged to form Jungleland. Mel has been there ever since.

Several years ago he was working a big male puma on a set in Hollywood, in a picture about the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Mel doesn't remember its name, but he does remember that the puma was supposed to spring down from a limb upon a dummy horse.

"It didn't want to and, in fooling around, it fell down. I was trying to make it go back up on the limb when it managed to jump me from behind," he said. "The puma always goes for the back of your neck to snap your spine. I knew the only way to save myself was go down flat on my back, so I could keep him off of my neck."

Down he went, the cat on top of him, tearing at his upper arms and chest, trying to get at his neck. Mel fought the



"According to my calculations we're right under the vault."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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puma, barehanded and flat on his back, for four of the longest minutes of his life.

Suddenly the puma quit. Mel got up and drove it back into its cage. He had so many cuts that the doctor did not even try to sew them up. Mel spent one night in a hospital. The next day, wrapped like a mummy in bandages, he went home. Six weeks later he was back at work.

Mel gets pretty impatient with the old carnival and circus hands who hang around Jungleland, just to be near the wild animals. "They've got it in their blood," he said. "Not me! To me this is just a job, and I'm only in it because I can make good money at it."

Here speaks the unsentimental Old Pro—the man who in thirty-three years of it has had to fight only once for his life. Watching his hard, sure, professional air in the arena with the pumas, you realize that here is the first of his kind, a man who does things with killer animals that no one ever before thought possible. And, unlike the experts in some other lines of work, Mel Koontz talks quite freely of his methods. In so doing, he explodes several popular superstitions about the big cats.

"Get it into your head that there's no such thing as a tame wild animal. That cat may love you more than anything else on earth. It may starve or die of a broken heart if you leave it. But that cat is still a killer, and if you do the wrong thing at the wrong time, he is going to kill you," he said.

Maybe you won't even know what is the wrong thing. Mel tells of May Kovar, a trainer who had broken an act of male Africa lions and great Dane dogs, at the old Goebel quarters. She went into the arena to give the act one last workout before taking it on the road.

"The minute the lions came out of the chute one of them jumped her. He was the most docile lion she had, but he just never stopped coming, and nobody knows why. He got her by the face and broke her neck with one snap, and then it took five men with iron pipes and rods to drive him off her body," he said.

Training a wild animal requires the same psychology as training a child, according to Mel. "You reward him for doing good and punish him for doing bad. Even so, you find some outlaws. You do the best you can to teach a child the right thing from the moment of his birth, and you don't know whether he's going to be President of the United States or end up in the penitentiary, do you? It's the same with cats," he said.

"Rewards. I don't believe in giving a cat a piece of meat for doing his job. He's going to expect it all the time, and if you don't give it to him he's going to get mad enough sometime to come at you. No, the only reward you can give him is kindness, and kindness means just not abusing him. He has to do what you say, but he's not going to like it—and you're not ever going to beat him into liking it. So give him a break.

"When you punish him, be sure he understands why. Above all, never punish him and put him right back in his cage! If you do, how can you expect that cat to do anything but hate you the next time you take him out? No, work him awhile and reward him with kindness and quiet him down before you put him back in his cage."

Listening to Mel, you picture yourself going into that arena, armed only with a theory and a chair, and you shudder. The chair, by the way, is a standard technique. The cat can't fight all four legs at once, and he's wary of getting his head caught in it. And if worst comes to the worst, it's something you can leave behind for him to fight as you sprint for the nearest exit.

The smell of blood, Mel says, does not madden the big cats. Trainers are always getting scratched to the bleeding point. They go right on working, and so do the cats.

A cat does not sense when you're afraid of him. "If you give him a chance, he'll keep taking more and more. He'll bully you until he's right on top of you. But anybody with nerve enough to go in there can work an act that has already been trained, I don't care how scared you are."

The female is not deadlier than the male. "Your male is tougher and harder to keep off you every time," said Mel. "It's this way—seat-breaking a cat is the first and hardest part. Once you get him to take a seat and hold it, the rest is just a matter of time.

"It took me eleven days just to seat-break one big male puma! This cat had absolutely no respect for a chair. I had to take a heavy screen about four feet by six and slam him back where he belonged with this. I got him so he'd work, but you never could trust that cat. Every time you gave him an order you had to pick up something and throw it at him. I've run into about five tough ones like that, all males."

Popular tradition lists the big cats in this order of murderousness: Puma or black panther worst, then the leopard, African lioness, tiger and African lion. Some unknowing people list the male African lion as just a big, hairy boob. Koontz has heard this so often that it no longer annoys him—much. "The male African lion is the most dangerous of all the cats," he said. "He's a gang-fighter. In the wild state the males live in their own groups most of the year, hunting and fighting side by side. This isn't true of many of the other cats.

"In the arena, if a leopard or puma jumps you, that one cat is all you have to worry about, as a rule. But when you've got a lion act, you know that you hardly ever fight one lion. You keep in mind that if one of them comes at you, the others will usually jump down and help him out."

As to the allegedly incorrigible puma, Mel doesn't think it's so tough. The puma's weight—or lack of it—is his fatal handicap. "They run from eighty to about a hundred and twenty-five pounds, and if one does get on you, he may cut you up a little, but you can probably handle him. But a lion or tiger runs three or four or five hundred pounds, and if he gets on you—well, you've got a different proposition."

Most trainers seat-break a cat by standing out of reach of its claws and flicking its tender nose with the cracker of a small whip. This, Mel thinks, is the reason so many of them have no luck with pumas.

"You want to stay in close to your puma and keep a chair right in his face," he said. "If you step back like you do with the other cats, so he can get his spring—there he is, right on top of you!"

Jungleland's pumas were caught in Nevada and Arizona. Formerly, pumas were treed by dogs and then roped. Today they're anesthetized in the tree by a hypodermic needle on a long pole, or by a dart gun loaded with tranquilizers. Such a cat, as already noted, brings around $150. After he's trained, he's worth from $700 upward.

"You try to give him time to get used to things," said Mel, "but if you're short of pumas, you go right in there and start working him."

He really means it. Listening to his off-hand talk about going into the arena with a newly caught wild puma, you can easily believe his hard-boiled claim that this is just a job to him. But then you remember how his face lit up when, ever so slowly, he put out his hand to stroke Princess, the puma who lets herself be petted. You realize that there are two distinct sides to this man. There must be, or how do you explain Tawny, the pet puma that Mel's wife, Verna, keeps at home?

The Koontzes live in a pleasant ranch-type house in the foothills not far from Thousand Oaks. Each has a grown son by a previous marriage. They live alone now, except for Tawny the puma and two pet bobcats, Jack and Buster.

Mrs. Koontz had never been around wild animals until she married Mel. Tawny was a present from Mel. She's a yearling female, and if she likes Mrs. Koontz, she loses her cat mind over Mel. At the sound of his voice, she leaps at the mesh of her cage, which connects with the kitchen, so that she can come into the house now and then. When Mel goes into her cage, she jumps at him like a little lost kitten, purring deep in her throat.

Tawny is Mrs. Koontz's second puma. She kept the first one, a big male, for eight years. He got out one day while the Koontzes were away. Verna thinks a small boy opened the kitchen door and then ran like the dickens when he saw what came out. The door blew shut. The cat couldn't get back in, and a neighbor shot him.

"All he wanted was to get back inside! No matter what anyone thinks, the cage is home to a wild animal, and he's scared to death outside of it," Mel said.

Tawny tried to climb into his lap—and a real lapful her seventy-five squirming pounds would be! He pushed her away, taking care to make no abrupt motions that might trigger the killer reflexes that are born into every wild animal. "Go away, you fool cat!" he said. "This is a clean pair of pants, and I've got a show to do this afternoon."

He thought it over a moment. "I've made good money, and I don't ever regret drifting into animal training the way I did," he said. "Well, now and then I do, when I see how some trainers work. Honest to heaven, when you see how some animals are abused, it makes you so sick you wish you never had got into this business!"

No—sentiment never becomes a weakness in Mel Koontz. But he does love the big, beautiful, dangerous cat creatures, even those that want to kill him. It's this love that gives him his queerly preternatural understanding of them and his mastery over them—and the cocky self-confidence that makes him the best cat in the cage.

These are his secrets. These are the things, it would seem, that you must have to handle wild animals. If you haven't got them, you had better stay out of the cage.

Uneasy Time

By Elijah L. Jacobs

July, with us, is a time to talk
of drought,
Half joking of ruin. Around the
courthouse square,
At the paying-teller's window,
or anywhere
On the shady side of the street,
men gather about,
Telling each other the well is
giving out,
The corn is dying, the pasture
is nearly bare,
Recalling other years with rain
to spare;
The summers grow hotter and
drier, there is no doubt!
And every man has a weather
sign for rain—
A tilted moon, a bronze-red
sunset sky,
The cattle strangely uneasy, a
rain crow's cry—
And every man admits that
signs are vain.
We boast of hardship a little,
we jest and scoff;
Foretelling disaster may
somehow stave it off

Civil Defense: A National Disgrace (Continued from Page 13)

present conditions—and as yet the OCDM hasn't even asked for the extra highways that would be necessary to empty our cities in a hurry. The United States Bureau of Public Roads estimates that new roads for a nationwide evacuation plan would cost $16,000,000,000.

Ironically this bureaucratic oversight may be the best break we've had in a long time, because the whole OCDM evacuation program is as obsolete as a Civil War cannon ball. Although the $45,000,000 appropriation that the planners of Operation Alert 1959 spent this year was largely a waste of money, it won't kill us. But the plan they concocted might. Had the emergency been real, Operation Alert 1959 would have turned into a disastrous booby trap.

Evacuation of major population centers was a sound concept five years ago in the days of subsonic bombers, when we could expect a warning twenty-four to forty-eight hours in advance of an attack. Then, when supersonic bombers were developed, the OCDM cut the warning time from a couple of days to a couple of hours. But simply shortening the warning didn't bring the concept up to date. The 1959 exercise ignored completely the advent of missiles, which allow no warning time or, at most, a few minutes. Even worse, the evacuation plan overlooked the problem of fallout, which would be infinitely more dangerous than the blast or heat effects of nuclear weapons.

Actually Operation Alert 1959 was an expensive hoax. Just look at the OCDM's estimate that casualties from four hypothetical H-bombs supposedly dropped in the Washington, D.C., area would have been 46,000 dead and 121,000 wounded, probably accurate so far as blast, heat and radiation are concerned. What it neglected

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to mention was that the 769,000 evacuees would have been killed to a man, woman and child by the radioactive debris that nuclear bombs would spread over thousands of square miles. The lucky ones, relatively speaking, would have been the 407,000 who District OCDM officials estimated were unready, unwilling or unable to escape. They would have had a chance to survive by hiding.

And that, I think, is a key point in the whole confused civil-defense situation. The problem isn't hopeless by any means. The Rand study and other authoritative ones indicate that as much as 90 per cent of our population could survive an all-out nuclear attack with practically no warning—if we take the right kind of civil-defense measures. One of the first of those measures should be the establishment of a shelter program to protect our people against fallout.

As yet, the civil-defense program isn't even headed in that direction. Since 1950 the civil-defense program has cost the Federal Government about $580,000,000. Not all of that has been wasted; we got some protection, at least until recently. But last year my own state of Ohio got $696,000 in Federal funds to match state money, and surplus property that cost almost $1,500,000. I question the utility of the purposes for which the money was spent, and believe that under present conditions most of it was wasted.

I doubt that many lives will be saved in Columbus, Ohio, for example, by the $400,000 the municipal government spent and the $266,000 the Federal Government added to synchronize the city traffic lights. State capitals aren't prime targets like industrial centers, and I doubt that people running from H-bombs will pay much attention to traffic lights anyhow. In Springfield, part of the six-county region around heavily industrialized Dayton, the city civil-defense director resigned not long ago because he considered the plans "unsound and unworkable."

What has become of the $80,000,000 of surplus property turned over to civil-defense organizations? The variety is endless—razor blades, amphibious trucks, office equipment of all kinds from typewriters and safes to vacuum bottles and air conditioners, horseshoes, air hammers, enough shotguns to kill all the ducks in Ohio, and more than enough barber kits to Yul Brynnerize all the civil-defense officials in towns above 1000 population.

In Washington, D.C., Senate investigators found thousands of dollars' worth of such equipment rusting and deteriorating—batteries of walkie-talkies dead, some equipment mislaid under piles of pamphlets and literature never distributed, and so on. Federal authorities are belatedly investigating why civil defense in Carpentersville, Illinois, a town of 12,000, needed surplus property valued at $345,000, more than the whole Chicago school system got last year. The investigators also want to know just how part of that surplus, construction equipment costing more than $80,000, got into the hands of a contractor on a large private housing development. Valuable surplus equipment, apparently still in useful condition, is sold for a song—Carpentersville got a $32,000 power shovel for $200—while Congress is appropriating funds to buy more of the same items.

However distressing such boondoggling may be, I want to make it clear my main criticism is directed at the high brass which clings to an evacuation plan worse than worthless because it lulls people into a false sense of security. I have nothing but praise for the many thousands of volunteers who have given unselfishly of their time and energies, some even their lives, for the protection of their homes and country. Many of them are wondering about the same things I am. They know that the fundamentals of civil defense are as simple as A, B, C.

A is the fact that the Soviet Union has nuclear weapons and also has the supersonic bombers, submarines and rockets to deliver such bombs on targets in this country.

B is the fact that the greatest danger from those nuclear weapons is not the explosion, terrible as that is, nor the fires caused by the tremendous heat. The great killer would be the radiation, first from the bomb itself, later from the debris sucked up in the wake of the blast and scattered over thousands of square miles by the four winds.

The C in the grim kindergarten rules of survival in this nuclear age is that the only defense against fallout is to be where it isn't. There won't be time to evacuate; military authorities estimate we might get as much as fifteen minutes' warning, or perhaps no warning at all, in case of nuclear attack. Also, there would probably be no part of the country where there would be no fallout, even if you had time to get there. Some estimates say 150 nuclear bombs could completely saturate the entire United States with fallout, and this number is well within the range of Russian capability. Most of them could be dropped at points reachable by avoiding our strongest defenses. Thus the only logical defense is a system of shelters that give protection on the spot, so to speak. And not only for the two or three days when radiation is at its height, but for periods up to two weeks.

Why the OCDM persists in its evacuation pipe dream is beyond me. The agency knows all about fallout, and more than a year ago it announced a shelter policy to cope with this newly discovered hazard. Still, with strange bemusement, the OCDM keeps right on talking and planning evacuation. Now it is getting ready to distribute 850,000 pamphlets, within twenty miles of the Washington Monument, showing evacuation routes into Maryland and Virginia, even West Virginia. The same pamphlet tells you how to build a shelter in your back yard. Is OCDM advising you to run or hide, or perhaps both?

After Operation Alert 1959, civil-defense officials not only bemoaned the public's apathy but used it as an argument for larger appropriations for next year, about $87,000,000, which would practically double the payroll. I doubt that hiring additional personnel will lessen the apathy toward an obsolete program or improve the administration of OCDM.

I say this after seeing what happened when this agency had the chance to get the highest-caliber help you could ask for, not for $87,000,000 but gratis.

It so happens that the director of OCDM, Leo A. Hoegh, lives in Montgomery County, a progressive community in Maryland just across the District of Columbia line. A great many Government officials and military specialists live there, so that when the county commissioners appointed a Civil Defense Advisory Board several months ago it was able to select a blue-ribbon panel. The chairman was Dr. Ellis A. Johnson of Johns Hopkins University; in private life he heads the Operations Research Office, a hush-hush agency that develops weapon systems and fights hypothetical wars for the Department of the Army. Consulting with him were Dr. Lauriston S. Taylor, chief of the atomic and radiation physics division of the National Bureau of Standards and chairman of the civil-defense advisory committee of the

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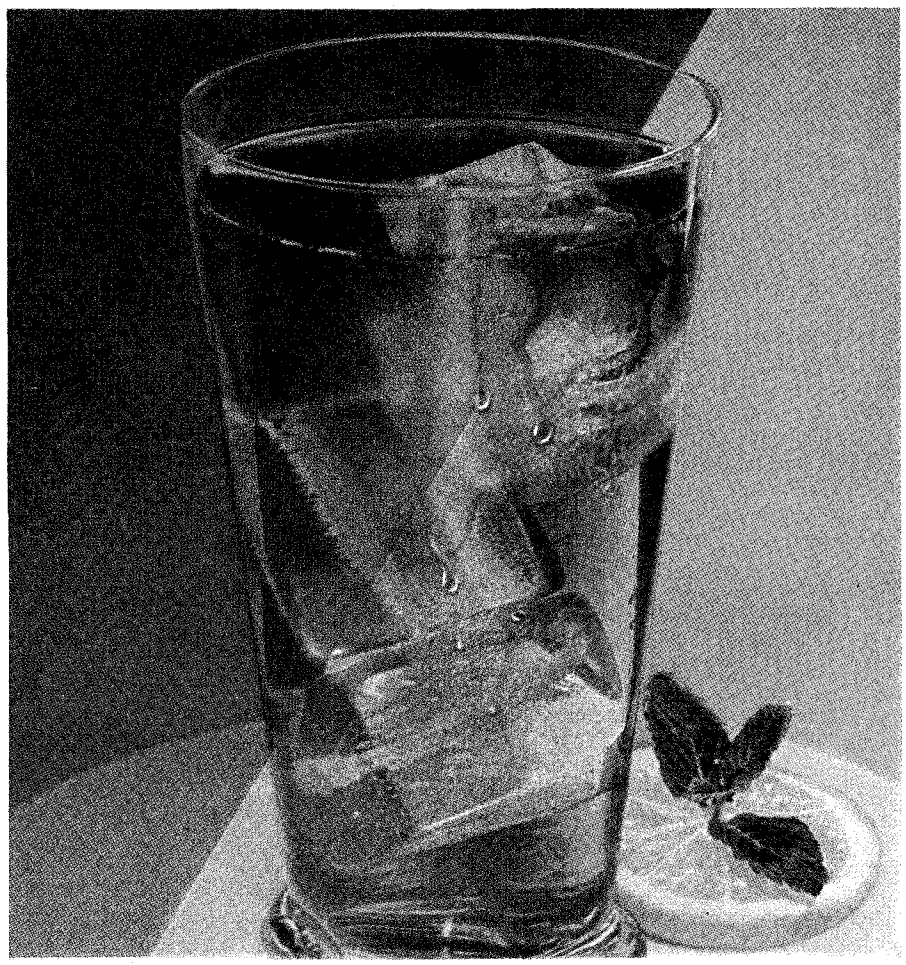

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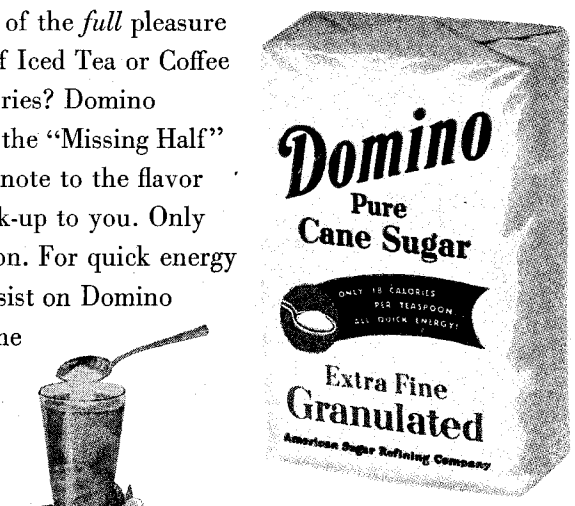

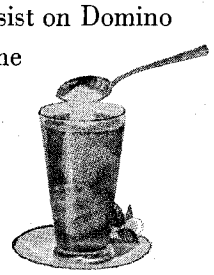

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National Academy of Sciences; John R. Steelman, a chief White House adviser during the Truman Administration; Lewis B. Hershey, who has given much of his time to civil-defense affairs since retiring as head of Selective Service; Adm. G. Roy Hartwig, (ret.), and several others. This group of capable, seasoned executives, serving without pay as a civic duty, had access to all the classified information the Federal Government has. Here are a few of the salient points of their report:

First, an airtight defense against nuclear attack is highly unlikely in the foreseeable future. No defense against the intercontinental missiles the Soviet Union is stockpiling is expected for a number of years, and it is not certain that one is possible.

Radioactive fallout would probably blanket the county within fifteen to thirty minutes after an attack and could be expected to emit lethal radiation for two weeks or more.

Only about fifteen minutes of warning time could be expected before an attack—and there is the definite possibility that the only warning would be the flash given off by the detonating bomb.

When the present OCDM plans were drawn up about five years ago—these experts pointed out—Russia had a modest stockpile of relatively small atomic weapons, believed to be measured in kilotons—the equivalent of 1000 tons of TNT—having a serious-damage radius of from two to four miles. With plenty of warning, evacuating people from the center of cities to shelters farther out looked like the best protection. But today the Soviet possesses multimegaton weapons—a megaton is the equivalent of 1,000,000 tons of TNT—which have a serious-damage radius up to twenty miles from blast and heat alone. Within fifteen or twenty minutes, radioactive particles start falling within the twenty-mile radius and within a few hours they have fallen several hundred miles downwind from ground zero, in a concentration capable of killing all unprotected people and animals in the area.

In view of those distressing but undeniable facts, the advisory committee unanimously recommended that the county commissioners abandon the existing plans for evacuation and stop spending any more county funds on them.

The panel urged that what the county needed was a shelter system, one-family units for the most part, but large public shelters for apartment areas and some in the schools, with an adequate warning network to alert people indoors as well as outdoors.

It was the advisory committee's unanimous opinion that a shelter program would give the individual the best chance of surviving and, bluntly, that without such a system most of the county residents would probably die during or following an attack.

As neighbor Hoegh was among the county residents concerned, the panel members told him about their findings, and about plans for a home-shelter exhibit in the county that might serve as a model for the whole nation. One feature was a back-yard family shelter that a do-it-yourself homeowner could build for $106.50.

The panel members reported the OCDM director was enthusiastic. But when the county council made its report public, Maryland Civil Defense Director Sherley Ewing warned that evacuation was still the official agency policy, and that if they tried to make any changes he'd cut off their $19,000 Federal-state allotment. "No wonder," the Washington Post sniffed editorially at this bureaucratic snafu, "so many persons pay so little attention to civil defense."

Unfortunately we've got to pay attention whether we like it or not. Both we and the Soviet Union have the capability, or soon will have, of devastating the other's territory. We all hope and pray a conflict will never occur. But if one ever does, it won't suffice to knock out an enemy nation with our nuclear attack unless enough of us survive to pick up and start over again. The Soviet Government is quite aware of the danger and has trained more people in civil defense than any other country. They are hard at work on a shelter system based on a maximum of fifteen minutes' warning. For that matter, so are most of the nations of Europe, including neutral Sweden and Switzerland. It's time the OCDM brass came down out of its dream world and got intelligently serious about civil defense.

A Johns Hopkins University survey in the Washington, D.C., area showed that seven people out of ten would like to know more about civil defense, assuming they could get information and not double talk. Nearly four out of five interviewed had heard or read about fallout, but only about two of them realized that it is the principal hazard. I don't have the space here to correct all the rampant misinformation about civil defense. But I've received a lot of mail—the vast majority of it favorable—since I made my first speech on the Senate floor citing the wastefulness of our obsolete program. One letter I'd like to mention came from a volunteer in a small Oregon city who had won an Air Force citation for his work over the past seven years in behalf of civil defense. "Personally," he wrote me, "I think you may have something and I am not altogether surprised [although] yours is the first time I have noted anyone with the intestinal fortitude to make such statements." However, he goes on to say that it is easy to criticize but harder to come up with answers—and what did I have to offer in the way of constructive suggestions?

That civilian-defense volunteer has a point, and I do think that some answers are available. We certainly can't throw up our hands on the theory that it is impossible to defend ourselves against nuclear attack. After all, the Rand and other studies show that adequate shelters would provide for survival of as much as 90 per cent of the population under an all-out attack.

We shouldn't kid ourselves about the grim threat posed by nuclear-bomb-carrying missiles—but we shouldn't overlook any shelter possibilities either. The studies indicate that should such a bomb explode over a given area without warning, a large number of deaths would be instantaneous and inescapable as a result of the blast and heat of the explosion. However, after the blast there would be a fifteen-to-thirty-minute interval before the radioactive fallout began to come down in the immediate area—survivors of the heat and blast effects would have time to reach nearby shelters. Downwind the potential fallout victims would have more time to take cover—perhaps as much as an hour or two, depending on their distance from the explosion and velocity of the wind. But nobody should count on such generous margin of time, no matter where he lives or works. Missiles are much less accurate than bombing planes and may explode many miles from the target—as in the suburbs rather than the industrial area of a city. Considering these variables, your shelter should be within a few hundred yards; you should be able to reach it in a matter of minutes. In fact, some careful calculators believe that in large cities anyone above the sixth floor of a downtown building might not have time to get down to shelter in case of an attack nearby.

What would an adequate shelter system cost? You can get a lot of different estimates on that, ranging upward from about twenty-five dollars a person for a light structure that will protect you principally against fallout in nonurban areas. The $106.50-do-it-yourself shelter I mentioned previously is big enough for a family of six. The top cost would be about $300 a person for shelters that are capable of protecting people from blast and fire in the most heavily populated metropolitan areas, such as midtown Manhattan. The Naval Radiological Defense Laboratory estimates that about 100,000,000 persons could be taken care of in light shelters for a total of about $2,500,000,000. The rest would need heavier, costlier types, and the total national cost for shelter might reach about $15,000,000,000. That wouldn't provide food, water, medicines and sanitary facilities. But the cost of these might be canceled out by savings from remodeling existing structures, such as basements, tunnels and underground garages, instead of building entirely new ones.

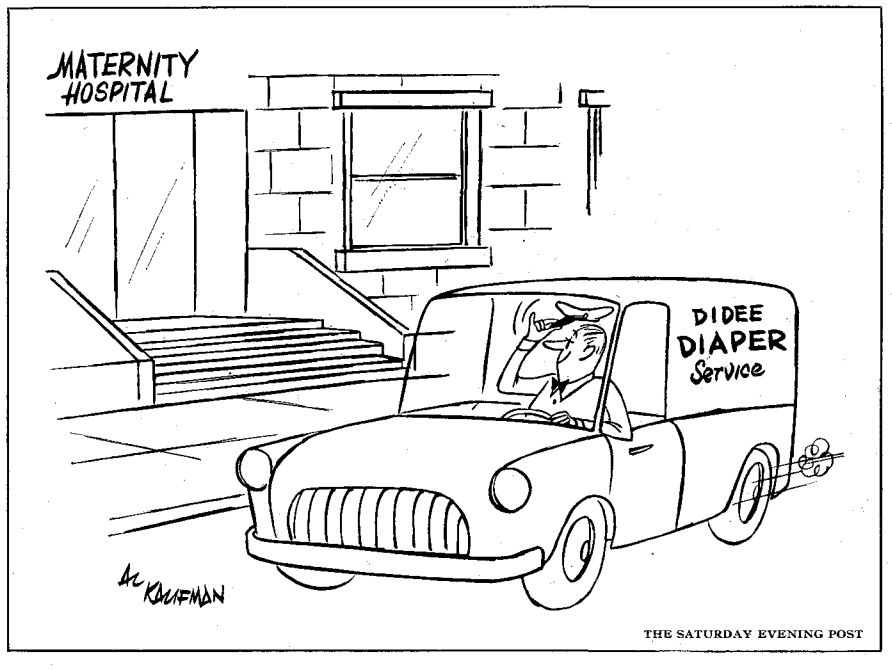
I'll admit that $15,000,000,000 is a lot of money. Spread over a period of years, however, it is a figure we can at least cope with in terms of our national income and resources. We wouldn't have to devote all of our time to digging holes. The cost is still less than that of evacuation, which would entail $16,000,000,000 for emergency highways, plus the cost of shelters at the evacuee reception centers. With an adequate shelter program we can assume that we could save 90 per cent of our people in case of an all-out-attack.

But, say the pessimists, even though you have kept these people alive, how are you going to keep them alive in a country that is covered with fallout? The answer is that we could decontaminate and make the country safe again. Now, decontaminating a whole country may sound like a hopeless task, but really it isn't. For two or three days after a nuclear attack, it wouldn't be safe because of radioactivity for anyone to leave the shelters. After that, we could venture outside each day for varying periods, depending upon the intensity of radioactivity in our local area, to begin the business of decontamination. The Rand survey points up the Herculean nature of the job, but people do perform Herculean tasks when they have to. Washing or sweeping hard surfaces, and scraping or plowing earth areas can reduce residual radiation to endurable levels. Water can be filtered. Even if an entire year's crops should be lost because of long-lasting radioactive elements such as strontium-90, we have on hand now enough food to feed everybody for about a year, long enough to raise another crop on noncontaminated or decontaminated soil. The food isn't stored in the right places now, and a lot of other things need to be done. Restoring our industrial plants would take longer, of course, and I'm not trying to pretend that any part of this would be easy. But it isn't true—though I've heard it said often—that nothing we can do will help.

Where should we start? Some radical revision of our whole civil-defense thinking seems to be in order. The Rand survey has suggested that our civilian agencies should change their plans to fit the possibilities of a short nuclear war—instead of planning to mobilize production to support a large overseas army—and the primary defense task of such agencies should be the protection of civilians and rebuilding the economy. Canada may be thinking along the same lines. She recently converted her militia into a civil-defense force—without tanks or artillery, but with small arms, transport and communications—which could be moved into damaged areas to take over traffic, restore utilities and keep order.

I can imagine the howl that would greet any suggestion of converting our National Guard into a similar civil-defense force. I'm not proposing it. In fact, when reorganization of civil defense into the present OCDM setup was discussed last year, considerable opposition was expressed to military control, although I'm convinced the armed services would be likely to take over completely in event of a real nuclear attack. The important thing is that we constantly review our program to keep it up to date.

Obviously as a first move we should stop wasting money on obsolete evacuation plans. After that we ought to get down to fundamentals on a practical shelter program, not the token plan the OCDM is talking about now for individuals to build their own—as the frontiersman built his own log cabin for protection against the Indians. We're not fighting Indians now, TV programs to the contrary; more than half the people in the United States live in apartments or rented homes and can't provide their own shelters. If Congress received proposals from OCDM for a real, down-to-earth program for shelters, I believe something would be done about it. People are the most important resource the nation has. The knowledge that most of us would survive a nuclear attack might deter our enemy as much as our bombers and missiles. THE END



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Death Walk (Continued from Page 37)

He had freed her from the packboard, but saddled her with a clumsier burden, a twelve-foot greenwood pole, which he insisted she carry, not on her shoulder, but under her arm. Also, he had slashed a further length from his packrope, looped her waist with a bowline, and secured the other end to the pole.

"Insurance," he had told her, at the foot of the lily-starred slope from the bench, the ice breathing cold in their faces. "You'll be our pathfinder today. If a crevasse gets you, the pole will bridge it."

He had added a "maybe," but not aloud. The pole was from Ves Jones' bag of mountain tricks; it had worked for his partner.

Watching Linn now, Mike read certain changes in the girl. She seemed smaller, trudging before them on the gray desolation of ice. But he felt she had done considerable growing in the two days since the sports plane crashed. She was quick to help—unhandy often, and certainly not one to trust with the Hudson's Bay ax—but eager to anticipate a need. It was she who had stirred up the fire. When he wakened before daylight, he had found her coat spread over his chest and the tea pail already boiling. Through slitted eyes he had watched her, approving, although his soul had writhed at her profligacy with the tea leaves.

Now, Linn was going along well with a gag that had chirked up Morg's spirits. Halsted needed that lift. The hurt man had changed, too, but not for the better. It was an old man's face they had looked on when they roused him, starting to shrink in on the bone, the forehead too prominent, the nose jutting. His Aunt Meg, Mike recalled in grim concern, had looked so when he came home from his hellish winter in the Upper Anzac to tend her through the last weeks of her life.

But even in pain and fever, this Minnesota Swede from California was continuing to prove himself a very tough, durable man. Hot tea laced with rye-bourbon mix had helped him, and perhaps the knowledge that for the time he was no longer a helpless drag on the party.

"I mean to keep these sticks," he had said after that first tumble, up and lurching forward again with the sweat beaded on his face. "I'll hang 'em back of my bar, along with Linny's slacks!"

Halsted said now, spacing his words to the peck-pecking of his crutches, "I want that mermaid-shaped fishing plug you caught those cutthroat trout on too. I've got quite a collection of plugs, starting with the one Linny sat on that trip we took when she was a kid." He scowled at his daughter's back. "Of course, I had to rig it with new hooks. . . . You said old Ves Jones gave you the mermaid?"

"That's right, Morg."

"What would he be doing with a rig like that?"

"Call it a souvenir."

"Look, whiskers, are you holding out on me?"

"Well, there's a lady involved." The packboard, light after the loads Mike Clendon's shoulders were used to, rode high and easy. The risen sun smote on their backs—sudden warmth, heat beneficent. It would be time soon to grease up with the cold cream from Linn's luggage against a glare that could flay even in September. "As a matter of fact, Morg, she was the girl Ves Jones met that trip to Salt Lake City I spoke of."

"The one he named a mountain for?"

"The same. Mount Angela. You'll see her when the mist burns off, across on our left. She's the queen of the Tantalus range."

The ice complained under Mike's boots. The pole crutches pecked. Ahead, sunlight kindled Linn's hair—combed, this morning—the smooth line curving in at her nape. She had nice hair, a sunny brown.

"Go on, dammit!" Halsted prodded him with a trace of sick-man's petulance. "Ves and the mermaid. I want to know!"

Keep him going. Dangle the carrot —— Mike had no heart for spinning windies about Ves Jones, but if that happened to be Halsted's carrot, he'd yarn about Ves till the cows came home, fetch the man he had loved best in his life from under his shattered sidehill to caper for them. Linn's carrot, he supposed, was seeing her father in a doctor's care. That, and getting back to the man in Oakland—the lawyer whose name her dad found it hard to remember.

"You see that dark strip ahead, Morg?" It was a medial moraine, a rib of scree and boulders thrust up by the glacier in its progress, a bar in the river of ice. "When we get there we'll take a break and I'll tell you."

On a march such as this, monotonous, unbroken by major obstacles, a man indulged in long thoughts. It was at such times his ghosts walked with him. For himself, what carrot? It had been easy enough to read between the lines of Alison's letter. Oddly, he thought of her as Alison Mackay still. Her disastrous marriage to her Edmonton oilman was over. She was free now, and if the letter meant anything, she had changed from the girl who once took nothing and nobody too seriously—Mike Clendon least of all. He had let his partner die alone in the Anzac country because of Alison, and in the aftermath of that sorry business, the grim old woman who reared him had fretted her heart to bits. Well, Alison was waiting for him at Kinross downcoast, and this time if he asked her to marry him he'd fetch a different answer. That could be the carrot in front of his nose. Could be—but wasn't.

Although he had burned her letter, he knew now that he had evaded a decision through four lone months. That had come to him quietly here, tramping the glacier with these two Americans whose fate had been dropped upon his shoulders. Alison was out of his blood. This other girl, plodding so hardily in morning sunshine, was worth all the Alisons in the world.

Halsted's voice intruded on him. "All right, Mike, what's so funny? Let us in on it, huh?"

"Funny?"

"Yeah. You're grinning all over your face."

"Thinking of Kinross, pop. The time we'll have there when the doctors patch you up."

Halsted stumbled, and Mike closed a hand on his arm. The black, low rib of the moraine was close.

"How we doing, Morg?"

"Dandy. Stop asking me that, boy. I'm doing fine."

The hard jaws were blue-bristled, his forehead beaded, the florid color kindled his face. He lurched on, a very hard man to lick, and the three of them eased over from the ice to the moraine.

Linn dropped her pole to the scree and herself beside it. So far today the green moccasins hadn't popped their stitching, but Mike wished her feet in boots. Good boots, well-nailed, double-vamped with the Kinross cobbler's special proofing between layers, and the shaped heel that didn't catch, and calks under the instep. That lesson of good boots he had learned early from his partner. It went against the grain to lay out fifty bucks for a pair of light cruisers, but such boots could save your life.

Not that even a boot from the Kinross cobbler's could have saved Morgan Halsted's foot, he thought, easing the hurt man into the lee of a boulder.

The scree in this pocket was as fine almost as sand, already warm from the sun. No plane, no sound of an engine, but the day was young and the uncertain weather holding. By now they'd have combed whatever area they were searching, perhaps have shifted operations south or north on a new lead. Sooner or later someone would poke into the Maxada. R.C.A.F. Search and Rescue did superb work on a job of this kind, but even those winged bloodhounds needed a clue.

Mike shucked the packframe and settled crosslegged in the scree. If wishes were horses, Linn would have no need of mountain boots. She would be down at Kinross this minute with her dad, or better still, home in Oakland, living her ordered, gracious and dull-seeming life, going to showers, probably; and perhaps the wedding presents would be starting to roll in.

He said to her, "Duchess, you're bearing up well!"

"A Brownie hike. But I can't find sticks to rub. Have you a match?"

Grinning, Mike obliged. Morg was wrong; she wasn't stuffy and she did have a sense of humor, or was developing one. He leaned back on his splayed hands, the scree warm under his palms, sun in his face and ice breeze in his hair. He looked at her and smiled, and the grave little square-shaped face with its fine brows and blue-gray eyes and good mouth returned his smile. He was fond of this girl. Without too much effort he could be more than fond of Linny Halsted.

The realization jolted him. He said to her father, all in a flurry and with the burr rolling in his voice, "I suppose you'll keep nagging and niggling till I tell you about that mermaid fish plug. The way it started, we'd done nicely in Ves Jones' favorite stamping ground, the Upper Anzac—found a string of pockets on a branch creek and taken out considerable in dust and pinhead nuggets. Ves, after we'd cashed in, took it into his head to fly to New York."

"You too?" Linn asked him. Her eyes had changed again; they were blue as the sky.

"No, of course not. I'd my bachelor's degree to pick off and other uses for my time and money —— Please don't interrupt, Linny."

She subsided meekly. The club had dropped its bars, it was becoming somewhat less exclusive. They had permitted a woman's auxiliary.

"The way Ves told it me afterward, the sensation when he found himself among the skyscrapers was most strange. It was something about the way the tall buildings took off from the pavement and pulled his eyes up with them till he felt they'd jump clear out of his head. Exactly the feeling he'd had many times in a stand of big timber. After our spell in the Anzac, that wasn't what Ves wanted."

Linn ventured a question. "Have you ever been to New York, Mike?"

"I passed through as a boy with a ticket round my neck as if I were a piece of freight or a pet dog in transit. But I was not allowed to linger; I was shipped on to my Aunt Meg in Vancouver."

"But why the ticket?"

"The natives had a limited understanding of broad Scots. Will you stop interrupting?"

"Sorry."

"As I was saying, Morg, Vesuvius wanted nothing that would remind him of the woods. He returned to the airport

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and flew west till he reached Salt Lake City. He loved that city, and Salt Lake, and he spent much of his time floating about in the lake trying every way to sink himself and not succeeding."

Mike reached to the packboard for the face cream. "Excuse me, Morg. Something we'll need." The breeze stayed cool, almost chilly, but the sun was rolling higher. Those refracted rays played the devil with unprotected skin. No plane still, and no sound of a plane.

"Ves was joined in that endeavor on his second day by a girl, a handsome blonde. Girl is a courtesy title. She was into her thirties."

"A nice age," Halsted observed. "Ripened. Go on, boy."

"They spent the days of a week floating in Salt Lake. It was life as it should be lived—I'm quoting Ves, you understand—a lark, a ball, a picnic. He remembered it as a second youth."

"Too good to last," Linn said. "She finally sank him?"

"Yes. On the seventh day she vanished, and the remainder of Ves' stake with her. He was never one to keep count of his money—my Aunt Meg and I were everlastingly at him about that—but I suspect she took him for over four thousand. He returned to British Columbia with a Gideon Bible, porpoise-hide laces for a pair of boots on order in Kinross, which he never did claim, and that mermaid fishing plug. The laces he'd bought."

"And the mermaid?" Linn asked, lounging in her voluminous slacks, coat over her shoulders. She was smiling; her face warmed remarkably when she smiled.

"Oh, that—well, his Angela had a sense of humor, something rare, I've noted, in women. Brown-haired women especially. They'd run out of gas in the rented convertible. He piked off to a service station for a can, leaving his jacket with his wallet on the seat. When he returned, no wallet and no Angela. Just his jacket with the mermaid hooked into the lapel. Her way of telling Ves good-by; it had been her lucky piece. I pointed out the moral to Ves, but it didn't take. He gave me the plug. It's my lucky piece now, and a fine fish killer."

"I don't see any moral," Halsted muttered. He sprawled with eyes closed, the hornet's nest of a swathed foot stretched at the end of a swollen leg. "I like the picture, Mike. I like it fine. I can see the two of them right now, by the holy, floating around in Salt Lake trying to sink each other, and I wish I was there. Let me tell you kids something. It isn't the things you've done you regret when you're Ves Jones' age or mine. It's all you didn't do. I think Ves spent his stake well. I'm glad he named a mountain for Angela!"

Talking, the girl thought, with the unshed tears aching behind her eyes, like a very old man close to death and doddering back along his life. It was horrible to hear him muttering so, the high color on his face—but that broad face dismayingly altered. She could not bear voice or spectacle; she got to her feet, turning her back on them, fighting the tears.

Behind her she heard Mike busy with the packboard. "You next, Linny."

She turned, and saw her father's face transformed, a dead-white mask coated thickly with cleansing cream from the jar Mike had added to their load. Under the eyes, with a charcoal fragment, Mike had applied heavy black crescents which met on the bridge of the nose. The effect was less comic than macabre.

"Look, if you think I'll wear any such mess ——"

"You will," he said, "if you want to finish the day with a complexion. And without sore eyes." He swirled a finger in the jar. "Hold still."

"At least, let me. I have a mirror."

"You'd be too dainty." He set to work with the cream, her chin cupped in his hand, scowling down into her lifted face. When he reached the charcoaling stage, he finished with some quite unnecessary business around her mouth. It was a melodramatic procedure to her, more in keeping with Everest expeditions or Antarctica. After the first protest, though, she submitted rather than cause a fuss which might disturb Morg.

"Now me, if you please," Mike said, and handed her jar and charcoal. "See you slap it on thick."

Linn stared at him; he stared back. He had a scarred left eyebrow. The whites of his eyes were very clear, the irises very blue.

"How did you get that scar, Mike?"

"Fighting, as a boy." He spoke stiff-lipped. "Fresh out from Morayglen. I was beat every time, but my aunt would send me off to fight again. 'Just arm yer fist wi' muckle strength, laddie,' she'd tell me, and away I'd trot for another bashing. She was a tough old cooky."

"Did she want you to be a geological engineer?"

"Minister. We fought over that—heavier with the black, Linny. Aunt Meg settled finally for a doctorate in science, but I've crossed her up, I'll finish with my master's next spring."

"Was your father a preacher, Mike?"

"He was a navvy on the railways till the war took him."

And a war would take this one, she thought, *with his pipes and his peppery pride. How soon his wife a widow!*

Mike turned away and started remaking the pack. "Come on, pop, let's ditch the whistles. They'll do all right here and I'll pick them up in a week or two."

"Try it," the hurt man said, "and I'll clout you." He groped for his crutches, but Mike shook his head.

He said very kindly, "No more need. They served the turn, you've given my legs the rest they wanted. You did well, Morg. Ves Jones would have been proud of you. I'm going to give you a mountain." Halsted on his back, he surveyed the lordly range that marched seaward with them. "How about the one shaped like a shark's fin? Big enough for you?"

Mike felt his passenger's head turn. The shark-fin peak, one lost, ten-thousand-footer in the savage jumble, was half obscured by haze. Weather making up; their sunshine wouldn't last too much longer. The changes, in here, were freakish and sudden.

"Do you mean that, boy? You aren't ribbing me? My name on that mountain?"

"Why not? We renamed a peak in the Rockies for your General Eisenhower, so there's a clear precedent." He spotted tracks in the scree which he would have prefered not to see, and with a quick sidelong glance at the girl, trampled them. "But that's one souvenir you won't hang back of your bar!"

"I wanted those crutches, dammit. I'd gladly have carried them. Look, I guess your government would change the name when they got around to mapping this part of the country, wouldn't they?"

"By that time," Mike said, "I'll be a big man, having got my start as a partner in a paint-and-weatherproofing business. I'll bring pressure. They'll keep the name."

"Mount Halsted. Not bad for a farm boy." His voice trailed in a drowsy chuckling. "Me and Angela. Well, if she can stand it, I can ——"

He slept. Mike and Linn crunched slowly on along the moraine.

"Mike?"

He answered absently. "Yes, Linny?"

"Did you name a mountain for that girl?"

"Not me! I had no dealings with Angela."

"I mean the one with the Dior."

He turned his head, frowning down, emerging from the burro state.

"I did not." The curt tone warned her, and the frown. But she persisted, willfully stubborn.

"Her name is Alison, isn't it?"

"I suppose you snooped it off that envelope in the meadow."

That stung. "I never snoop. How could I miss it?"

"Is there anything else you wish to know about her before we drop the subject?"

There was a good deal she wanted to know. But she was badly flustered and all at sea; and she hoped earnestly that the too-easy flush didn't show through her glacier war paint. Such unwarranted probing was her father's specialty, quite outside her nature, and to find herself indulging in such knocked her poise kicking. She knew she was talking as she had after the plane crash, chattering, unable to still her tongue.

"I'm sorry—I had absolutely no business—I simply wondered what sort of girl would appeal to you."

"She was tall. She had dark blond hair with a bit of red in it in certain lights, and green eyes. She was an excellent skier, and there was no risk I'd take on a cross-country run that she wouldn't cut a shade finer." His heavy brows were pulled into a bar, his eyes seemed bluer. Linn listened, miserable, certain now that for all his measured calm he was very angry. "We laughed a lot, we had splendid times together. I wanted to marry her, she didn't wish to marry me, and that was the end of it." Still he scowled down. "Satisfied?"

Linn found an obscure anger of her own. She said to him stoutly, no longer to be daunted by a dark look, "You speak of her as if she were dead. Yet you had that letter from her just before you came in here. I saw the postmark."

"Smart! A proper gumshoe. I've not been able to answer it. Plenty of mountains, but a shortage of mail boxes, Miss Halsted."

"You don't have to be sarcastic, Mike. I meant no harm ——"

"Neither did she. All in fun, nobody hurt, and a useful lesson. It taught me to be wary of rich girls. Shut up now, will you, and spare my wind. Admire the fine scenery!"

She lacked humor, her father insisted, but she began to laugh. She realized that Mike was laughing too.

"What, for the Lord's sake, started all that, Linny?"

"Don't ask me. The devil finding mischief, I suppose." She drew a sleeve across her eyes and Mike said, "Don't. You'll need that charcoal."

They tramped on, the girl in a swirl of weasel thoughts. Even if she were free, no ring on her finger, no Luke Blaine waiting—even if, fantastically, propinquity and dependence were drifting her into love with Mike Clendon, it would never work. It would end like her camping trip, in misery, barbed hooks to be snipped from the spirit, the only question: which would be the more miserable, he or she?

She said, the status quo no longer wavering, "He loves your outrageous Ves Jones, Mike. I do hope for his sake you're a good marathon liar."

"Liar? I'm not sure I follow you."

But the glacier presented them with a distraction—two, in fact. Their moraine petered out in a final tongue of scree. And they were no longer alone.

The girl stared in narrow-eyed dislike at this escapee from somebody's zoo, this hulking interloper a quarter mile distant on the ice. "I believe it's the same grizzly. He had that yellow patch on his chest."

Mike stared too, with a measuring eye, not checking his pace but not hurrying it either. She was right, there wasn't a thing wrong with the girl's eyes, it was the same overgrown lout of a left-handed boar silvertip, a six-hundred-pounder with a splotch of egg on its vest. Their fates seemed intertwined; it had nearly stumbled on them in the gully; he had circled it at the trout lake, and here it was again, strolling the glacier ahead of them.

The bear had halted and half swung in its tracks. Mike could all but see the nostrils working, testing the wind that eddied down from the cirque, supplementing the evidence of nearsighted eyes.

They watched the bear, and the bear watched them. Finally with a certain leisured insolence, it turned its head and resumed its shoulder-rolling progress along the ice.

The big bears were strange creatures, easily spooked at times, at other times inquisitive as children. A sow with cubs had left marks in Ves Jones' back and shoulder that you could lay a finger into; it was from his first sight of those scars that his own antipathy for the tribe dated. Eying this bear, watching it in its unhurried (*Continued on Page 76*)

"This caused a complete panic when I did it over at my house."

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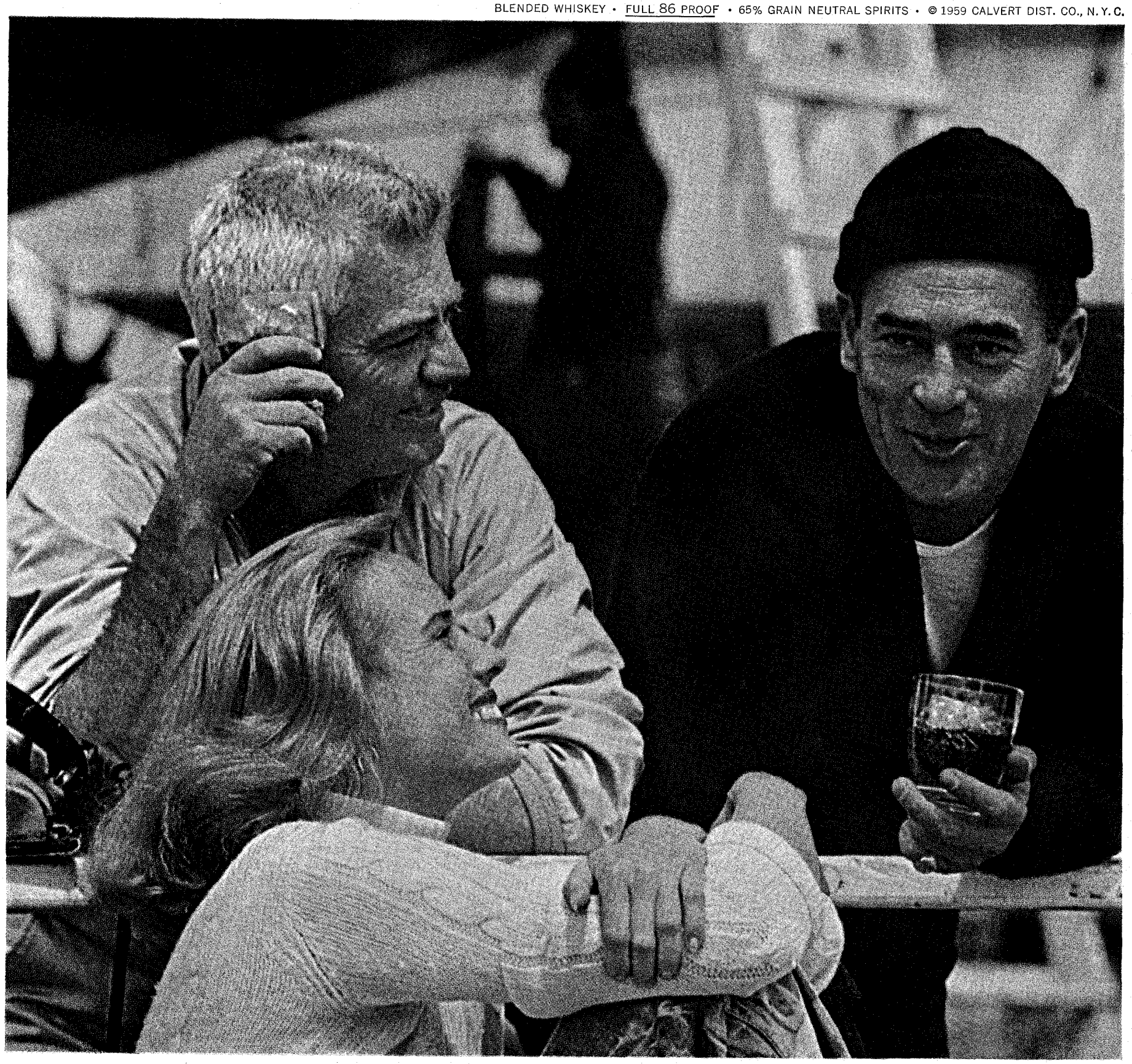

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(*Continued from Page 74*) descent of the glacier, he found himself wishing for his flat-shooting .270 and a magazine of one-hundred-sixty-grain bullets. Not to kill the beast, since he detested wasteful slaughter, but just for insurance.

Ah, he was getting spooky. This fellow wasn't seeking trouble. Such mind as he had was probably fixed on a bait of spawning salmon in the lowland creeks.

The bear steered a clever course on ice no longer smooth. He displayed a knack for bypassing the crevasses which now appeared more frequently; he was a knowledgeable guide. They tagged him on down, the bear in no great hurry and they not crowding him. Presently the glacier dipped to the first folds and hummocks of the ice fall, seeking a lower level. Moving slowly and very carefully, they entered into a ruined city of ice towers and domes and gables, an enchanted place where the columns of shattered temples soared high, and ice witches brooded above them as they passed. Linn led with her pole under her arm, unraveling a way for them through a chaos both sinister and lovely. Sunlight struck the clear green ice of a minaret and fractured into rainbow prisms there. The leaning shapes, wind-and-sun-sculpted, acquired life and an eerie grace. They moved with eyes watchful; there was always the chance that the hood in the fur jacket had decided to resent them traipsing after him—that he could be lying in wait for them in the next crystalline alley mouth with a set of switch knives in each fist.

Behind them an ice tower crashed, the boom of its demolition a dreadful, deafening din. Seconds earlier they had passed in the shadow of that pinnacle.

"Close," Mike muttered, the sweat dripping.

"Too close." The girl tried to smile; her effort was unconvincing. "Be glad when we're out of this!"

They entered a lane between tenements, a twisty street, the place a hoodlum would pick for ambush. They were deep in its gut when they heard a new sound and halted, breathing hard, peering up.

The float plane was high, but by no means too high.

"Wave!" Mike spoke with rough urgency. "Flag him, Linn. Flap your arms, for Pete's sake!"

She flapped, the pole dangling from its leash. She waved, she executed a scarecrow dance. The plane bored on east into haze, the hum fading. They stared at each other in bleak dismay. And while they stood so, a miracle overtook them—the sound that meant salvation was in their ears again, deepening chestily from the east. The cruciform shadow swept over them, the float plane slanted down an incline of air, a yellow phantom of delight. Three blasts punctuated the receding drone. From somewhere ahead they heard a different commotion, a windy bawling. The plane swept over once more, hiking out of the glacier trough in a climbing turn, then trailed shadow and prop din west in the direction of tidewater.

Silence resumed—the hush that sang in ears robbed of a better sound.

Mike broke that hush, cursing. It was a startling outburst for the chief of a party as good as rescued, and it was by no means suited to a well-bred girl's hearing. He stood with boots planted wide and her father on his back, and he offered, instead of thanks, a display of language that crackled and sparked.

Linn tugged at his arm. She said to him sharply, "Stop that, Mike! They saw us. They couldn't miss!"

"Like hell they couldn't!" The muscles lumped in his cheeks and his eyes were ugly. "Another damned irresponsible pair of Minnesota Swedes, no doubt; out for fun and games."

"Mike, they saw us. I know they did."

"They didn't spot us, Linny." The diatribe ended and he gazed at her, disappointed and depressed, his black mood riding him heavier than the limp burden sagging against his shoulders. "If they had, they'd have let us know, tilted the wing, made a sign. The bear must be in the clear, and they had eyes just for that bear. What they did was drop down to pop at him." His mouth tightened grimly. "Then, having done their good deed for the day, they bugged off. I'm sorry, Linny. If we'd been clear of this ice jungle we might have stood a chance. It's rotten luck."

She nodded. They resumed the *jornada*, threading their hazardous way amid the glittering *séracs*, thinking their own thoughts.

Mike's were dour, a bitter fuming. His friend, Dave Logan, even flying over a mess like this, would not have missed. Most pilots, the bush pilots especially, were sound operators, mountain-wise and not wanton. They'd risk ships and necks in a mercy flight, but they were a thoroughly responsible crowd. This bird, he suspected, didn't even hold a commercial ticket. He had dragged the ice for a reasonless act of vandalism—his passenger, judging by those rapid explosions, had blasted the silvertip with three charges from an automatic shotgun.

The prospect of sharing the Maxada with a wounded bear, which might all too readily blame them for his hurts, was anything but attractive. They had to keep moving, though—they'd nauntled here long enough. Cautiously, they passed through the last suburb of the ice fall, putting its limits behind them. Not two hundred yards ahead, the bear sat with its rump in a glacier pool thawed by this hell-hot noon sun. The sight was ludicrous; it was for laughter, but Mike did not laugh and felt no slightest impulse to do so. Disappointment and anger still rode him, and a lively fear.

Linn, at the touch of his hand, halted. The old boar gave them a dirty look over his shoulder, rose out of his wallow and limped off, rapidly but with a flinching, lurching gait, southwest toward the sparse-timbered ridges.

Gut-shot, Mike judged. Condemned to a lingering death. They might have been using buck, but he suspected the bear packed one or more twelve-gauge slugs, nearly as big around as a man's thumb. Again and strongly he yearned for the .270 in storage at the Kinross Hotel. If his guess was correct the silvertip would travel and lay up, continuing the process in blundering flight down glacier and river valley till he conked out. While he lived, he would remain a horrible menace to any who crossed him. What was needed now—in pity as well as prudence—was a load to break the shoulder and fetch him down, and a second through the brain.

"Does that happen often, Mike?" She sounded tired, beat out. Had she started weeping he would not have held it against her. "Shooting up grizzlies that way?"

"No, I'm glad to say." His sympathies were all with the furry friend now. A lout, true; a big, surly bruiser, but minding its own business, even obliquely helping them work their way toward the Maxada River headwaters. "I have a notion who those punks were. Damn, I wish I'd got their registration! That would pin it down."

Linn reeled it off. Mike gave her a side glance of respect. She was a cool-headed girl; she'd done better than stand and swear.

"I apologize. They weren't from Minnesota." He repeated the Canadian registration, fixing it in his mind. "I believe that ship belongs to a meathead in Kinross by the name of Milt Bates." He added sullenly, "I'll turn him in for that, him and his chum."

Depression was a near-visible cloud around him. He had taken this reverse harder than she. For herself, the blow had been dulled by a certainty—increasingly with her—that rescue would never come, that they would break from this web of time and distance only by their own efforts. Just for now, she realized, she was the strong one. It was a novel sensation. She nursed it in silence, while they nibbled another morsel from distance and time.

"Mike?"

"Yes, Linny?"

"A Minnesota Swede would have showed more sense."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed. Would you care to discuss the War of Eighteen-twelve?"

She saw the reluctant grin tug at his mouth and knew she had broken his mood. They discussed that war, young people who had learned their history in neighbor lands from different books. They kicked it around with unneighborly acrimony—burning of Washington against raid on York; General Brock versus General Van Rensselaer, and my daddy can lick your daddy any day. It was the familiar, mile-killing game of lifting their spirits by the bootstraps. They kept at it, Halsted sleeping—or at least insensible—their feet treading good ice where no safety pole was needed. The battle lasted them till the glacier decided life was becoming too much a bowl of cherries for its captives, and dropped a new obstacle in their path.

This was a lake. It lay breeze-ruffled on a flat, lacking only sedge at its borders and ducks afloat.

Mike whistled in dismay. To skirt it, either direction, would take them far out toward the lateral moraines. The marginal ice, even at this distance, looked rugged, and those flanking moraines under the ridges were impassable rock piles.

"What can we do, Mike?"

"Wade it—I hope."

"Suppose it's too deep?"

"We can't stand here supposing. It's holes I'm concerned about. Crevasses."

"Stupid." Her cream, layering, had mostly dripped off. Her face was pink with sunburn. "If there were crevasses there'd be no pond."

Twice in the hour she'd proved smarter than he, and at a trade which, the good Lord knew, was not her own. He said to her, needlessly curt, "Well, let's quit talking about it—we won't cross it standing still."

It was a strange crossing, just as this lake was strange, a mirage made tangible. The sun bludgeoned them, head and back. From the knees down, then from Linn's waist, they plowed through liquid ice. When they splashed out of the farther reaches, her legs were numb and her teeth chattered. Mike was no better off, and the knowledge brought a perverse satisfaction. But he had managed to keep her father dry.

The sun beat on them, the wind cut at them, they dried with amazing speed. The vandal float plane did not return; the arched yellow sky with its southeast haze thickening remained empty of even a hawk.

"Pull ahead, Linny."

His voice, intruding on a bout of long thoughts, startled her.

"Why?"

"For safety. The snow may have drifted in this basin, plugged a few cracks."

She didn't agree. The footing was better than at any time since the first hour from the bench camp, and she decided privately that Mike Clendon was showing a distinct grandmother streak. But she accepted his mandate, shouldered her pole, and moved out with handbag aswing.

She drew ahead, seeking the smoothest track, ankle deep in wet snow very faintly tinged with yellow.

No miracles. Distance meant nothing in the world outside; her children, if not she, would live to see space vanquished. But here in the Maxada, distance remained stubborn, yielding only to the outmoded procedure of planting one tired foot doggedly ahead of the other.

She took a step, philosophizing still, and sank, and kept sinking. The world plunged from under her in a remove checked abruptly by a savage yank beneath her arms. Snow masses cascaded over and past her. Dangling, twirling on the tie rope in a violet light, she listened dazedly to the tinkle of ice fragments very far below. She heard one duller thud.

My bag. It was all she could think of, suspended from her sagging pole, separated from her purse in the glacier's base-

"I don't believe his heart is in it."

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ment by a cord not the thickness of a finger. *I've lost my bag* ——

Sense returned. She lifted an arm, cautiously, cautiously, and hooked it over the pole. The packboard was still on her back, slewed awkwardly to one side. The ice around her had a charnel smell, a dank odor of rot. With her free hand she smeared slush from her face and took stock of her predicament. The pole ends had wedged either side of a slope-walled gap, the funnel mouth of a crevasse which the snow had masked.

Mike's face peered down at her, framed in a sky that seemed hopelessly unattainable. He was grinning and she hated him. Even in fear she hated that whiskered fool face with its silly grin!

"All right, you're as safe as in church." He dangled his pack rope, noosed. "Work this around you. Then untie the other and monkey in along the pole. It won't slip or crack. When you reach the side, see if you can kick a toehold."

Furious, rasping skin from her palms, she inched her way along the pole. The rope drew taut as she scuffed a footing in the slanted wall. She was no more than six feet down, although it had felt like six hundred.

"Bring the pole with you," Mike ordered her, and she spared him a snarl.

She scrabbled fresh holds, loosing new snow slides into the crevasse. Mike, flat on his belly, reached, gripped and hauled her out. Linn released herself from a clutch that was rather tighter than needful. She lay gasping and spluttering in the lemon-tinged snow that had betrayed her. A dozen feet away her father sat on Mike's waterproof jacket, awake or conscious, watching dull-eyed.

"Still got your shoes, I see." Mike knelt by her; the rope had burned her skin and rucked her sweater under her arms. Her hand itched, as it had once before, for his ugly face. "That's a mercy! You know, Linny, you had me worried for a minute. I wasn't too sure of that cord. But it's nylon. It tests strong for its size. Five hundred pounds, the man told me."

"Oh, wonderful!" The taste of old snow was still in her mouth. "The fact that I darn near killed myself doesn't signify?"

"One less mouth to feed." He offered a hand, smile cheerful. "If you're done reclining there, we'll continue. Time's wasting."

"I've lost my handbag." Morosely, she settled the packframe. The masked crevasse had claimed her car coat also, but that was the lesser catastrophe. This time there would be no kind boy with gum on a stick; her bag with make-up kit, comb, and all the rest, including ten infinitely precious and irreplaceable cigarettes—all were forever gone.

"Less to carry," Mike told her, a beast without a soul, a worse hoodlum than any grizzly. "Stay with your dad, will you? I want to do some scouting." He stooped for the pole. "Lucky the ring was on your finger. That's a good stone."

He left them there in the heat and the curdling haze and the ice-breathing wind. They watched him, Halsted apathetic, as he trudged off with the pole clipped under his arm. Several times they saw him sink to waist or chest. Once, far from them, reduced to a dwarf by distance, he dropped completely from sight and the girl pressed hand to mouth, her blood no longer coursing, her heart not part of her body, but plunged deeper than the handbag, embalmed in ice.

She stared till she saw head and shoulders emerge. He crawled out, dragging the pole, then reared erect, slapping off snow. And, without doubt, swearing. He was extremely proficient at that. In relief, Linn hated him once more. He vanished around a bend in their narrowing ice river. After an eternity of waiting, she saw him reappear, plodding back to them.

"A blasted *slalom* course," he grumbled. And to Halsted, "Morg, how are you doing?"

"Fine." It emerged in a hoarse growl. "I want a drink."

"Fill him the mug with water, Linny. We've plenty of that."

"The devil with water!"

He was dull, he was failing, but by no means whipped.

"Next stop," Mike told him. He stooped for the lift. Linn moved to help. Halsted leaned heavy on her shoulder, standing in one town shoe, the swathed foot clear of the ice. Mike hoisted him, settled his grip of laced fingers, and they moved off along the prints of his survey.

It was dismaying to realize how the hours had passed. Sun in their faces now, already westering, a dulled ball you could stare into without squinting.

Linn busied herself at mental arithmetic. "How far have we come, Mike?"

"About sixteen miles," he answered her, translating travel time into distance. "Airline from the meadows. You've walked twenty-odd to make it."

"Sixteen?" She frowned, badly off in her figuring. They had been on the march forever; she had walked, this day alone, twice as far. "Is that all?"

"Not too bad a peg, Linny, with fat-and-ugly hitchhiking. I wish you'd try not to drag, Morg. It's the low-slung build, I guess."

Halsted croaked from his back, "Farther'n she ever hoofed it before. You modern kids, you won't go a block on foot. Shake it up, Scotty, or I'll make your next race a claimer. I want my drink!"

"Moraine ahead," Mike told him. "You'll have it there." He said to the girl, working to cheer her, "Not too much more of this. We'll hit the river soon, find the old mine that's near the headwaters, make a snug camp and whack our raft together tonight. Be in Kinross before dark tomorrow."

They inched in toward this next dark bar in the ice stream. It retreated maddeningly before them, an oasis much longed for; when they attained it, the patch of scree and boulders was lovelier to their eyes than green grass and flowers.

Over his drink, Halsted rambled. "Mount Halsted, by the holy! I'm coming back some year, Linny. I mean to climb that mountain."

He had lost his mountain, but they doubted if the hurt man realized it. The shark-fin peak and its neighbors were swallowed by swift-rolling cloud. But Halsted sat grinning, lost in his muddled dream. "We'll take Ves Jones with us. Where's old Ves got to, by the way?"

"Ves isn't here, dad." Linn spoke gently, her hand on his fever-hot wrist. "You've forgotten." For her part she would return to the Maxada only in nightmares, but she had won membership in the club even if just as an honorary, and an invitation was owing. "May I climb your mountain too?"

"You?" The dulled eyes stared at her. "No. This'll be a rough party, honey. You'll be home with the counselor, and he don't like parties."

Hand unsteady, he raised the chipped enamelware mug, draining the last of his drink to his invisible namesake across the ice. Linn and Mike traded glances. Time was running out on them—for his life, they had to get the sick man to a hospital soon.

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For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

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Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

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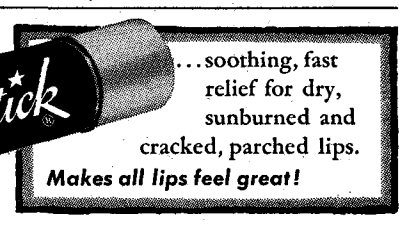

...soothing, fast relief for dry, sunburned and cracked, parched lips.

Makes all lips feel great!

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WHEN "PUBLIC POWER" WINS, YOU LOSE...

Every time another federal "public power" proposal goes through Congress, you are taxed to pay the bill

Most people, according to national opinion polls, don't want the federal government in the electric business. Yet everybody—including *you*—is taxed to pay for such federal "public power."

Already $5,500,000,000 of tax money from you and other Americans has gone into this federal "public power." And now the "public power" promoters are pushing hard for $10,000,000,000 *more*.

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Hollywood's Late-Blooming Redhead

(Continued from Page 15)

but pure Castile soap and rubs her body with oil when the ritual is done.

She spends the night between silk or satin sheets because she likes the smooth sensation of luxury. She uses a special skin cream to avoid dreaded freckles. Her lipstick is a purposely pale shade to emphasize the round, luminous beauty of her hazel eyes, and she applies a touch of rouge with a camel's-hair brush. Unlike most women she is not afraid of snakes or mice, but she can't stand bugs.

Miss Hayward suffers from acute myopia, and in the early days was mistakenly accused of being haughty because she was known to ignore even important people who were right under her nose. The truth is that she can't quite make out a nearby face without glasses, and this handicap has precipitated some awkward situations.

During the filming of I Want to Live, for instance, Fox assigned Roman Freulich, one of the studio's top still photographers, to shoot action shots of her on the set. Knowing the rule that she had to approve all such stills, Freulich took her a large assortment of proofs and was appalled to see her puncture one after another with a nail. When Freulich developed a second big batch, he took along a magnifying glass.

"Look at the fine detail in these," he said, handing her the glass, "and you'll see how good they are."

She peered through the lens and, to his happy surprise, passed all the photos. He did not know—and she did not want to admit—that she couldn't see the pictures the first time.

It was Freulich, incidentally, who found out for himself what most of her directors already knew—that Miss Hayward is not a mood or method actress. Many a star, up against an important dramatic scene, closes off the set entirely, plays sad music or uses some other device to whip up the emotions. Miss Hayward, on the other hand, can turn them on and off like a light switch. Freulich and other members of the crew, as a case in point, choked up and wept during the poignant scene in which Miss Hayward, as Barbara Graham, goes to her death in the gas chamber at San Quentin. Minutes later, still wiping tears away, Freulich went to her dressing room and found her dry-eyed and humming a gay little tune.

From the evidence available it appears that Susan Hayward pursued fame with her head instead of her heart from the moment she discovered she had the necessary equipment.

She was born Edythe Marrener in Brooklyn on June 30, 1920—though Skolsky says it was 1918—and at the age of five first encountered the tensions and frustrations of being denied her own will. She was struck by an automobile, suffered fractures of both legs and her hips and was immobilized in a cast for seven months. Thereafter, for another eighteen months, her mother hauled her to Public School 181 in a little cart, and she hobbled around school on crutches.

She never forgot that long confinement, and the experience undoubtedly contributed much to her vivid portrayal of the life of singer Jane Froman, who was similarly crippled in an airplane crash. The picture, With a Song in My Heart, won an Academy nomination for Miss Hayward in 1952.

The Marrener family—Mrs. Marrener was a widow with a son, Walter, and two daughters, Susan and Florence—didn't live in squalor, but they never had much money. Years afterward, when 4500 students staged a near riot as Miss Hayward revisited her old classrooms at Prospect Heights High School in Brooklyn, she told them wistfully that she had gone through school with only one blouse and one skirt. "Keep a strong heart," she told the assembled students, "and don't be afraid to hope and work for whatever you want."

While she was still in high school, Miss Hayward discovered the commercial value of her long red hair, flashing white teeth, upturned nose and a figure that had more curves than her favorite Dodger pitching staff. During the '30's Miss Hayward was the kissable girl in many of the ads for popular commercial products, and these bussing adventures literally made her an old pro when she started doing love scenes in Hollywood.

Indeed, in a kind of top-secret file at the Fox studios there is an impressive dossier which might be called Hayward on Kissing. The essence of this dissertation, which she gave to Sonia Wolfson in the publicity department at the studio, is that the men who kissed her for the magazine ads performed their assignments with considerably more mastery than Rory Calhoun, Dana Andrews, Gregory Peck and others who embraced her in the movies.

"I had a new man in every ad," she says in this provocative document, "and we kissed harder and longer for those stills than we were ever permitted to do in a movie. That was my education. I kissed more guys and never saw them again. I remember some of those poses got my back out of whack a few times, once so severely that the doctor's bills were bigger than my modeling fees." As an afterthought Miss Hayward says none of her male models ever made it in Hollywood. "I guess I must have ruined them," she said.

It is pretty obvious that actor Jess Barker, who married Miss Hayward in 1944, was not *au courant* on her expertness in the art of osculation because, as he wryly recalled later, she let him have a short left when he tried to give her an amateur kiss on their first date.

"Oh, that was just a defense mechanism," Miss Hayward said when he mentioned the episode. "I wanted him to kiss me as much as he wanted to, but I didn't want him to know that, so I played hard to get."

It was a magazine cover—in fact, The Saturday Evening Post for October 7, 1939—that took her out of Brooklyn and brought her to Hollywood. David O. Selznick, whose flacks had sounded a clarion call for a girl to play Scarlett O'Hara in Gone With the Wind, saw the magazine cover and brought Miss Hayward to California for a screen test. The test was a painful flop, and Selznick said bluntly, "You'd better go back to Brooklyn and get some experience in stock."

"I like the orange trees," she snapped back, "and I'm going to stay."

And stay she did. Presently Max Arnow, then talent executive at Warner Brothers, saw the test and agreed with agent Ben Medford that, despite the failure with Selznick, the girl had some intangible quality worth developing. He signed her to a short-term contract at $250 a week, and as the first order of business scrapped the name Edythe Marrener.

"We sat and kicked it around," Arnow recalls. "There was a young girl coming up the horizon—I guess I cheated a little at that—named Rita Hayworth. Also I was doing business with an agent named Leland Hayward. I liked the sound of the name Hayward and we decided on it, but I can't remember where we got the Susan."

Arnow entered his protégée in the studio drama school, where she attended classes with other promising youngsters including Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. "This new girl didn't quite have the heart—she had a wonderful mind—but we had to give her the heart," he says. "She worked every day with a great coach named Frank Beckwith, and he gave her heavy dramatic scenes to see it he couldn't get some emotion and get her to cry. It took quite a while."

Arnow says Miss Hayward cries quite easily today. Indeed, she wept uncontrollably at a private party two years ago when Anna Magnani beat her out for the Academy Award for which she had been nominated after making I'll Cry Tomorrow. Unfortunately there were no directors around to appreciate the lachrymal performance.

Miss Hayward spent six months around the Warner lot posing for cheesecake stills and vainly waiting for the big chance. "Nobody would go for her," Medford says, "and eventually she was dropped." Those were dark days for the young newcomer, and it seems to be a matter of common knowledge that for some time she lived on breakfast-food samples picked up in the ubiquitous Hollywood supermarts.

Medford finally took her to Paramount where, after an audition for executive Arthur Jacobson, she got a contract at $350 a week.

Mervin Houser, one of the press agents assigned to her at Paramount, remembers that Miss Hayward was a lonely rider tilting at windmills even then, and that she worked day and night to shed the quaint but unmistakable touches of Brooklynese. She developed her own interpretation of a finishing-school accent and, as writer Louis Berg once said, metamorphosed herself into "a synthetic siren." He added that she developed a trick of tossing her long hair, accompanied by an "out-of-the-corner look and a coming-at-you look, which starts with downcast head and eyes and lifts suddenly."

There was one excruciating day early in her career when Miss Hayward was testing for an important part in a major production. Her work was so amateurish, Medford recalls, that the director suddenly stopped the camera, snorted in disgust and stamped off the set, leaving her standing there while the crew squirmed in embarrassment.

"Don't let it get you, honey," Medford said quickly. "There's a lot of politics in this business, and when you're a star this guy'll be a bum on the streets."

Susan looked at him without a flicker. "I know he will," she said.

They were both right.

Shortly afterward Miss Hayward was cast as the love interest in Beau Geste—it was a minor love interest, to be sure, because her lovers were out with the Foreign Legion except on weekends, but at least she was on film. Presently there was a national sales meeting of Paramount distributors, theater owners and executives. In order to excite the visiting firemen and brainwash them with the Paramount spirit, the studio sent busloads of pretty young starlets to the Ambassador Hotel and introduced them from the stage.

Most of these girls, as nervous as a greased pig at a county fair, mumbled something, curtsied prettily and scuttled off stage. But Susan Hayward planted her feet firmly in front of the footlights after she was introduced by William Le Baron, head of production, and said, "Wouldn't you fellows like to see me in pictures?"

There was a scattering of applause.

"I'm the girl they send on the sleeper jumps," Miss Hayward went on. "But for some reason or other they don't put me in any pictures."

The handclapping was louder and stronger now.

"And if you fellows want to see me in pictures," the belligerent young starlet cried when the noise died down, "why don't you tell Mr. Le Baron?"

The roof fell in with a roar of applause, and the stunned executives on the stage exchanged looks of consternation. From that moment Hollywood knew that Miss Susan Hayward was a small cyclone who, sacred territory notwithstanding, would be seen and heard. Shortly afterward Gregory Ratoff gave her a juicy vixen role in Adam Had Four Sons, and she

"Your wife came by and left a message for you, Reverend."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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made it a triumph. She was so grateful to Ratoff, by the way, that when she gave birth to twins some years later she named one of them Gregory.

In 1944 when both were donating their time and talents to the wartime Hollywood Canteen, she met and married a handsome but inept young actor named Jess Barker.

By this time, both in her private life and on the screen, she had a reputation as a hothead, and the suspicion persists that she stayed irascible because it paid off. In a guest column she once wrote for Jimmie Fidler, Miss Hayward confessed as much. "I had been brought up in Brooklyn, where you had to shout to be heard at all," she wrote. "I had become used to blowing my top whenever something didn't please me. Redheads have thinner skins. If we don't blow up every once in a while, people think we're sick."

It now appears that Miss Hayward's married life, like the pictures in which she played fiery and untamed women, was Chinese New Year every day.

When the firecrackers were popping, Miss Hayward often fled from their expensive San Fernando Valley home and sought sanctuary with understanding friends who would hide her from Jess. She slept on the couch, for instance, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers, one of her publicists. On another occasion she spent two weeks in the small apartment of a girl press agent. There she cooked all the meals—she had a weakness for pot roast—washed the dishes, cleaned house, and spent half her nights sitting on her friend's bed and pouring out her troubles.

Whether by design or not, her authorized press releases at the studio seemed to coincide with the domestic crisis of the moment. Thus, while she was playing Mrs. Andrew Jackson in a picture called The President's Lady, Miss Hayward delivered a long and bitter sermon in the press department at Fox. "When there's a divorce," she said, "it's the woman who gets it in the neck. . . . In any divorce case, though the man may be the rake and the rounder, it's the woman's good name which takes a beating. No matter how you slice it, it's a man's world. The good that men do lives after them, as the old saw goes. The good is buried with women."

On the other hand, depending on the circumstance, Miss Hayward was apt to tell friends that her husband was "the most unforgettable man I ever met," and Jess would gallantly counter with similar garlands. "Susan has the soul of a ballet dancer," he said once, "and the appetite of a ditchdigger. She loses her temper, but never her figure. She saves wrapping paper, but sleeps between silk sheets. She's a real hellcat, in an adorable way." This particular skit ended with Jess asking Susan for her recipe for a happy marriage. "Plenty of low-cut housecoats," she replied.

There came a time when Jean Pettebone, one of her close personal friends, asked naturally enough why Susan kept going back to Jess when there was so much friction in their lives.

"The answer is a question," Miss Hayward said. "Have you ever been lonely?"

In time she either ran out of housecoats or decided that even loneliness wasn't inducement enough, and after nine years the marriage was dissolved in the courts. The divorce case itself was a spectacular public circus during which there was testimony that Jess pushed her around, dunked her in the swimming pool, chased her around while she was nude and gave her a shiner. Conversely, Miss Hayward confessed on the stand that she pushed a lighted cigarette in his face and conked him with a Scotch-and-soda in their garden. It was only a coincidence that she had just finished making Garden of Evil with Gary Cooper.

On April 26, 1955, Miss Hayward's mother—she has since died—phoned police headquarters at 3:25 A.M. and cried excitedly that she was sure Susan planned to commit suicide and urged the cops to do something fast. Detectives G. W. Wilkerson and Ken Brondell of the Valley division raced to the Hayward home, kicked in a French door when no one answered the bell, and found the actress unconscious on the living-room floor.

After finding two empty bottles of sleeping pills, the two detectives carried Susan to their squad car and took her to an emergency hospital at seventy-five miles an hour. There Dr. Arthur Stirling gave her oxygen and applied a stomach pump. Dr. Stanley Imerman, her personal physician, was notified, and when she was transferred to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital the studio issued a statement over his name. "Miss Hayward," he said, "has been despondent for some time because of marital problems. She took some sedatives, and I'm sure the overdose was accidental. Her condition is satisfactory and she should be home in a couple of days."

Producer Walter Wanger, who has been a father-confessor to Miss Hayward since he directed her in Smash-up, for which she won her first Academy nomination, says now that she "was under terrible stress" at the time. "She had a very tough youth," he says, "but she is a stoical gal." The Los Angeles Police Department, incidentally, used the Hayward suicide-attempt case in a brief which was part of a move to reverse a Supreme Court ruling on illegal trespass. Chief William H. Parker contended that if his men had not broken down Miss Hayward's door, though it violated the law, she might have died.

Six months after the sleeping-pill affair, the gendarmes were summoned again, this time to quell a lusty brannigan that began when a starlet named Jil Jarmyn unexpectedly called on her friend, an actor named Donald (Red) Barry.

Miss Jarmyn told the cops that she found Miss Hayward visiting in Barry's apartment—it was in the morning—wearing blue-and-white-polka-dotted pajamas and a surprised look. In the nonstoical ruckus that followed, Miss Jarmyn said, Susan worked her over with a hairbrush, and they were wrestling around, smashing a coffee table in the process, when Barry pulled them apart. Miss Jarmyn subsequently canceled the assault charges, saying, "A public hearing on this situation would be bad for the motion-picture industry."

Miss Hayward has never been reticent about explaining her explosive temperament, and in the Fox files there is a forthright essay—also unreleased—in which she defends her behavior.

"I'm a sucker for anyone who comes offering honey instead of vinegar," she said. "But if someone comes along with a chip on their shoulder I'm agin' 'em pronto. Life's too short to waste on phonies. The psychologists have been saying for years, 'Get it off your chest.' The redhead does it in a hurry. It's the people who never blow up who wind up paying the piper—or, rather, the psychiatrist. We [redheads] are extremely touchy. Unless we're approached in the proper manner we won't play. We want to be the center of attention at all times."

During Christmas week in 1955, only a short time after the Jarmyn bout, Miss Hayward attended a gay holiday party at the Westwood home of Vincent X. Flaherty, columnist for the Los Angeles Examiner. Flaherty gave the affair for Floyd Eaton Chalkley, a boyhood friend who was once an FBI agent and was now a businessman in Carrollton, Georgia. Later that evening, at the Mocambo night club, Flaherty noticed that Chalkley, a shy man, did not seem to be enjoying the festivities.

"Hey, Eaton," Flaherty suggested, "Why don't you dance with Susan? Mix in, pal, mix in."

Describing the evening in one of his columns a year later, Flaherty said, "That did it." Chalkley soon broke the news that he and Susan were engaged and, as Flaherty says, "For the first time I saw my calm, cool and collected pal beset with the chronic shakes."

Chalkley married Miss Hayward in Phoenix on February 8, 1957—Flaherty had made all the arrangements for license and judge—and Susan dutifully telephoned Louella Parsons with the happy news. Miss Hayward closed up her San Fernando Valley home and moved to Georgia with her new husband, more than 2000 miles from the scene of her movie triumphs.

Flaherty, who seems to be the only man in Los Angeles not surprised by this abrupt severance, finds it easy to be lyrical about the romance he started.

"Susan's marriage to Eaton is a great one," he says. "He is a wonderful guy. A little swept over now, perhaps, by being a kind of prince consort, which he dislikes, and when he's here he can't get out of town fast enough. But the same goes for Susan. Their lives are wrapped up in their new home. Eaton wanted Susan to get out of the movies, and she will probably make two or three more pictures, then quit."

Flaherty recalls that he and Chalkley and Susan were driving home from the Santa Anita races one day last winter when a radio newscaster announced that Miss Hayward had won an Academy nomination for the fifth time. "Oh, I don't give a darn about that," she said, "but I'd like to win it just once for this guy sitting next to me."

She was so sure she would lose again that she had made arrangements for a private party in her Beverly Hills Hotel bungalow after the Academy Award presentations. The party had to be canceled when, at last, the prized statuette was placed in her hand and she had to join the other winners.

"I won't miss Hollywood at all," she said in Atlanta some weeks ago. "I'll have time to do all the things I've wanted to do. I find it a much more encompassing happiness in being with my husband and in pleasing him. I've had the career and it has been great, but this is much greater."

Walter Wanger, who is convinced that Miss Hayward's "follies"—as he called them—are behind her, predicts that her career has only begun. "I think Susan is a great artist," he said, "and I believe she will go on to greater heights. She has real fire inside."

Wanger may be right at that. No one in Hollywood has ever been able to put the fire out.

The Struggle to Get Hoffa (Continued from Page 27)

At its peak Kennedy had forty-two investigators on his staff, aided by some forty men from the General Accounting Office. They were paid up to $14,900 a year. Some had been newspapermen, FBI agents or policemen. Some were professional Government investigators, a new profession in Washington. One decided while still in college that "I wanted to be an investigator." The investigators are, by and large, young, in their twenties and early thirties. They are likely to be married and to live modestly in small suburban houses and to have several children. They have few interests outside their work. They are irreverent, unimpressed with power. They have the moral certitude, the fervor and the lust for a better world that go with youth. They are a far different breed from big-city detectives, who have acquired a certain tolerance for the weaknesses of humankind—and sometimes accept bribes themselves. These men condemn wrongdoing unequivocally. For many of them the crusade against Hoffa is their first cause, important as first love. There is something a little chilling about their moral certitude and zeal.

They spend their time "in the field," scattered around the country in regional offices in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Miami, Detroit. Washington is the nerve center. Kennedy is there. Kennedy has said, "The investigators handle their own cases." But he keeps in close touch with them. His administrative assistant, Kenny O'Donnell, and assistant chief counsel, Jerry Adlerman, help him. The committee has accumulated a mountain of documents—income-tax returns, photo copies of checks, affidavits, banks of files, some 150,000 letters from citizens, boxes piled on top of boxes to the ceiling. Clerks index and cross-index everything.

Each investigator has his own method. Some operate quietly and gently, gaining the confidence of witnesses, persuading them to help the committee even when it is against their interest. Others talked tough, threatening to sick the income-tax people onto them, using the full weight of their authority as agents of the United States Government. Some are expert accountants and by dogged examination of ledger sheets can draw a noose around a man's neck. Others have a talent for entering the underworld and persuading disreputable characters to talk to them. Few carry guns. Only one has been seriously threatened.

Kennedy has said, "For every witness who testifies, we probably interview twenty-five people. We look at tens of thousands of documents for every one we put into the record." Salinger and two others once looked at 600,000 checks of one company.

Since Hoffa and other Teamsters seldom write letters, but do business by telephone, long-distance telephone toll tickets must take the place of correspondence as evidence. Kennedy has said, "We find out who is in touch with whom and on what dates. Say that A calls B; we get B's calls; we find that two minutes after he

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hung up from talking to A, he called C. Then we find, from canceled checks, money going from A to C. Gangsters in Chicago call the same barbershop in Miami Beach that gangsters in Detroit call—it's being used as a syndicate message center. Records are far more important than witnesses. Witnesses can be impeached."

Bellino has examined thousands of hotel bills, airline and train tickets, guest checks and charge accounts. From these and from the telephone tickets and other data, he has built up a series of charts showing in detail the movements, often hour by hour, of Jimmy Hoffa and other key figures in the investigation over a period of several years—on what date a key figure loaned a man money, borrowed some, purchased gasoline, visited his lockbox, checked into a hotel, checked out, made a phone call, boarded a plane, and so on.

The day after their first interview with Hoffa, Bellino, Salinger and four GAO accountants set to work on the books of Local 337, Bert Brennan's local. Brennan has been Hoffa's partner in many enterprises. They worked in a conference room down the hall from Hoffa's own office. Every now and then Hoffa would drop in to ask, "How you doing, fellas?" Bellino's primary investigation is of disbursements—what the union spent its money on. He first eliminates salaries paid to people on its payroll. Then he lists unusual items paid out—any check that can't be readily identified, any check made out to cash, any big check in round figures. It is these unusual items that he concentrates on. The canceled check alone shows only the amount; the purpose of the check is shown—or should be shown—in paid bills and receipts. Thus the investigators could determine whether the expenditure was for legitimate union purposes, and by going through the minutes of the local's meetings could determine whether the membership authorized it.

Salinger recalls, "The records were in bad shape. The names on some hotel bills and checks were torn off. Anything to make it difficult." The investigators began fanning out, interviewing people who had received union money and looking for the informants upon whom any investigation ultimately depends—disgruntled union members, businessmen, anybody. Some later appeared at the public hearings; others remained forever "confidential informants." Often the investigators hit a stone wall. Hoffa's business agents wouldn't talk to them. One witness left the country. In Hoffa's lockbox the investigators found only two deeds—for property of little worth; $5300 in United States savings bonds and a folded, brown, empty paper bag. Once Salinger, following a circuitous trail, came upon a truck operator who had been spending about $2000 a year that Salinger suspected might be payoffs to the union. The trucker explained that, though married, he had been keeping a mistress, and to prove it he brought her to Salinger's hotel room.

The investigators had to hurry—Kennedy would present their evidence at public hearings in about two weeks. Kennedy sent a dozen more men to Detroit. He himself went there weekends. One day, preoccupied, as he was crossing a downtown Detroit street, he stepped in front of a truck; the truck driver stopped, leaned out to curse him for a fool, then, recognizing him, smiled and said, "You better be careful around Detroit, Mr. Kennedy."

Let us examine several cases investigated. Though some were not completed till more than a year later, we shall present them now to avoid confusion.

Through dissident members of Local 614 in Pontiac, near Detroit, investigator Irwin Langenbacher met a former local officer, Robert Scott. Scott, a short, dumpy, plain man with the look of one who has suffered, was a barber by trade and had been in the labor movement since 1926. In 1945 he was hired as a business agent by Local 614. This is what he and other witnesses subsequently testified to: Dan Keating, with Louis Linteau, ran the Local; Keating had been installed by Jimmy Hoffa. During their regime, elections were "rigged." They kept no records showing how they used union funds. Keating charged his family's gasoline to the union. Linteau went on a Florida vacation paid for by a trucker. When Jimmy Hoffa had his summer cottage remodeled, Keating paid the bills with, Scott thought, union money. (Hoffa denies it.) Union members suspected that Keating was not enforcing the union contract and was taking payoffs from a truck operator. A delegation went to Detroit to see Hoffa. "We told him we believed our president was crooked and we wanted an election to remove him. He said, 'He isn't crooked. There will be no election, and if you fight me, you will never get an election.'"

In 1953 Keating, Linteau, two other men and Frank Fitzsimmons, Jimmy Hoffa's close friend, were indicted on several counts, including conspiring to extort money from employers. President Dave Beck threw the local into trusteeship, removed Keating and Linteau from office and appointed Jimmy Hoffa trustee. And Hoffa promptly turned around and appointed Keating and Linteau to run the local.

Keating and Linteau pleaded guilty to the lesser charge of conspiring to receive gratuities, and the other counts of the indictment were dismissed. The charges against Fitzsimmons were dropped, because, Keating once said, he and Linteau took the rap. The union paid their salaries while they were in jail and for a time thereafter. They and their co-defendants cost the union $142,000—money paid "after they had been found guilty of receiving money from employers," as Kennedy put it. The money came out of the members' dues.

Kennedy asked Hoffa if he had treated Keating and Linteau so handsomely because he had received kickbacks from them on the money they got from employers and was afraid they would "expose" him. Hoffa denied it. He defended his appointing them to run the union under trusteeship—they hadn't yet been convicted. He declared the local prospered under trusteeship and the members were satisfied.

The Keating-Linteau affair was not by any means all that Robert Scott told Langenbacher. In 1948, Scott later testified, Jimmy Hoffa had asked him to take Hoffa's brother, Billy, out to Pontiac and hide him from the police, who were looking for him on an armed-robbery charge. Billy Hoffa had been arrested a half-dozen times. Scott said he hid Billy, his wife, and one or two children in a Pontiac hotel for three or four months. Scott paid the bills with union money and gave them seventy-five dollars a week for expenses. Later Billy was acquitted of armed robbery. In 1950 Billy's wife left him and went west. Jimmy Hoffa told Scott he was going to send Tom Burke, one of Hoffa's business agents, after her. Burke brought her back. The search cost about $7000, and the union paid for it. After all this, Billy Hoffa was hired as a business agent for Local 614, a job he still held in 1957 at the time of the committee hearings.

Jimmy Hoffa, asked if he had told Scott to hide his brother, said, "I don't recall ever discussing this matter with Scott. I certainly did not tell him to hide my brother from the police. I may have asked him to have my brother in Pontiac for a period of time." Would he deny it flatly? "I am saying that to the best of my recollection I have no disremembrance of discussing with Scott any such question." (Witnesses under oath often use "to the best of my recollection" to avoid a perjury charge.) As to Billy's runaway wife, Tom Burke said he had gone to Nevada after her on his own initiative and at his own expense.

Scott told Langenbacher (and later confirmed it in testimony) that Hoffa had sent him on quasi-political errands—to intercede with the governor for a pardon for a lifer and to spy on a grand jury. Once, he said, when a man told a grand jury that Hoffa had offered to fix a liquor-license case for him, Hoffa's emissaries told the man to get out of the state. Once, Scott said, Bert Brennan had called him to his office and asked him to "put the fix in" with a prosecutor to allow gambling to run. Hoffa, he said, had been present. Hoffa denied the last three charges.

In 1952 Scott broke with the Teamsters because Hoffa seemed about to strip him of some of his powers. "[Hoffa] said I couldn't quit. He said nobody quits him. I said, 'I will quit.' He said, 'I will break both your arms and legs.' I said, 'Don't forget you have two arms and two legs too.'" The week before Scott testified at the hearings, he was telephoned in the night and warned not to.

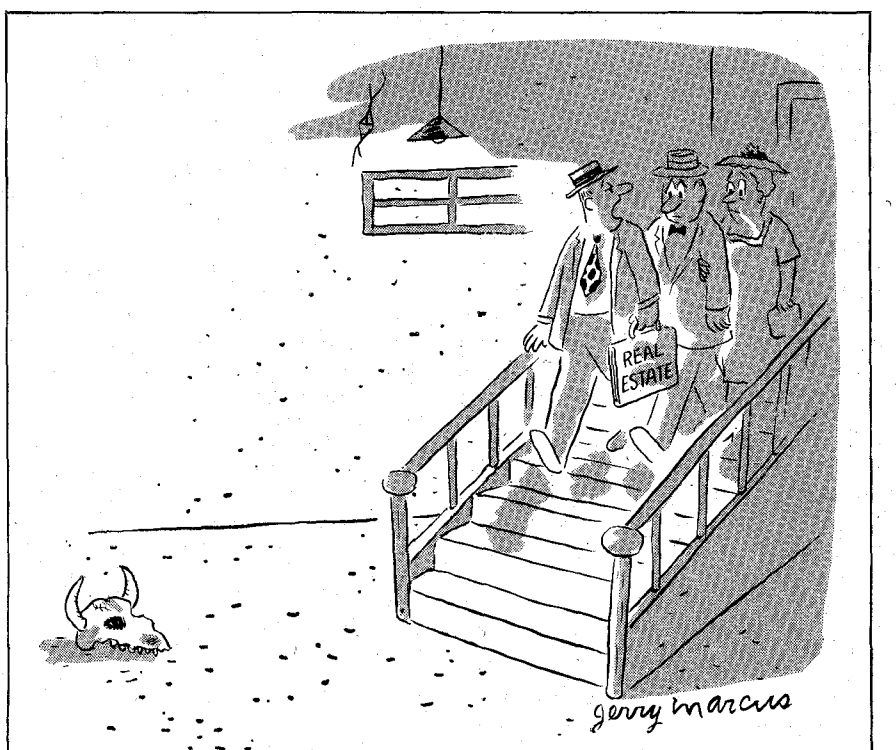
The investigators pursued numerous other major lines of inquiry. One was Hoffa's income. He kept no accounts, did business solely in cash. He wouldn't say where he hid his cash—someone might steal it. Where did it come from? It was payoff money from employers, Kennedy believed, but he never was able to prove it. Hoffa himself had several explanations.

One was that he won money gambling. He explained that Bert Brennan owned some horses, that each year he advanced Brennan money to bet for him, "and we are fortunate to win some money." Hoffa's income-tax returns from 1948 to 1956 showed that he had reported $60,322 as "gambling gains," "miscellaneous earnings," "miscellaneous," "miscellaneous income," "collections received" or "wagering." A senator thought it "most amazing" that the winnings came out some years to a precisely even sum, such as $3000. Kennedy asked, "Are you able to say unequivocally that none of this came from any employer?" Hoffa replied, "I say that it did not to my knowledge; it came from Brennan to me as wagering gains." But where were the records? Bert Brennan had them, Hoffa said—he knew all about it. Unfortunately, however, Brennan took the Fifth Amendment, and so the senators learned no more about his foolproof system of beating the horses.

The committee regarded Brennan's taking the Fifth—and other witnesses', too—as part of a dodge of Hoffa's: Hoffa himself testified fully, priding himself on not taking the Fifth, but said at several points that only his associates, not he, could explain certain things; but then they took the Fifth. Thus, the committee felt, did Hoffa build a wall around himself. Sen. Karl Mundt told Brennan, "I think Mr. Hoffa takes the Fifth Amendment through your lips this way." Hoffa said Brennan's conscience must be his guide—he had "a perfect right" to protect himself.

But not all of Hoffa's cash came from betting. Some, he said, was loaned to him. People loaned him cash without note, collateral or interest. J. L. Keeshin, a big Chicago truck operator who had contracts with the Teamsters Union, lent him $5000, he said. Joe Holtzman and Jack Bushkin, labor consultants to management, with whom Hoffa negotiated many union contracts, each lent him $5000. The investigators tried to inquire further. But Holtzman was dead. And Bushkin took the Fifth Amendment. Hoffa said, "I guess you will have to take our word." Ten Teamster business agents loaned him some $16,000. The investigators found that at the time the loans were supposed to be outstanding, some of the business agents themselves were obliged to borrow money. Kennedy "wondered" whether the loans were fictitious, invented by Hoffa to explain cash from questionable sources. Hoffa replied, "You would have to wonder a long time."

Kennedy has charged that Hoffa hired ex-convicts as business agents and "let them run wild." In gratitude for this and for his hiring them in the first place despite their criminal records, they would do anything for him, Kennedy feels, including perjure themselves. Hoffa helped Herman Kierdorf get a parole from Ohio state penitentiary where he was serving a ten- to twenty-five-year sentence for armed robbery and hired him as a business agent. Kierdorf, "a very good friend of mine," Hoffa testified, had been



"Talk about dry basements!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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convicted previously of impersonating a Government officer and acquitted of kidnaping. He was one of the business agents who swore at the hearings that he had loaned Hoffa $2000—though he himself had had to borrow money during the time Hoffa owed him money. Why hadn't he asked Hoffa for his money? Kierdorf testified, "I am very, very grateful to Jimmy Hoffa for doing what he did for me."

The Teamsters also hired Herman Kierdorf's nephew, Frank; he, too, had served time for armed robbery. Hoffa said, "We needed an experienced organizer." Kennedy said, "The only experience we can find, Mr. Hoffa, is the experience in armed robbery." As a Teamster organizer Frank Kierdorf shook down small businessmen in Flint. When one refused to sign with Kierdorf without a vote of his employees, Teamsters picketed his store, it caught fire, and an employee was brutally beaten. In 1958, in the midst of the committee's hearings, Frank Kierdorf died of burns he received while setting fire to a cleaning establishment in Flint.

Hoffa was connected with many men with criminal records, some small-time criminals like the Kierdorfs, others near the top of the nation's organized crime syndicate. In the records of Local 337 the investigators found two checks totaling nearly $150,000 made out to Joseph I. Bulger in 1956 and endorsed over to Paul De Lucia. Paul De Lucia is Paul (The Waiter) Ricca, a top leader of the Chicago syndicate. Bulger is a Chicago attorney who represented Ricca. Hoffa later testified that Local 299, Hoffa's own local, and Local 337, Bert Brennan's local, had put up the $150,000 to buy a country estate in Northern Indiana. The estate was owned by Ricca. It was turned over to the Detroit Joint Council. It was to be used, Hoffa explained, to house a school for union business agents. (It never has been; it is deserted. Hoffa explained that establishing such a school takes time.)

Hoffa said he did not know that Paul De Lucia was Paul Ricca and never had met him. He said Brennan had "primarily handled" the purchase. Kennedy believes the purchase was simply a device for giving or lending Ricca some money; why, he doesn't know. The deal was handled sloppily—the Teamsters got title to only half the estate, including the twenty-room house, but only a corner of the swimming pool and a quarter of the tennis court. (As Kennedy put it, "So Mr. De Lucia and the Teamsters were going to share the tennis court and share the swimming pool.") Ricca himself took the Fifth Amendment.

The investigators picked up the trail of a prize fighter, Embrel Davidson. Davidson had met Hoffa and his sporty partner, Bert Brennan, in 1952 at Teamster headquarters in Detroit, and Brennan became his manager. To support him between fights, Brennan put him on the payroll of the Teamster welfare fund for seventy-five dollars a week. Hoffa was present when the arrangement was made, Davidson testified. He was supposed to be a "claims investigator," but he never did any work.

Davidson knew a man at the gym called Jimmy Q. This Jimmy Q., Kennedy said, was Raffaele Quasarano, who, a committee investigator testified, was suspected of being active in the international narcotics traffic. From July 27 to 29, 1952, Quasarano and Bert Brennan occupied the same room in a New York hotel. Embrel Davidson was there for a fight. Quasarano telephoned a man who later attended the infamous meeting of the Mafia at Apalachin. Brennan telephoned a company operated by Hymie the Mink Wolman, later described by the New York district attorney's office as a front man for an underworld boxing czar. Quasarano took the Fifth. So did Bert Brennan. Hoffa testified he did not know whether any union money had been paid to Davidson, but if it had, it ought to be returned immediately.

The investigators spent a good deal of time unraveling Jimmy Hoffa's numerous affairs as a businessman, for they felt his private business interests conflicted sharply with the interests of the Teamsters Union members. Testimony at the committee hearings subsequently showed that in 1948 Commercial Carriers Company, one of the biggest new-car haulers around Detroit, was having labor trouble with the Teamsters. Its drivers had struck. Hoffa considered it an illegal strike. He ordered the strikers back to work. At first they refused to go, but finally Hoffa arranged a settlement. Eight or nine strikers refused to accept it; they lost their jobs. After this, the head of Commercial Carriers told Bert Brennan he was looking for people to invest money in car-hauling equipment which Commercial Carriers could lease, so Brennan's and Hoffa's wives, using their maiden names, went into business as Test Fleet, Inc.

Test Fleet bought its equipment with a $50,000 loan which Commercial Carriers helped it get; its accounting was done by Commercial Carriers' accountant; its chief business was leasing haulaway equipment to Commercial Carriers; and on an initial investment of $4000 Mrs. Hoffa and Mrs. Brennan made a total net profit of $155,092 in eight years. The head of Commercial Carriers maintained that the founding of Test Fleet had nothing to do with the settlement of Commercial Carriers' strike. But the committee charged in its report that Hoffa used his official union position to "break the strike" and then "secretly" went into the trucking business with Commercial Carriers' help.

Hoffa sees no conflict of interest in the Test Fleet deal. Test Fleet hired no drivers—only leased equipment. "It'd be different if I'd hired them and paid less than scale." Anyway, by being in business themselves, union officers learn the trucking business from the inside—"makes 'em a better bargainer."

Another enterprise involving Hoffa, brought out at the subsequent hearings, was a Florida land scheme called Sun Valley. The investigators' blanket subpoena on the Commonwealth Bank in Detroit turned up a $50,000 bank loan made March 29, 1955, to one Henry Lower and endorsed by Hoffa. Henry Lower once had been a Teamster business agent. The bank's loan file showed that a bank official had recommended making the loan to Lower "only if pressure is applied from union." Testimony at the hearings indicated that Jimmy Hoffa threatened to withdraw union accounts from the bank unless the bank approved the Lower loan.

Lower borrowed $500,000 more from a Florida bank, promising that it would get a Teamster account equal to the loan. And indeed it did: Hoffa's own local deposited $500,000 in the Florida bank. Lower was buying 2400 acres of undeveloped Florida land. His plan was to subdivide and sell lots. The Teamsters Union sponsored this enterprise. Sun Valley advertised that lots could be purchased from Teamster business agents: "Your investment has every safeguard.... Stake your claim in the Teamsters' model city of tomorrow. Live better for less." Sun Valley put on a television program, "advertising to the members their opportunity," as Hoffa put it. Hoffa sent business agents to Florida—at union expense—to look over the project; one of them took pictures and, back home, showed them to Teamster shop stewards at a special meeting.

Some 2000 lots were sold, about 400 of them to Teamster members, at prices ranging from $150 to $550. The original cost per lot had been $18.75. A member of Lower's old local who sold lots for Lower testified that sales were easy—he would tell a truck driver, "Jimmy is interested in it," and that was enough. Often Lower came back from Florida with glowing accounts of progress at Sun Valley, saying to a salesman once. "How beautiful it looks, Joe. The roads are paved. It is gorgeous. You should go out today and sell twenty more lots." But actually Lower had been diverting the money to other promotional schemes and his own pocket.

A purchaser discovered that the roads had not been paved and wrote a letter to a newspaper, which investigated and exposed the facts—the tract remained uninhabited, without water facilities or paving—"and that sort of threw the crimp in Sun Valley," as the salesman put it. "That is when the fur really flew." A teamster who had paid fifty dollars down on a lot "stormed into the office and got hold of Bill Gurney, office manager, tore his shirt off his back and was going to punch him around a little." Lower told the teamster, "You know, this is Hoffa's deal. You don't want the Black Maria there, do you? If I were you, I would ... apologize to Mr. Gurney." He did, and bought him a new shirt.

The most significant thing about the whole Sun Valley deal was that Jimmy Hoffa had a hidden option to buy 45 per cent of the Sun Valley lots at the original cost, estimated at $18.75—lots that Hoffa himself said were worth today up to $1000. Hoffa's lawyer said he understood Bert Brennan had a half interest in the option. Kennedy said, "If the project was successful, it would be a tremendous killing for both Mr. Hoffa and Mr. Brennan. If it was not successful, of course, they did not have to exercise the option," and only the union itself and those who purchased the lots would lose. Hoffa had invested nothing in the project, and he took nothing out. Lower had initially invested only $6000, borrowed from the union, but he took out $257,173 from the union and Sun Valley, of which he repaid $48,350. The union paid him $75,972 while he was promoting Sun Valley. The members of the union who were invited to buy the lots knew nothing about Hoffa's option. Nor did they know that Lower had loaned Hoffa $25,000—"that was my private and personal business," Hoffa said.

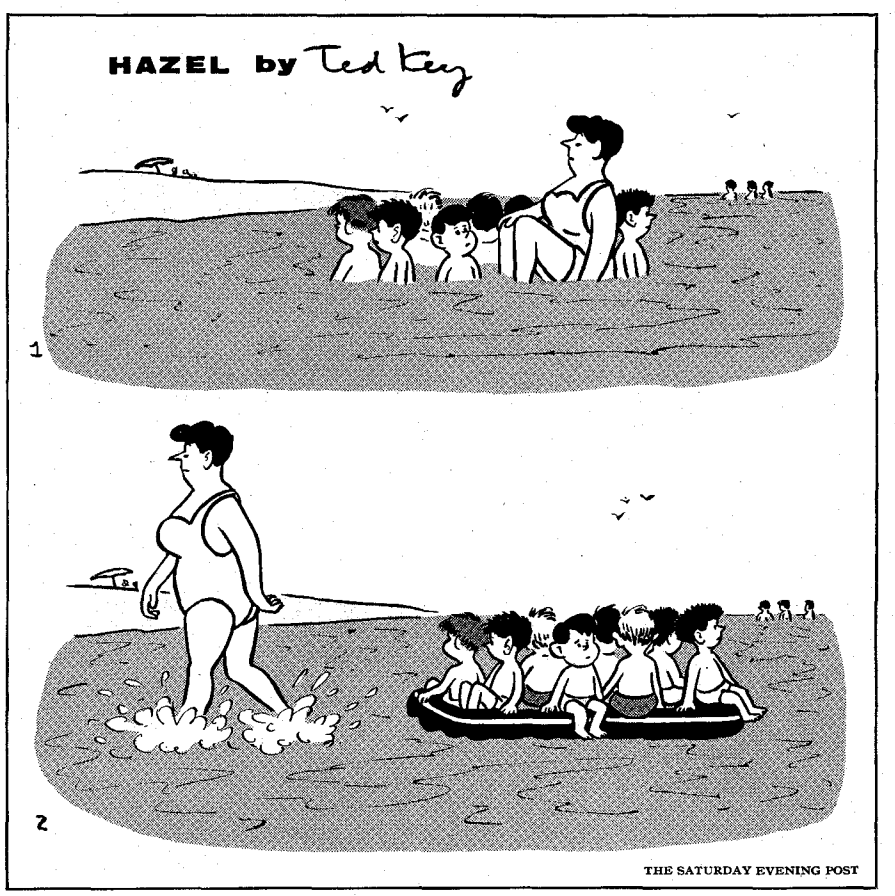
The investigators ran down half a dozen Hoffa investments. They looked peculiar, but they did not seem to have profited Hoffa greatly. One of his companies, in fact, "suffered a considerable loss"—it invested in a brewery which went broke. The union's attorney had earlier invested in the same brewery, but had realized "it was a dead horse" and gotten out. Kennedy has concluded that Dave Beck is a good businessman, but Hoffa isn't.

The investigators looked into numerous loans made by the union. They ran to millions of dollars, and many were to companies run by Hoffa's friends. Some seemed wholly mysterious. Indeed, the whole picture of Hoffa's borrowings and his union's lendings is far from clear. Nor has the committee found out to this day how much money Hoffa himself is worth. Salinger has said, "There are so many mysterious things about Hoffa—you never get the final answer." Compared with Hoffa's, Dave Beck's financial affairs were simple.

Salinger had opened the Detroit office on August fifth. In thirteen days the investigators had covered an enormous amount of ground. Many of their cases were incomplete. But they had to stop; it was time for the hearings. On August eighteenth Salinger and Bellino went to Washington and visited Hoffa and asked him to explain the facts they had uncovered. It was an unfruitful meeting. Kennedy told Hoffa he would call him as a witness before the committee for the first time the day after tomorrow, August twentieth. Hoffa was ready.

In the fourth installment, next week, Hoffa takes the stand and admits his association with New York racketeer Johnny Dio.

—THE EDITORS



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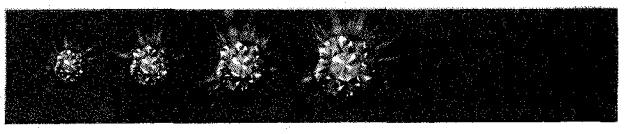

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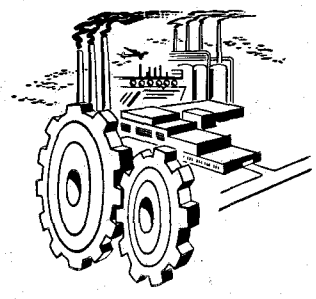

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Keeping Posted

Inflation Hits San Antonio

The David MacDonalds got away from it all.

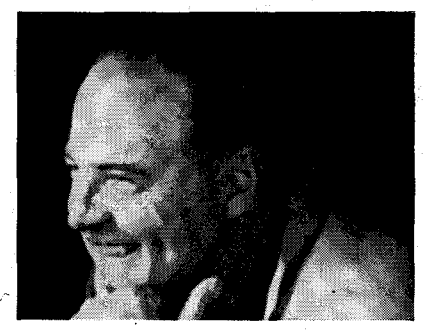
Last fall **David MacDonald**, Toronto Star editorial writer, and his wife Joan decided to depart from the old rat race and go roaming in Europe for a year. So just before their ship reached Liverpool, MacDonald's paper wirelessed him to head for Rome, where he spent quite a while covering the death of Pope Pius XII and the election of Pope John XXIII. Incidentally, one day as MacDonald stood among the hundreds of thousands of people in St. Peter's Square watching for the smoke signals that announce a pope's election, he got to chatting with an American seminarian from Brooklyn, and he remarked, "I guess Brooklyn's not the same these days." The seminarian replied solemnly, "You mean without the Dodgers or without me?"

The picture shows the MacDonalds in San Antonio on the Spanish island of Iviza, where Dave has done enough writing to keep them in goat's milk, *vino tinto*, octopus and other necessities. The writing includes his first Post by-line on page 18 (he describes England's fascinating Duke of Bedford), but actually the first money he ever earned came from the Post, when as a lad he peddled it in his home town of Halifax, Nova Scotia. MacDonald complains that the spread of inflation is bringing trouble even in idyllic San Antonio. A magnificent four-course dinner, with wines, used to cost thirty cents, but now it has soared to forty cents.

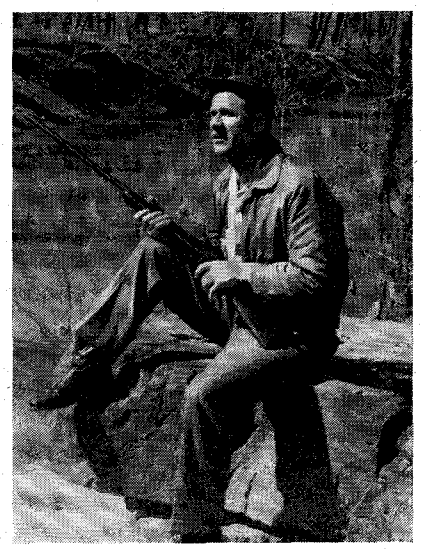
Milestone No. 50

Dean Jennings observes an anniversary with the publication of his portrait of Oscar-winning actress Susan Hayward on page 14—reckoning from his first contribution in 1945, this is the fiftieth time his by-line has appeared in the Post. Wishing to waste no time getting started on another lap, he has prepared another opus which you will see in these pages presently.

While this free-lance author and former magazine editor has written on a wide range of subjects, his Post topics have been predominantly in the entertainment field, as witness his more recent series on David Niven, Victor Borge and George Raft. Dean and his wife Mary live in Tiburon, California, but if they are not at home, they are likely to be found in Florida.



Tales of the Authors



Charles Stearns is hunting, not feuding.

A man is about to be hanged as **Charles Stearns'** story opens on page 24, and the author explains that this situation is based on a famous feud of the 1870's, the Bloody Vendetta, which raged in the vicinity of the author's home town of Carbondale, Illinois. That is Stearns with the gun in the photo, seated beside fabled Crab Orchard Creek in the heart of the former feud lands. An old record says that beside the same stream, in a period before the vendetta years, one Henry Parsons who "was reckless of life, feeling no kindness for aught that was human, hated and dreaded by men, detested and shunned by women, would lay around and kill Indians." On a hunting trip to Crab Orchard, Stearns encountered no Indians and shot no game.

Hugh Cave, page 31, is writing a travel-adventure book about Jamaica, The West Indies, a chore which forced him to live there all last winter and spring, the poor man. In a letter from Jamaica, Cave described a rented house in the hilly outskirts of Kingston, complete with a cook-maid and a yard boy, and garlanded by breadfruit, mango, akee and soursop trees. "We have had to learn a new language for use inland, because Jamaican 'country talk' certainly doesn't sound much like English." Myrtle, the maid, has been a great help as a tutor, and she also makes a magnificent rum punch. By the way, a novel by busy Hugh Cave, Cross on the Drum, was published by Doubleday in April, and another has been accepted for publication in 1960.

Corey Ford, whose article, Are Pipe Smokers People?, runs on page 25, has a beloved friend named Cider, an English setter, who doesn't seem prepared to answer the question. Cider often drapes himself across Ford's lap and, with a pained expression on his face, tries to sleep inside the aura of smog from Ford's pipe; he is not even deterred by the occasional fires that spring up in his fur when a hot tobacco-coal drops. Telepathy enables Ford to report, "Cider is thinking of learning to smoke a pipe himself, so I can sit in his lap and he can burn holes in me."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Gashouse Gang and I"

Frank Frisch, player-manager of the St. Louis Cardinals in their glory years, recalls the wacky deeds of his irrepressible teammates.

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